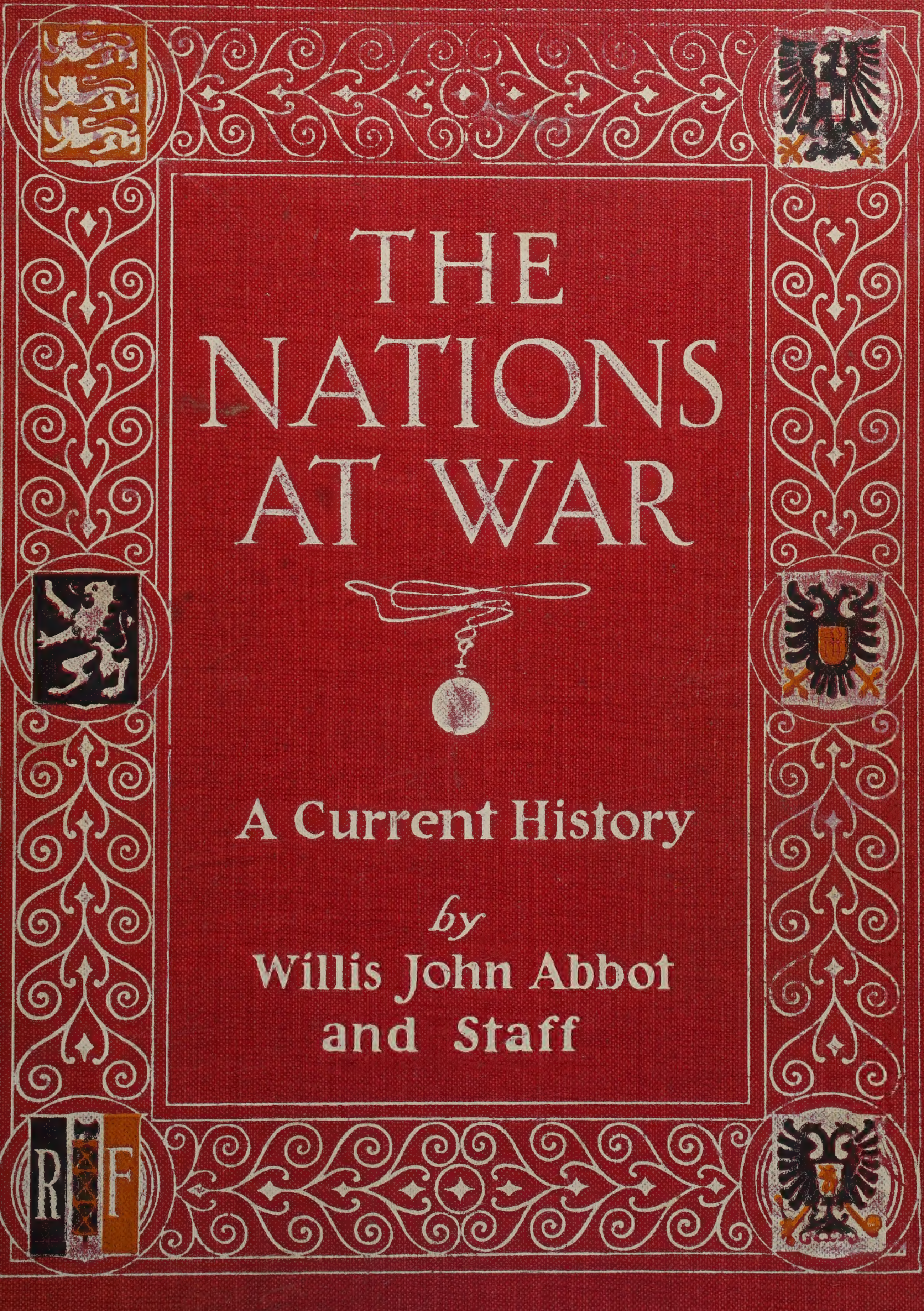

THE NATIONS AT WAR

A Current History

by
Willis John Abbot
and Staff

THE NATIONS AT WAR

A CURRENT HISTORY

BY

WILLIS J. ABBOT

AUTHOR OF
"THE STORY OF OUR ARMY," "THE STORY OF OUR NAVY,"
"PANAMA AND THE CANAL," ETC.

ASSISTED BY A STAFF OF PHOTOGRAPHERS, FOREIGN AGENTS, AND WRITERS OF AUTHORITY ON INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS, MILITARY AND NAVAL TACTICS, HISTORY, ARMAMENT, GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, LANGUAGES, ETHNOLOGY, FOOD SUPPLY, AND ALL THE OTHER PHASES OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST WAR

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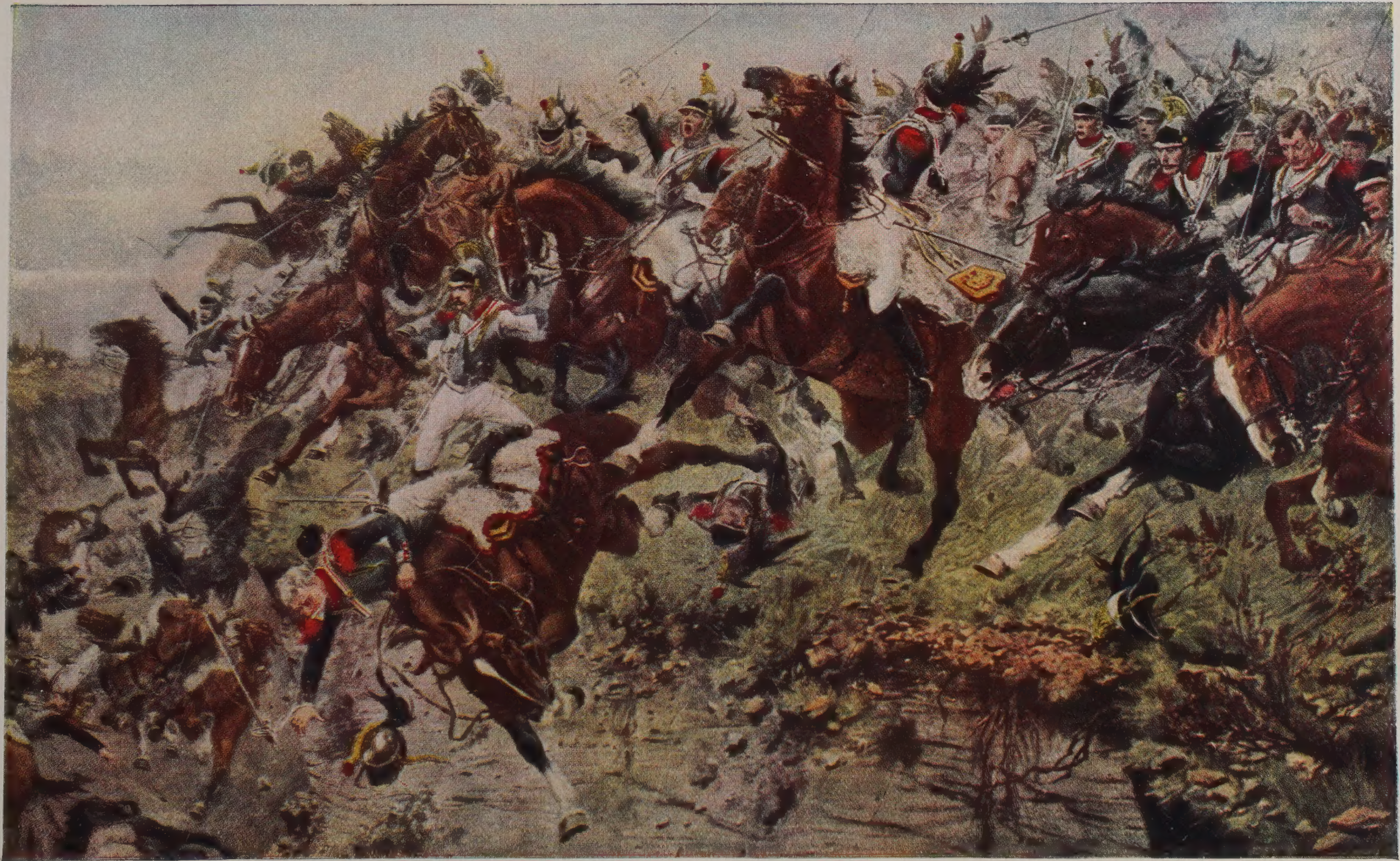

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From the painting by Stanley Berkeley

NAPOLEON'S CUIRASSIERS AT WATERLOO

The tragedy of the sunken road that has made the name of Waterloo the synonym for irretrievable disaster

INTRODUCTION

On a clear gusty day in the latter part of July, 1914, I was on the deck of a great liner ploughing her way up the English Channel toward the Hook of Holland. Not since the famous Victorian Jubilee of 1897 had that historic strip of water presented so extraordinary a spectacle. It was fairly crowded with ships of the British navy ranging from the tiniest submarine with decks all awash to the most ponderous super-dreadnought, two guns of the major battery of which would weigh more than the entire body of one of the older under-water craft. Between Calais and Dover, the narrowest part of the strait, a line of torpedo boats, destroyers, gunboats and light cruisers extended from shore to shore, with not more than 100 yards separating any two of the craft. With their noses against the tide and wind, unanchored, their screws turning just enough to keep them motionless, they extended an unbroken front, as severely aligned as a regiment of cavalry. Later, for a day's steaming, I passed flotillas of light cruisers, squadrons of battleships, fleets of dreadnoughts all making their way about the sea in response to the unseen orders of the wireless, all moving with rigid precision, grim, gray, remorseless, irresistible—the British fleet, the main line of defense and offense of the Empire.

The holiday makers on the peaceful liners that made their way through those floating forts of steel saw in the display only a peaceful pageant. The birthday of King George of England had come around, and what more natural than that it should be celebrated by the mobilization and review of the British fleet—the pride of the nation since the days of Drake and Frobisher? None there were among the cis-Atlantic voyagers then flocking to Europe for their summer's holiday who suspected that back of the pomp and circumstance of the naval review lurked the dread of war—immediate war involving all Europe.

A few days later, at The Hague, I wandered through the spacious corridors and lordly committee rooms of that Palace of Peace which the munificence of an American millionaire has given to the world. Peace seemed materialized, given assured and permanent form and substance by the offerings laid on its shrine here by rulers and parliaments of all the nations. It seemed incredible, in this temple of international harmony, that the ambitions of emperors and diplomats, the zeal of professional soldiers, the blatant irritations of demagogues and the artfully stimulated antagonisms and jealousies of rival peoples were at that moment operating to make the Palace of Peace only a sardonic monument to an abandoned ideal.

Only later when in the streets of Paris, emptied of traffic and lined with grimly shuttered shops, I saw the red-legged regiments swinging off to the front, exhibiting a quiet gravity instead of the Gallic gaiety which we all had expected; only when I stood by the gratings of the Gare de l'Ouest, or the Gare San Lazare and saw the weeping women holding up babies for the fathers to kiss on their way to the trenches —perhaps forever—did it seem possible to me, in common with hundreds of thousands of Americans then in Europe, that the world war which all had expected sometime was really here. We had seen or read of the marshalling of the nations in arms for years, we all knew of the enormous expenditures for ships and guns and explosives, we knew that two to four years of the young lives of all the French, German and Austrian boys were given to the army. But we comfortably thought that all this preparation for war was insurance against war, and we only thanked fate that for us Americans no such spectre loomed on the horizon. Perhaps as we were mistaken in the first belief, we may be equally in error in the latter.

In telling the story of the first six months of the war which broke so suddenly and so horribly over Europe I have endeavored to be scrupulously fair in tone, and just to all embroiled in the conflict. Nothing has been made more evident to Americans in the last few months than that no effort to observe strict neutrality, however conscientious, however unremitting, can possibly satisfy all the belligerents. What the British accept grudgingly as cool neutrality, the Germans indignantly denounce as abject subservience to British influence. And *vice versa.* I cannot therefore hope to escape the charge of partiality despite the fact that I have scrupulously sought to avoid it.

And so, though from a painstaking study of all the "papers"—white, blue, red, and orange—I have drawn the inevitable conclusion as to the immediate responsibility for the war, I cannot fail to record the conviction that it was inevitable, if not at that moment yet within a few months. Secret diplomacy had tied all Europe in the coils of alliances, understandings and *ententes* until no nation could move for its own purposes without involving all others. Militarism had created in all the continental nations a powerful class to which war would be not only an eagerly desired pastime but a profit as well. Betwixt the diplomats and the professional soldiers the war was forced upon unwilling but inarticulate and unresisting peoples.

The period covered by this narrative includes events between the German declaration of war upon Russia, August 1, 1914, and the first of February, 1915. It was a time of almost uninterrupted German success, the period of France's greatest peril and of Belgium's supreme agony. Its dominating events might fairly be grouped thus:

1.—The German rush through Belgium and France to the environs of Paris ending September 3rd.

2.—The German retreat to the Marne and defeat there on September 7th.

3.—Von Kluck's retreat to the Aisne and stubborn stand along that line.

4.—The German occupation of Antwerp, October 12th.

5.—The German dash for the Channel, and futile effort to reach Calais.

6.—The fighting in Flanders and along the 450 miles of trenches reaching from Ostende to the Swiss border, still in progress.

7.—The war on the ocean, with the unexpected efficiency of the German submarines.

8.—The war in the three Polands—German, Russian and Austrian—with the German supremacy over Russia firmly established up to the time at which this volume ends.

9.—The world-wide war, with the cannon roaring in China, South Africa, in the desert wastes of Syria and the palm-tipped sands of the Pacific Isles.

This narrative in brief begins when all Christendom was wondering whether there could be a war. It ends with the world speculating on how long the war must last, and compelled, for lack of any brighter promise, to be content with Lord Kitchener's sardonic response to an inquiry.

"*I don't know when this war will end. I know only that it will begin in May.*"

As this volume ends the situation between the belligerents on sea and shore is absolutely inconclusive.

The German fleet is still "in being," safely sheltered behind Heligoland, and still a menace, keeping the British North Sea fleet incessantly on guard. The British fleet has suffered more in vessels lost, but less relatively than the Germans. Its losses have been more than made up by the progress of new construction in its shipyards. But German commerce has been practically driven from the seas.

On shore Germany has kept the fighting almost wholly on the territory of her enemies. Only in a small corner of East Prussia have the German people known the horrors of war in their own homes. Belgium has been laid waste and is practically a German province. The German troops have scourged northern and western France, destroyed some of her most populous cities, wrecked such historic monuments of art as the Cathedral of Rheims, and have so thoroughly entrenched themselves along a 450-mile line extending from the Channel to Alsace-Lorraine that it seems a military impossibility that they should be driven out. Had efforts for peace been successfully pressed in February, 1915, Germany would have gone into the conference with all the advantage of past accomplishment on her side. With her own territory practically unscarred she was virtually in possession of all of Belgium, and of a section of France including 8,000 square miles and the home of 2,500,000 of the French people. Her fleet, though confined to home waters, was still unbeaten, still a fighting force to be reckoned with. Her people, save for the sacrifice of life in the field, had been little touched by the horrors of war. Her food supplies had at that moment shown no sign of depletion visible to the general public, and the finances of the Empire, thanks to the most prudent prevision, had wonderfully sustained the prodigious demands of the war.

But this situation, superficially so advantageous to Germany, could not stand searching analysis. Best prepared of all the nations for war, it was to have been expected that the earliest victories would be hers. To overwhelm little Belgium with her gigantic force was no extraordinary achievement, although the vigor and effectiveness of the Belgian resistance will be one of the glorious chapters of that nation's history—as the failure of Great Britain and France to support it adequately will be an inglorious stain on their annals.

It was essential for ultimate German success that she should take Paris and whip France to her knees, before Great Britain could create an army or Russia get her unwieldy forces into action. This the Germans failed to do, and, having so failed, faced the second period of the war with the odds against them steadily growing, with no further hope of a war of conquest, but obviously condemned thenceforward to a desperate effort to hold what they had gained until it could be used as trading material in the peace conference which should end the war.

For the philosophical observer this war opens an endless field of speculation. It may foreshadow the doom of militarism—or out of it may come an even greater curse of armaments than the world has yet known, when men consider what German complete military preparedness did on land, or Great Britain's overwhelming naval superiority on the sea.

Shall it portend the downfall of monarchs, and a ruling aristocracy? How can it when the Kaiser's popularity in Germany has steadily grown through victory and defeat, when King Albert of Belgium has become the world's highest type of hero, and when the hereditary aristocracy of Great Britain has so thoroughly accepted the rule, *noblesse oblige*, that historic titles will be extinguished and great estates pass into far distant hands because the sons of peers, the heirs to entailed properties, were first to give themselves to their country and fell by the hundreds in the trenches of bloody Flanders?

Does it mean red revolution, the uprising of republics on the ruins of empires, and the erection of the socialistic commonwealth upon the débris of the republics? Nothing in the story of the first period of the war justifies any such expectation. Nothing was more significant than the silence of international socialism in the face of war's red rage. The socialists of the Reichstag and the French Chamber of Deputies voted the war budgets without a protest, and donned their uniforms not sullenly but with patriotic zeal. In Parliament the protest of the labor members was puny and soon forgotten. The long-time promise that the international solidarity of labor would avert war was forgotten at the first clear notes of the bugle.

But it is obviously far too soon to speculate upon the fruits of a war still in its indecisive stage. This volume appears at a moment when each of the war forces is threatening to put forth its most savage and determined efforts to force a determination of the conflict. Millions of men in muddy trenches, in snow-bound mountain passes, in arid desert sand, in ruined and desolated towns are looking to spring, not as the happy time of renewed life after winter's rigors, but as the moment when life can be more fiercely sought, more wantonly thrown away.

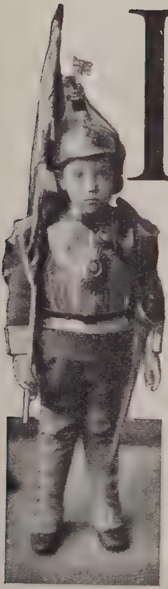
The first period of the war ended inconclusively as this volume shows. All humanity hopes that its second period will be its last.

W. J. A.

New York, April 1915.

THE NATIONS AT WAR

PART ONE



England's youngest volunteer

IN A dismal little town of Bosnia, by name Sarajevo and by repute hardly known to the civilized world, on the 28th of June, 1914, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the imperial crown of Austria-Hungary, was shot dead by a boy who thought himself a Servian patriot. The newspapers said it was the latest outcome of the curse upon the House of Hapsburg — that sinister malediction called down upon Emperor Francis Joseph, by the Countess Karolyi, whose son had been slain by his orders:

"*May heaven and hell blast your happiness. May your family be exterminated. May you be smitten in the persons of those you love best. May your children be brought to ruin and your life wrecked, and may you live in lonely, unbroken, horrible grief to tremble when you hear the name of Karolyi.*"

So, indeed, it befell the Hapsburgs, from Maximilian dying before Mexican guns amidst the ruins of his fancied empire, to Ferdinand slain in that obscure Bosnian capital. But the curse has fallen heaviest on the innocent peoples of Europe, and the murder of Ferdinand has made bloody answer to Disraeli's comfortable maxim, "Assassination never yet changed the history of the world."

Yet while the assassination of Ferdinand was the concrete act which hastened the declaration of war, we must go farther back to find the true cause of conflict. Perhaps, indeed, that cause may not be precisely defined. To search for it is like the physicists' search for the primary constituents of matter, or the Great First Cause. From molecules to atoms, from atoms to ions, from ions to the infinitesimal electron the physical investigator has proceeded, finding nothing so minute that he cannot resolve it into still smaller constituent parts. At last, in despair, he abandons the search and, in many instances, concludes that the final and ultimate basis of all matter and force is thought. So the student of history is likely to conclude that the ultimate cause of the war was human thought — racial antagonisms and, above all, national fear. The mighty armaments of Europe were the expression of each nation's dread of all its neighbors and for fear of war all prepared for war and finally plunged into war.

More concrete, however, was the inevitable clash between the German and Russian aspirations for a southern outlet for their trade, and, in the case of Russia a seaport unblocked by ice at any season of the year. The Russian northern ports of the Baltic are thus closed during the rigors of winter, her southern ports on the Black Sea give only upon a sea which, with Turkey controlling Constantinopole and the Dardanelles, is practically a closed lake, without access to the Mediterranean in time of war. The Russian plan of gradual extension southward to the Dardanelles, by uniting under Russian influence or authority the Slavic peoples of the Balkan states, has been the most persistent menace to the peace of Europe in the past quarter century."

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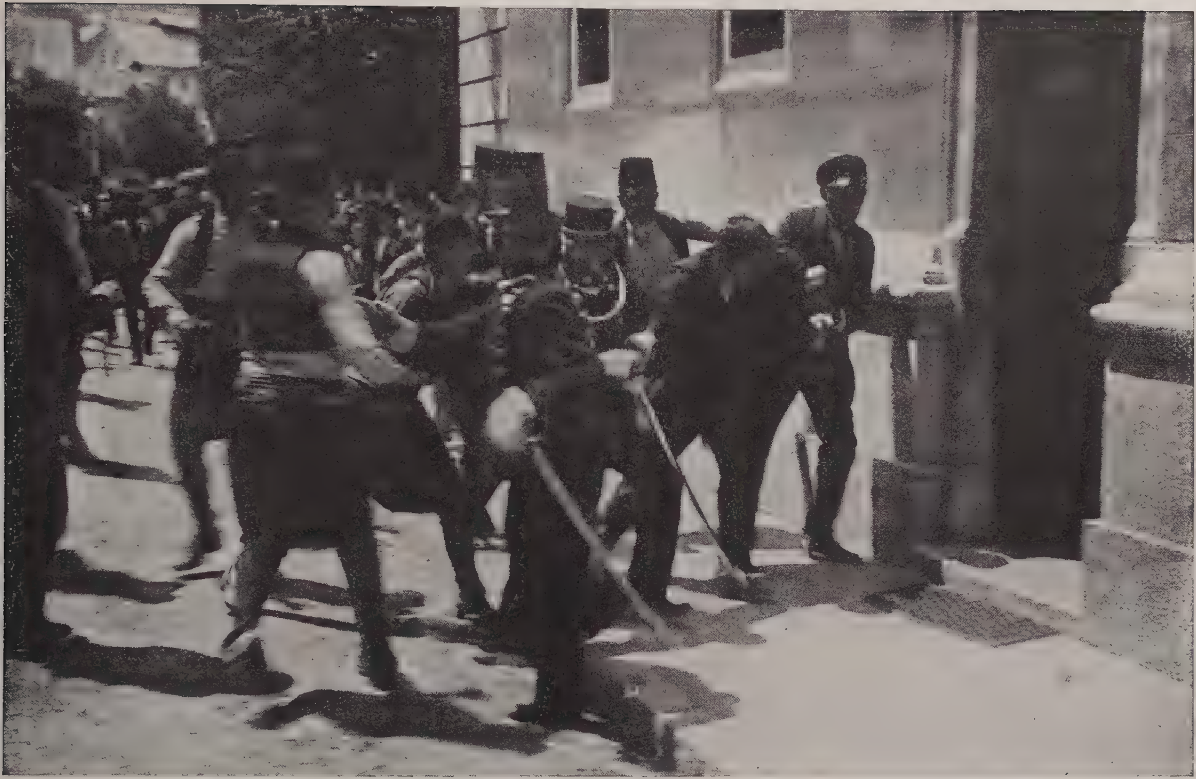
Emperor Francis Joseph and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, whose assassination in Sarajevo lighted the great European conflagration

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir apparent to the throne of Austria-Hungary

That menace it was long England's part to combat and the diplomatic game played betwixt Russia and England at Constantinople was long one of absorbing interest. But gradually Germany joined in the struggle and it has been an open secret that during the last decade the German influence at the Sublime Porte has been almost dominant. For Germany, too, wants to expand to the southward, not so much from desire for new ports, but because a rapidly increasing population has already taxed the productive resources of the Empire to the utmost, so that it is on the verge of becoming — like Great Britain — incapable of raising its own food within its borders. Expansion through Russia is of course impracticable. Only by the German march southward, by the gradual, or immediate, acquisition of power in Servia, Bulgaria, and the Balkan states can this new granary be obtained. Austria-Hungary, which is Teuton where it is not Slav, has been Germany's willing and efficient ally in this project. The advanced years of Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria-Hungary, the doubt as to the orderly acceptance of his successor, the extreme tension



The arrest of the Servian boy assassin in the streets of Sarajevo, Bosnia. Austria's ultimatum to Servia followed soon afterward

between the Austrian and the Hungarian elements in the Empire gave Germany every reason to expect that at no distant time this ally might be turned into a province of the German Empire.

But there the Slavic element of the population of Austria-Hungary introduced a factor of doubt. The Slavs are racially and by many ties of sympathy allied with Russia. Among them was in progress an incessant, persistent, underground agitation, not alone against any closer or continued alliance with Germany, but against the integrity of the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary itself. This conspiracy Russia was accused, probably with truth, of fomenting and encouraging. Furthermore the Slavic people of Servia, directly across the border to the South, were charged with stimulating and exciting it in the interests of that "Pan-Slavic Unity" which would mark Russia's greatest step on the march to the Dardanelles.

Accordingly, when the Archduke Ferdinand, heir apparent to the throne of Austria-Hungary, the one figure that might hope to carry on without violent interruption the government at Vienna after the imminent

Emperor Francis Joseph whose long rule over the dual monarchy was a welcome one to his people death of Francis Joseph, fell before the bullet of an assassin in Bosnia, Austria, instantly suspected something more than the mad act of a fanatic. Suspicion was intensified by the calm declaration of the assassin that he was a Serb, and in the secrecy of its cabinet councils Austria determined to make the crime the occasion for administering such discipline to the Servians as should practically annihilate the Kingdom of Servia, and be to all Serbs within the authority or the zone of influence of Austria a warning that plotters against Austrian authority need expect no mercy, and that the state which was found guilty of harboring them would suffer swift and terrible punishment.

Bosnia was already practically an Austrian province and easy to deal with. But the assassin had proclaimed himself a Serb. Servia was in Austria's way and was suspected, not without reason, of sympathy with Russia and being a hotbed of anti-Austrian conspiracy. It was the old case of the wolf and the lamb. Austria coveted sovereignty over Servia and her diplomats speedily found pretexts for war. An ultimatum making many demands upon the Servian government was submitted and a scant twenty-four hours given for a favorable response. During that interval the Chancelleries of western Europe, scenting war, made earnest representations to Austria concerning the extravagance of its demands, and the danger that would follow insistence upon them. Two nations only showed by their official utterances at the moment that they were by no means perturbed by the prospect of the frightful struggle that was threatened. Russia notified the world that she would not permit war to be made upon Servia "upon a mere pretext," and Germany in a semi-official statement warned all other powers to keep hands off, nor attempt to interfere with the Austrian purpose to discipline the Serbs.

The two declarations, taken with Austria's inflexible attitude, were taken by the Powers to mean that Germany was determined to bring on a war, and that Russia was noth-

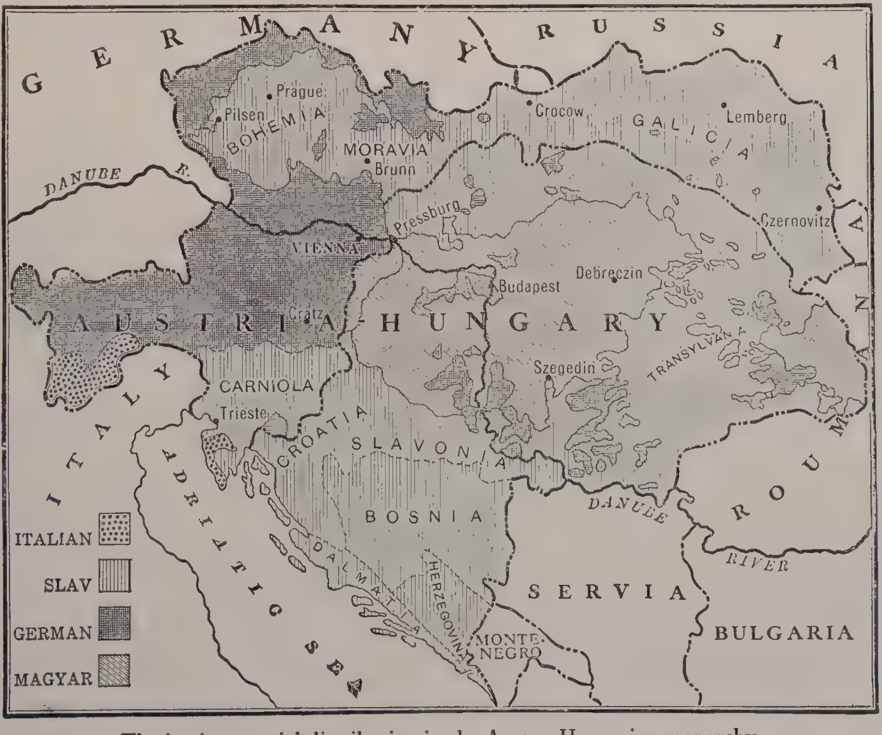
War without the martial note — Servian guns on the march to the front

Servian peasants leading their primitive conveyances through Nish

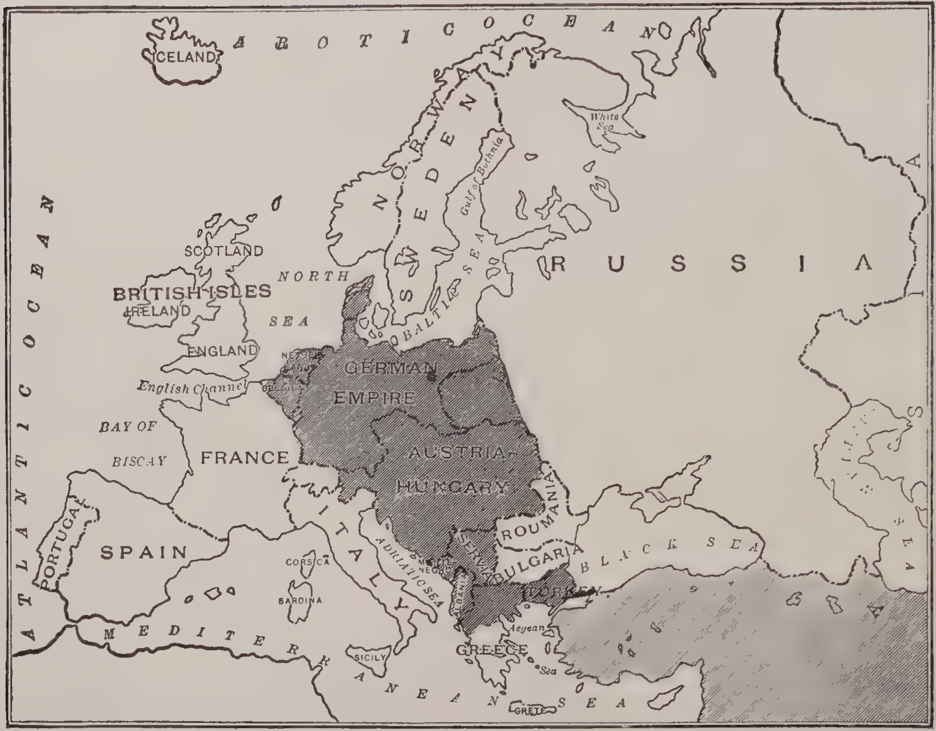
ing loath. Though there was no lack of effort on the part of Western Europe, particularly England and France, to avert the conflict, the current could not be stayed. Servia complied with all the Austrian demands but one; hesitated a moment about that one, and while still hesitating heard the Austrian guns thundering on her frontiers, and saw Belgrade, her capital, torn by Austrian shells. One month to a day after the assassination of Ferdinand the Austrian declaration of war was uttered, Belgrade was bombarded, and the Servians moved their capital to Nish.

July 27th, Sir Edward Grey, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs proposed an international conference for peace. Then people outside of the inner circles of European diplomacy first began to vaguely fear that there might possibly be a war. But in less than a week the guns were roaring from Liège to Belgrade, and the capitals of Europe were stripped of their men to furnish food for powder. Banks and stock exchanges were closing, ships of all nations scurrying for neutral ports like chickens fleeing the shadow of a hawk, and American tourists by the tens of thousands were crying aloud to their government for aid in escaping from embattled Europe.

Like the line of tents the children build of playing cards that fall in swift sequence as the first is thrown down, all Europe toppled into the bloody vortex when the pettifogging



The intricate racial distribution in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy



The Teutonic dream of a pan-Germanic empire with outlets upon the Baltic, North and Mediterranean seas

quarrel with Servia ended in blows. Ninety-nine per cent of the Austrian demands were conceded, but because the Servian parliament delayed twenty-four hours in making the final concession Austria declared war on Servia; Russia on Austria; Germany on Russia; France, Japan, and England on Germany. Belgium was fighting for her neutrality like an enraged lioness for her cubs, and Turkey, Greece, Italy, and the Balkan states were straining at the leash ready to plunge into the bloody riot.

Into the ceaseless interchange of diplomatic notes that ended in this ultimate smash-up of Europe, it is idle now to go. Enough to say that the war had progressed scarcely three weeks when the outcry of outraged civilization rose so loud that each of the belligerents made haste to disavow responsibility for the outbreak. By the last of August the armies of France, Germany, England, Belgium, and Russia were savagely

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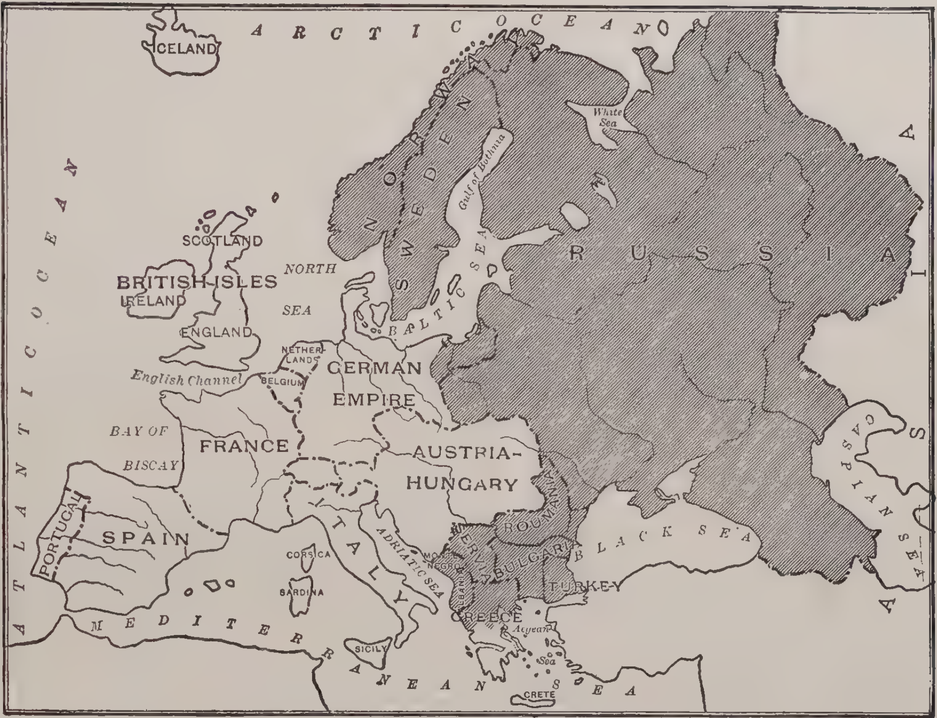
Officers of the Servian army, who, with their troops, were never unprepared for war

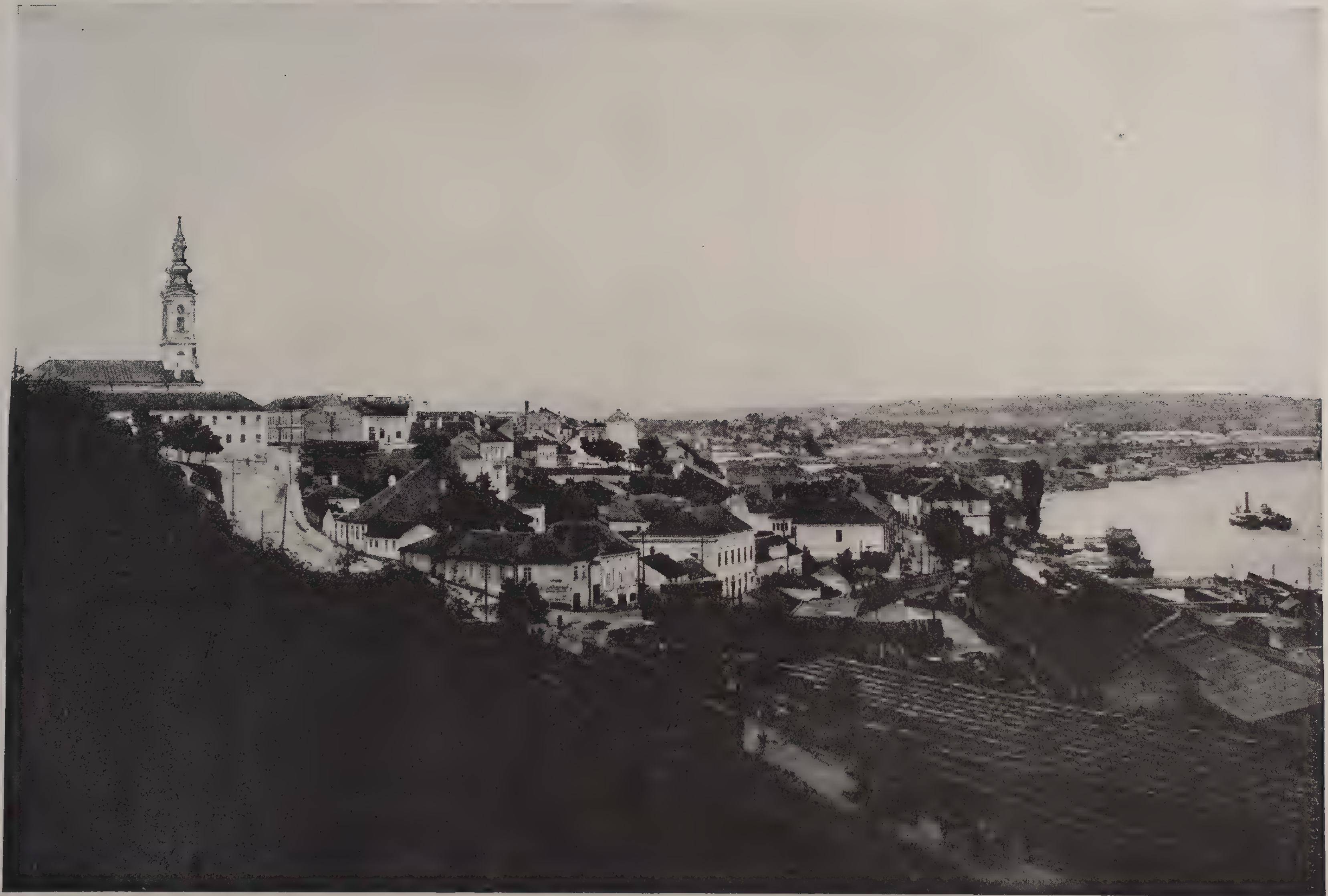


Russia's conflicting dream of empire, including the Slav and Scandinavian peoples

fighting in the field with their Ministers for Foreign Affairs apologetically insisting that they never wanted to fight at all.

By that time, too, mankind had forgotten not merely the original quarrel but its scene. Promptly upon the beginning of war Austria had first bombarded, then occupied the Servian capital, which, lying on the bank of the Danube, the boundary line, was laid wide open for capture. Its fortifications, mainly impressive masonry works of two hundred years before, could offer no effective opposition to the Austrian advance, and the Servian army, well schooled to fighting in the open, at once withdrew to the interior of their country. It is a curious fact that of the millions of men engaged in this war of all Europe, the Servians exceed all other armies in the proportion of veteran soldiers engaged. The war in the Balkans, begun in 1912 and still continuing among the Balkan peoples, converted the nations of that region into armed camps of which the Servian camp was the largest and best equipped. But veterans as they were they would have been quickly crushed under the overwhelming mass of the Austro-Hungarian forces except that the entrance of Russia

Typical representatives of the German war machine's infantry in the field



Belgrade the capital of Servia, first abandoned by its government for Nish, then retaken, and later bombarded by the Austrians

Berlin in the shadow of the hovering enemy that all European cities dreaded upon the struggle diverted attention from them. Even at that the Austrian invading army was cut to pieces on August 18th by the Serbs, and driven back with a loss of 15,000 men. Within three weeks from the time that Austria declared war upon her neighbor, the Serbs had retaken their capital and invaded Austrian territory in turn.

The line-up of the European nations was in the main apparent at the opening of the conflict. Germany was in honor bound, by her treaty relations no less than by close racial ties, to go to the aid of Austria if attacked. There are those who maintain that Germany's position before the tribunal of public opinion that will fix responsibility for the war, is weakened by certain evidence that her government encouraged Austria in the uncompromising course that compelled the war. Nevertheless, with Austria and Russia embroiled, Germany was forced into the lists against the latter. That drew in France, which was under obligations to join Russia in the event of a German attack.

At this point came a curious and significant halt in the procession of nations marching to the battlefield. A glance at the chronology will show that France was slow to declare war upon Germany. Indeed the German troops had long been on French soil unopposed, and the French troops were actually kept at a distance of eleven miles from the frontier in order that no charge of a first attack upon Germany might be laid at their door.

This policy was not due at all to French reluctance to fight. It was part of a diplomatic game which in the end proved wholly successful. For years there had existed between Germany, Austria, and Italy a Triple Alliance for defense, should either be the victims of an attack by any other nation. At this moment Italy manifested a strong inclination to keep out of the war. Her King frankly admitted that the historic hatred of the Italian people for Austria would lead them to refuse to fight a war for Austria and against France. But to make assurance doubly sure

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The splendidly trained Garrison of Vienna — Austria's

A French officer exhorting his men before entraining for the front

France carefully refrained from any overt act until Germany first declared war upon her. Italy, thereupon, refusing to consider Germany's position as a defensive one, declared herself absolved from the requirements of the Triple Alliance and proclaimed her neutrality.

This was the first serious blow at the Kaiser's programme which, doubtless well matured, had involved united action by Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy against France and Russia alone. The second blow, and a more serious one, fell when England,

crack regiment — marching as one man to the front

The Parliament Houses at Vienna: Here racial antagonisms of Teuton and Slav long made parliamentary sessions the laughing stock of Europe, but war brought order

upon whose neutrality the Kaiser had confidently counted, declared war upon him, ranging herself with her old-time enemies, France and Russia.

The English defection occurred thus: Germany intended to, and did ultimately, invade France by sending her armies through Belgium. But Belgium is a neutral state, made so, like Holland and the Duchy of Luxemburg by a formal agreement of the Powers which Germany signed. When war appeared inevitable Germany found that maintenance of its pledge would be disadvantageous. She wanted to strike France where France was least prepared, and to do so wished to strike through Belgium. But it was precisely to prevent the striking of such blows that the three "buffer states" were created, and had it been France that sought to strike at Germany through Belgium, none would have protested more loudly than the Kaiser. Indeed in their defense of their invasion of Belgium, to which the Imperial Chancellor referred as "the wrong which we have committed," the Germans insisted that had they not committed it the French would have done so.

That may be. The Germans were well served by their spies and may have had more precise knowledge of their enemy's purposes than could be attained by mere onlookers. All that the world knows is that Germany joined France and England in guaranteeing neutrality of the three countries and then violated the agreement. When England manifested displeasure over the threatened invasion of Belgium, the German Chancellor first inquired cynically if the English wished to make war over "a mere scrap of paper." England still holding off, the German Ambassador offered as a price for British neutrality a guarantee that no territory of Holland or Belgium would be seized; that their neutrality would be respected after the passage of German troops, and half of all the territorial possessions of France.

England took no such view of the sanctity of the treaty and indignantly refused to be a party to its repudiation. Within forty-eight hours of the invasion of Belgium the British declared war on Germany, and the colossal British fleet, which had been mobilized two weeks earlier ostensibly for a holiday review, was sent into the North Sea, under command of Admiral Sir John R. Jellicoe with orders to destroy, or capture the fleet of the Kaiser —no easy task, as the course of events showed.

Undoubtedly these two diplomatic defeats, in Italy and England, were a most serious blow to the Kaiser's plan of campaign. Italy with its army of 1,200,000 men he had relied upon to aid Austria against Russia and to invade France from the southeast. England's neutrality would have left the sea open in great part to German commerce, but England at war swiftly swept all German ships from the ocean, brought Germany to the verge of starvation for lack of imported foodstuffs, and added to the forces opposing the Kaiser in Belgium and France a body of troops, small it is true in comparison to the French and German forces, but tenacious fighters determined to prolong the war to the bitter end. Curiously enough the British entrance upon the war gave to the Japanese, from whom Germany had taken part of the fruits of their victory over China in 1897, an opportunity to work off an old grudge. The guns were hardly roaring on the Franco-German frontier before the little yellow men of Japan were swarming toward the redoubts of Kiaochau, the Chinese fortress which Germany had seized for reasons which were generally not thought to be satisfactory.

The Kaiser's original dashing plan of campaign had been to crush his way through France to Paris, and with that city in his possession force the submission of France, then rushing his victorious troops back to Eastern Prussia, there to give battle to the invading Russians. The intervention of England, and the refusal of Italy's assistance halted that Napoleonic vision.

Accordingly as this narrative proceeds we may find the Kaiser's complete military plan balked by his two diplomatic defeats. But even so, the precision with which his armies advanced through Belgium and France, brushing aside opposition which was as unexpected as it was stubborn, compels admiration. So nearly was the schedule of progress adhered to that it almost seemed as if there were no unexpected factors in the working out of the problem of invasion, though we know as a matter of fact that neither the fierce opposition at Liège, nor the appearance of England as an enemy had been calculated upon.

The whole plan of campaign had been worked out by the German General Staff, unquestionably the hardest worked body of

A troop of Austrian cavalry, the last previous test of which was in its defeat by Prussia in 1866

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The Imperial Guard passing in review before Emperor William. At the left of the Kaiser is General Lowenfeldt, and at the extreme right General von Buelow. The latter was the first German general to fall.

professional soldiers in all Europe. Emphatically in time of peace they prepared for war, and like the first Von Moltke at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War they could turn over their completed plans to the generals in the field and say, "Now is our time to rest."

So colossal had been the development of militarism in Europe, turning the whole continent into an armed camp, and exacting from the youth of the Great Powers a very considerable part of their best years in camp and barracks, that the forces which entered upon the war of 1914 almost baffle computation. We shall read of armies exceeding 1,500,000 men confronting each other along a line 248 miles long, in one continuous battle the while. That alone means more able-bodied males than all to be found in New York and Chicago together, supported by the most expensive and cunningly designed apparatus of death that human ingenuity has ever designed, all engaged in a systematic and determined endeavor to slaughter each other.

But back of this prodigious force actually engaged was the enormous number of men marshalled by the warring nations. For the purpose of later reference in this history

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A burned and blackened farmhouse near Liège — one of thousands of such ruins on the field of battle

The boys and young men that were brought down from the Bavarian mountains into Munich to swell the German ranks

the precise extent of the military establishments of the nations concerned may briefly be stated here:

THE ALLIES

Great Britain,	Standing Army	125,000
	First Reserve	206,000
	Second Reserve	463,000
	Total trained men	794,000
France,	Standing Army	750,000
	First Reserve	700,000
	Second Reserve	700,000
	Total trained men	2,150,000
Russia,	Standing Army	1,073,000
	First Reserve	1,838,500
	Second Reserve	2,488,500
	Total trained men	5,400,000

Alone among European nations Great Britain exacts no compulsory military service of her people. The trained army is made up of volunteers. Immediately upon the outbreak of this war Earl Kitchener called for 300,000 additional volunteers and it was expected that in the end the nation would put not less than 1,500,000 men in the field. The foregoing figures of the standing army do not take into account 77,000 men in India and 45,000 in the colonies.

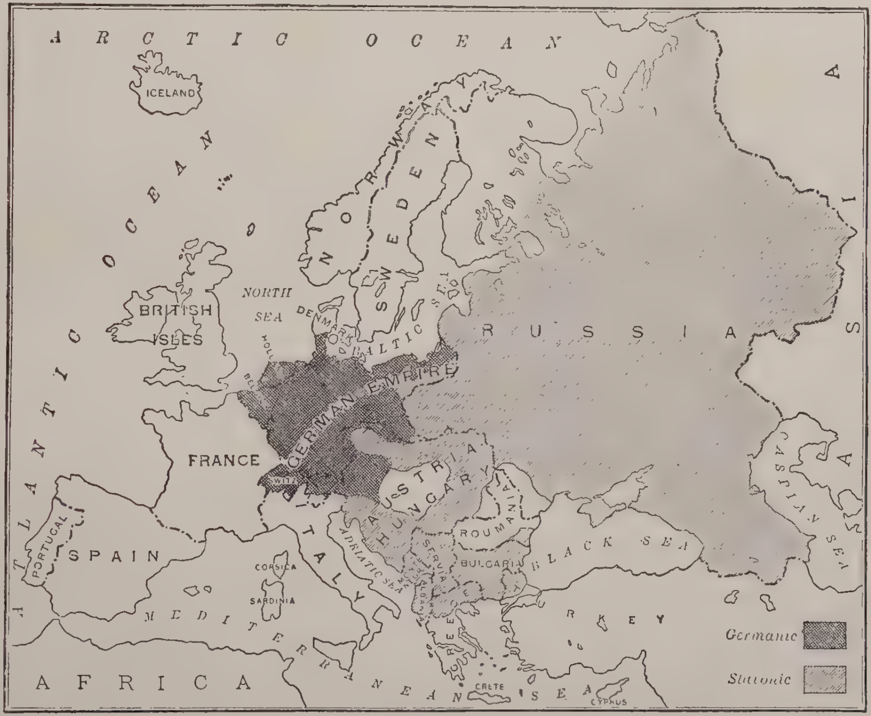
A line of Servian infantry in the hastily dug trenches

William II of Germany, who forged that nation's magnificent fighting machine and directed the campaign which astonished the world by its power and swift movement

The Russian soldier proved his worth in the Russo-Japanese war, though the issue of that conflict was unfavorable to his country. He was regarded in military circles as the equal of either the German or French soldier, but not equally well armed and equipped. Slow moving, handicapped in its mobilization by the enormous distances to be traversed and the lack of railways, the Russian army was none the less by its weight of numbers the most formidable force in the field. Unable to take any considerable part in the fighting at the outset in Belgium and France, the moral effect of its mass, looming like a cyclonic cloud on the eastern frontier of Germany was ever a distraction and a cause of dread to the Kaiser's counsellors.

To the forces with which the allies entered the war should be added the Servians, who were the first to enter upon the struggle, and the Belgians. The Servian army on a peace footing numbered 160,000 and on a war footing 380,000. As a result of the almost constant war in the Balkans the troops were practically all veterans.

Belgium, the "cockpit of Europe," the nation which had much to lose but nothing to gain by the war, and which at the very first shot threw itself into the conflict for the protection of France, has a small but, as events showed, a highly efficient army. It had a peace footing of approximately 50,000 men and a war strength of 340,000. The Belgian troops were well armed, and the fortifications miracles of defensive strength.



The Germans and Slavs whose racial antipathies and conflicting territorial and commercial ambitions were largely responsible for the war. It will be noticed that the Slavic peoples far overlap the political boundaries even in Eastern Germany

At the very outset of the war Germany and Austria-Hungary found themselves outnumbered by their foes, though as the first month's campaign showed, they were far from being outclassed. Roughly speaking they marshalled a scant 8,500,000 men against 10,500,000 mustered by their foes. But they possessed a greater degree of preparedness; being in the center of Europe they had to travel less distance than their foes to reach strategic points, and no enemy's country prevented their prompt intercommunication with each other. A famous Confederate general once said that strategy was the art of getting there first with the most men. When it is remembered that Great Britain brought troops from far-off India, New Zealand, and Canada to join in the defense of France, and that Russia sent her troops from the Arctic port of Archangel, to Scotland, thence by rail to British ports and so to France, it is easy to comprehend the advantage that accrued to the Germans and Austrians from their central line. The strength of their military organizations were as follows:

Germany,	Standing army......	800,000
	War footing........	4,000,000
Austria-Hungary,	Standing army	472,000
	War footing ..	1,360,000
	Maximum war strength	4,320,,00

German cavalrymen with the long, sharp lances that cease to be an impediment only when the fighting is at close quarters

The German army is famous for the rigidity of its discipline and the precision of its drill. To the individual soldier no initiative is left. He is taught to rely wholly on his officers, and should the officers of a company all be disabled, the men are taught to fall back and join some company not thus crippled. None of the German troops had seen service. The equipment was as near perfection as human thought and ingenuity can make it, though the light artillery and the rifles were held inferior to those of France. The equipment of armored motor cars, motor driven siege guns, aeroplanes and the Zeppelin dirigible balloons was the marvel of the civilized world.

More serious even to the German cause than the appearance of the British armies in the field shoulder to shoulder with the French, was the unexpected necessity of reckoning the British fleet as an enemy. True, the Kaiser had since the very outset of his reign exerted every effort to build his navy up to a strength approximately that of Great Britain and in the wardrooms and at the banquet tables of the German navy the toast had long been "To the Day!", meaning to those initiated, "the day when we shall meet the British fleet in battle." But England wisely kept pace with Germany in shipbuilding and, at a terrifying cost, maintained her navy at such a point of superiority that for the first month of war Germany dared risk no naval conflict, but permitted the sea to be swept clean of her merchant ships, while her navy clung close to the fortifications of Heligoland or secreted itself within the Kiel Canal.

Whole volumes have been devoted to the enumeration of the fighting vessels of the British navy. One section of the fleet alone, in the month preceding the outbreak of the war in Europe, being gathered in the English Channel, ostensibly for a royal review, so filled that waterway with dreadnoughts, super-dreadnoughts, battle cruisers, light cruisers, destroyers, torpedo boats, and submarines, that a voyager from Plymouth to Rotterdam for thirty-six hours was never out of sight of a squadron of British men of war.

Reduced to its very lowest terms of statement the British navy at the opening of the war consisted of 60 modern battleships, 9 battle-cruisers, 34 armored cruisers, 17 heavy protected cruisers, 70 light cruisers, 232 destroyers now ready and 16 building, 59 torpedo boats (and 50 old ones), and 75 submarines, besides 52 sea-going auxiliaries of the fleet, such as mother ships for destroyers, mine-layers, distilling ships, oil ships, repair and hospital ships.

The French navy, though fourth in the list of naval powers, naturally follows here as England's ally. It had 18 battleships, together with eight building at the war's commencement, 19 armored cruisers, 2 protected cruisers and 10 light cruisers. The French navy is peculiarly strong in destroyers, torpedo boats, and submarines, having 84 of the first class, 135 torpedo boats and 78 submarines with a number on the stocks at the beginning of the war.

Russia, as a naval power, was of little importance in the conflict. Her losing war with Japan had left her with but three of her old battleships, and these with three of later construction, 6 armored cruisers, 91 destroyers, and 55 submarines made up her effective fleet, which at the beginning of the war was mainly in the Black Sea.

The navy of Japan, though powerful and highly efficient, may be ignored here as its service was mainly in the Pacific.

To meet this naval strength Germany offered naturally the most powerful fleet, which at the outbreak of war was tied with that of the United States in the struggle for second place. On her ships' roster at the declaration of war were 36 battleships, 5 battle cruisers, 9 armored cruisers, and 43 cruisers as the sea-going fleet. She had also 130 destroyers and 27 submarines. The first loss to the navy was of that of a submarine, sunk by a British cruiser. For some reason Germany was weak in torpedo boats.

Austria-Hungary entered the struggle with 9 battleships, 10 light cruisers, 18 destroyers, 63 torpedo boats, and 6 submarines.

In accordance with the long established naval policy of England, the British fleet was far superior to the combined fleet of its enemies. Indeed the French fleet in the Mediterranean was quite capable of taking care of the Austrian fleet in that sea, while Britain's far flung cruisers swept the ocean clear of German merchantmen in the four quarters of the globe. But for the prescience of the Kaiser in digging in 1895 the Kiel Canal, cutting off Denmark and making a waterway between the Atlantic and the Baltic, the British fleet would doubtless have sought out the German in the very first weeks of the war and annihilated it by sheer weight of metal. It is a significant fact, worthy the students of naval strategy, that the strength of the German navy lay less in its ships than in the powerful forts of Heligoland, behind which it could always find refuge, and the Kiel Canal, which was not only a sanctuary but a base whence it could operate with equal facility against the Baltic coast of Russia or the coast of England bordering the North Sea, meantime keeping the British fleet bound to one

The French aeroplane in its automobile conveyance. Of all the warring nations, France was best supplied with aerial craft

Count Zeppelin's aerial weapon carrying twenty-five men and a large weight of explosives.

spot as though anchored there. The Kiel Canal was worth twenty dreadnoughts to Germany — a fact which the United States with its Panama Canal has no doubt noted.

Out of the Franco-Prussia war of 1870-71 emerged two great figures that history will long remember. Neither was a king. Bismarck, the diplomat, and Von Moltke the strategist were truly the dominant figures of the war that will live in history, though perhaps to them Gambetta might be added.

History is not yet ready to indicate which of the participants in the epoch-making struggle of 1914 shall wear its garlands to the limits of that eternity which human records may assure. Nine nations were embroiled at the very outset. Kings and commoners, statesmen and soldiers, admirals and diplomats have all played their parts and won applause or condemnation.

A most curious feature of the war was the blood relationships existing between many of the sovereigns at war with each other, and the close interrelations of the courts and chiefs. Thus George V of England was first cousin to Nicolas II of Russia, with whom he was allied, both being cousins of William II of Germany with whom they were at war. Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, who at the opening of the war was closing a long and most unhappy life, was the cousin of Alfonso XIII, King of Spain, whose sympathies were strongly against Austria in the struggle. King Albert of Belgium, who in person gallantly led his armies against the invading Germans, was cousin to William of Germany and George of England. Relationships counted for nothing when the battle cloud lowered. Nor did international honors heaped upon monarchs by their ruling brethren aid in the maintenance of amity. It is matter of record that when the British minister to Berlin demanded his passports he was summoned to the presence of the Kaiser. After keeping him waiting a time, that monarch strode into the audience chamber with the brilliant decorations pertaining to British orders of knighthood and nobility pinned to his breast. Unfixing them one by one he threw them down, and trampled upon them, dismissing the amazed ambassador with the command that he go tell his King how the Emperor of Germany spurned his British honors.

A Zeppelin over Berlin. These balloons can rise to heights far
the eye as to minimize the danger of being

Undoubtedly at the war's outbreak, the German Emperor was the most interesting figure in Europe — as he had been ever since he donned the purple. A monarch who was able to say in all seriousness what he said in 1910 could not fail to be interesting:

> "*Considering myself as the instrument of the Lord, without heeding the views and opinions of the day, I go my way,*"

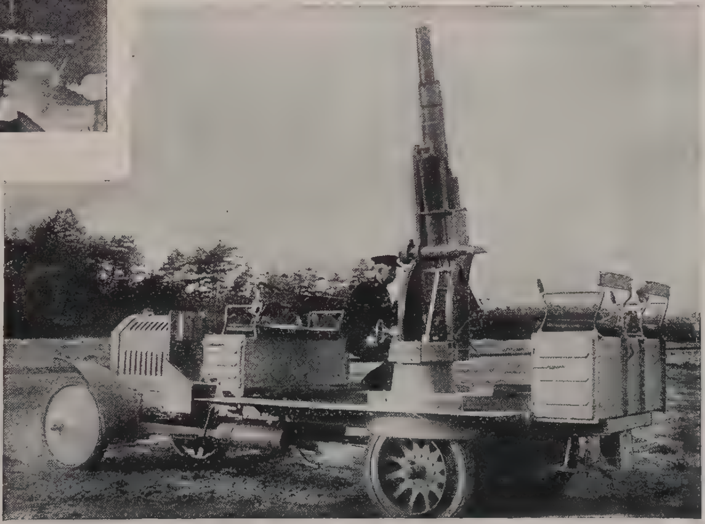
For a man to proclaim himself the "instrument of the Lord," to declare incessantly that he rules by Divine right, and to enforce both extraordinary claims upon the respectful attention of a nation of scientists and skeptics like Germany, argues qualities of mind that are unusual if not admirable.

above the aeroplane, when they become so small to hit by guns from below

Preaching the need of war and incessantly preparing for it, William II had nevertheless kept his nation at peace from the day of his accession to this time. The world marvelled that the young firebrand, as it choose to call him, still kept the peace year after year, while ever preaching the gospel of the sword. Even when this greatest of all wars blazed into being he protested that only the need of national defense against Russian aggression caused him to mobilize his army. The world did not believe his protests, perhaps unjustly. It saw soon after the formal declaration of war that the massing of German troops on the boundaries of Luxemburg and Belgium must have been begun, even completed, before the Russian mobilization of which the Emperor so bitterly complained. And so, in the earlier weeks of the struggle almost the entire civilized world pointed with bitter condemnation to William II as the author of the world-wide calamity. It was indicative of the new aversion in which war is held that the diplomatic and journalistic campaign waged by Germany to free itself from the odium of this charge was almost as far reaching and systematic as a military campaign planned by the elder Von Moltke.

Three emperors and two kings figured largely in the early days of the war, yet, with the exception of the Emperor of Germany, none took a leading position in the diplomatic manœuvres that ended in the outbreak. Not the Czar Nicholas, but rather the Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Sazonoff, and Gen. Sukhomlinoff, Minister of War, guided Russia through the mazes of diplomacy and massed her army on the frontiers of Eastern Prussia and Galicia ready for the dash into Germany.

In Austria, the old Emperor Francis Joseph bowed with the weight of years and countless



The weapon of defense against aerial attack

Czar Nicholas and King George V., royal cousins with a long-standing colonial rivalry and divergent political beliefs, drawn together in an unexpected alliance sorrows, who had mounted his throne sixty-six years earlier with the words, "Oh, my youth! Thou art forever gone from me!" entered upon the war with the sorrowful plaint on his lips: "Horrible, horrible! No sorrow is spared to me!" In the struggle that followed he had no part, though throughout his reign he had been famous for doing himself the work his ministers should have done. Count Bechtold, the Austrian Premier, planned the war upon Servia and perhaps more than any one man in Europe was the immediate manipulator of the machinery which set off the powder magazine of world wide war.

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The railway line from St. Trend to Landon after its destruction by the Belgians to prevent the Germans from advancing

In England not King George but Sir Edward Grey, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, was the impressive figure during the period of swift exchange of diplomatic notes which led up to the final breach. Perhaps not in a century had more fateful statements been made in the House of Commons than those in which Sir Edward detailed the futile efforts of Great Britain to induce Germany to respect the neutrality of Belgium, and the Right Honorable Herbert H. Asquith, the Prime Minister, announced the purpose of the government to defend Belgium at any cost. To the head of the army was called Lord Kitchener — the Kitchener of Khartoum,

German field artillery on the march through a mountain village

Paris, the world's greatest pleasure place and the richest prize
attract hundreds of thousands of visitors each year, but its
made it in every war the goal for the

King Albert of Belgium — ruler of "the Cockpit of Europe"

who won his title where Gordon died, but did his greatest service when he plucked British victory from the jaws of defeat by the Boers in South Africa. At the head of the navy was Winston Churchill, son of an American mother; and entrusted with the task of capturing or destroying the German fleet was Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, who two years earlier spoiled a naval "war game" by putting the fleet he was supposed to be at war with so thoroughly out of action in three days, that the manœuvres planned for three weeks had to be abruptly abandoned.

France, a republic in the field of struggling monarchs, had neither soldiers nor men of title at the head of affairs when the storm burst. President Poincaré was a man of the scholarly, rather than the military, type, a poet and a dramatist, a man of whom the painter Degas said, "He is the only politician who knows anything about art." Withal, he was a strong personality, regarded indeed as one of the most forceful figures in French politics

of war. Its art treasures and its gay and beautiful boulevards
wealth, beauty, and standing as the capital of France have
determined advance of the enemy's armies

since the triumph of the Germans in 1870-71 brought about the Third Republic.

In the main civilians and commoners loomed largest in the early days of war, in those nervous, wearing moments when diplomacy and bloodshed overlapped and all the European world hoped vaguely for peace with the moral certainty in the bottom of their hearts that war was inevitable. But one bright young figure, that of Albert, King of the Belgians, came swiftly to the front and showed to the world an hereditary monarch, but 39 years old, who in a war of defense would stand shoulder to shoulder with his people, sharing their sufferings and sorrows, and even shedding his blood with theirs. The fight in defense of its borders made by little Belgium at the very opening of the war compelled the attention and the admiration of Europe and America. In that struggle King Albert took an active personal part, sustaining a slight wound from a German shell. Americans like to think of him as having spent

M. Raymond Poincaré, President of France, whose policy, like the Kaiser's, was to be ever ready for war

A German cavalry scout waiting for news from the enemy's country to be brought back by aeroplane

A British battery in action; artillery duels were the striking feature of the war

a year of his earlier life in their own country.

All diplomacy, all effort to avert the bloody struggle was at an end when England declared war. Thereafter new declarations from Portugal, Montenegro, Japan, and other countries remotely affected attracted little attention. The world knew that an issue which had become historic was to be fought out

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After the battle of Haelen — the damage caused by the explosion of a single German shell

Death-dealing power in little space — a Maxim made detachable so that it might be transported on a horse with the cavalry

and that the combatants would be Germany and Austria on the one side; England, France, Belgium, and Russia on the other. Of all the belligerents Germany and Russia were best prepared and met the shock with the most composure. England for the moment seemed

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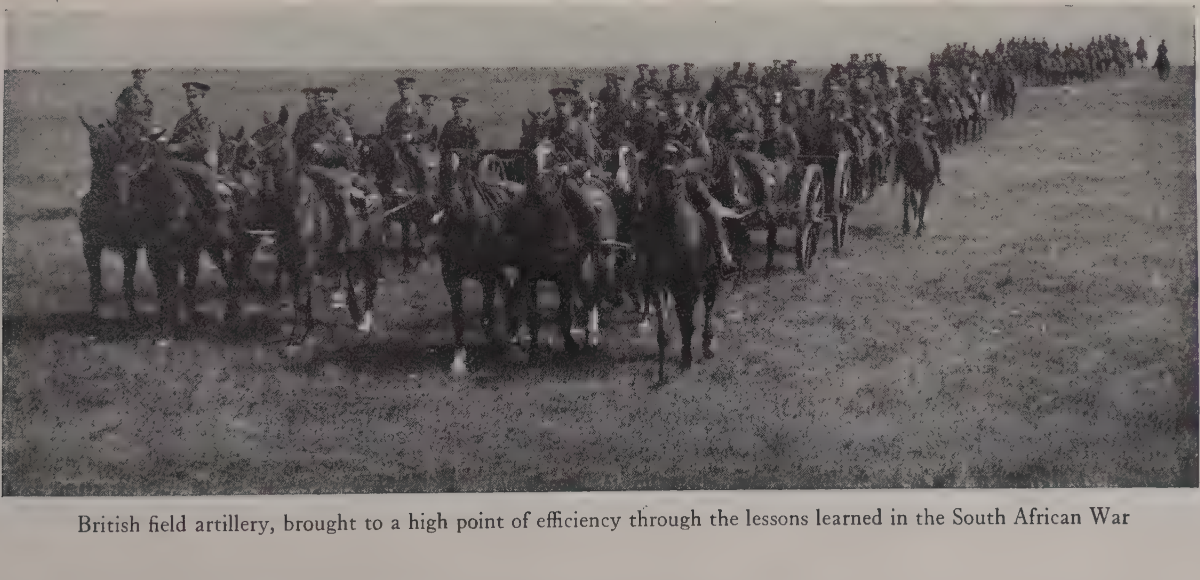
Comedy and tragedy: a load of ammunition being escorted from the magazine in Hyde Park, London, for shipment to the front

Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Secretary, whose firmness in resisting German demands compelled the war

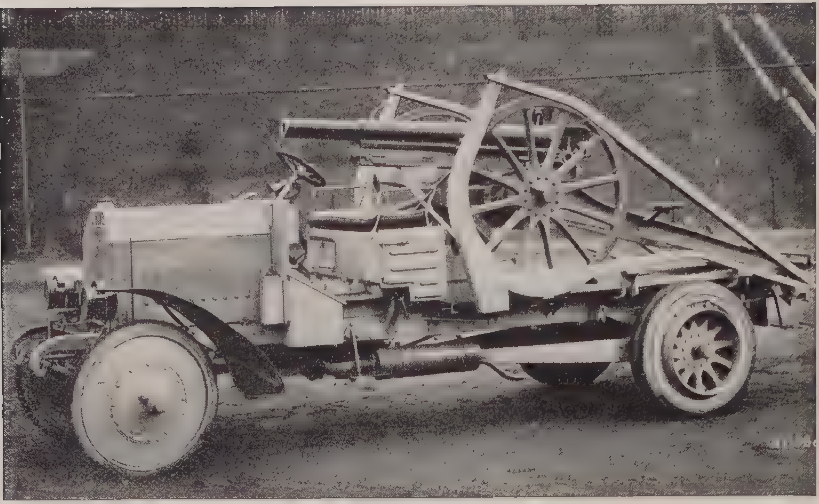
dazed. Not even the bitter lesson of the Boer War had made her people understand that war, when it comes, comes swiftly, unexpected, remorselessly. Not for a month did recruiting reach the necessary proportions, or the English people get into their stride. But when the first revulsion had passed, the British people from Trafalgar Square to the furthermost hamlet of New Zealand gave convincing proof of their loyalty and determination.

The readiness with which England entered upon the war, and the unanimity with which the action of her cabinet was supported by public men without distinction of party was a surprise to the world — and above all to Germany. For a week before the war cloud broke the world's observers of politics had been expecting to see the British Empire itself plunged into civil war. All Ireland was divided into two hostile camps, both armed and on the verge of substituting the sword and rifle-shot for the orderly processes of

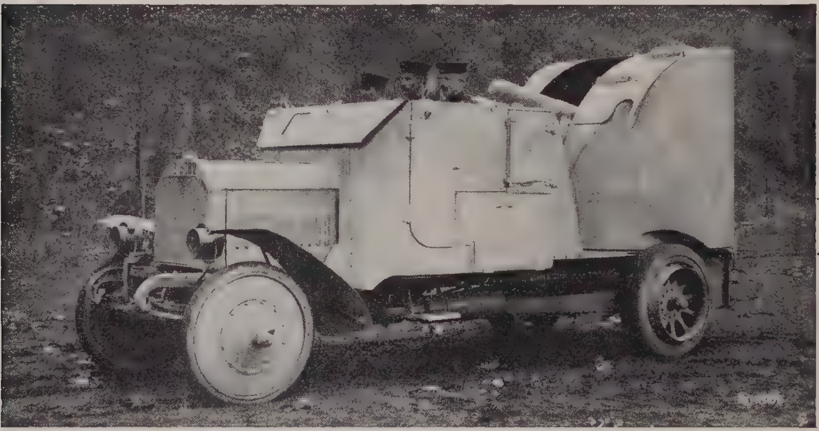
Premier Asquith, who turned over the War Portfolio to Earl Kitchener, remaining himself the head of the Government



British field artillery, brought to a high point of efficiency through the lessons learned in the South African War



German motor car gun in position for action



The same car protected by armored top

A crowded German ambulance car

parliamentary government.

For half a century and more Ireland, insisting that it was a mere conquered province and not an integral part of the British Empire, had been clamoring for home rule. Irishmen in distant lands had contributed of their substance to help the cause. Agitation, parliamentary obstruction, dynamite, and assassination had all been invoked as aids to the propaganda. British ministries had risen to power by opposing it, and by advocating it. His advocacy of Home Rule had retired Gladstone to private life in the winter of his years. But in 1914 when the Asquith ministry, having the power and the will, offered Ireland the Home Rule so long sought, it was discovered that a large part of Ireland did not want it. Parliament passed the law and had brought it to the point of enforcement when, even in the British Army which might be needed in case of resistance, there appeared the mutterings of a revolt against the will of the Government.

The trouble sprang from religious antagonisms between populous sections of Ireland. The County of Ulster and its immediate neighbors were largely Protestant; the remainder of Ireland overwhelmingly Roman Catholic. Ulster refused to be a party to a compact, even though ordered by the King and Parliament, which would compel her to submit to the decrees of a Catholic Irish parliament. From verbal protest the people

Belgian infantry marching to Louvain

of Ulster proceeded to equip themselves for a protest in arms. From appeals they progressed to defiance. The Ulster volunteers sprang into being, were armed as though by magic and openly drilled for armed resistance to the decree of Parliament. As for the British Army the officers of one regiment flatly refused to serve for the coercion of the Irish Protestants, and the extent of the disaffection—which might properly be termed mutiny—was a source of the gravest apprehension in Government circles as the moment for enforcing the law approached. The Catholic people of Ireland, the zealous and convinced Home Rulers, were not behindhand in arming, and when the general European war broke out the green little isle was ripe for civil war, with 200,000 Irishmen armed for the conflict and determined to resist.

But the instant the Empire was threatened by foreign aggression, the Irish forgot their quarrels. In Ulster and in Tipperary the arms were laid aside, and the dashing spirits who had enlisted in the Ulster Volunteers, on the one side, and the Irish Nationals on the other, flocked to the recruiting stations to enlist together in the British army for the protection of the Empire. Sir Edward Carson had been the leader of the Volunteers, their organizer, and the defender of their cause in Parliament. To him in the smoking room came John Redmond, veteran Irish member of Parliament and so bitter a foe to Carson that the two, though meeting daily, never spoke. This day the threat of war broke down the barrier.

"Mr. Redmond," said Sir Edward, smiling-

German officers lunching in the field on the spoils of Liège

Photograph by James F. J Archibald

The Russian advance. In such columns more than 5,000,000 Russians bore steadily down upon Austria and Germany

ly, "this German Kaiser is the greatest diplomat of history."

"How so?" asked Redmond.

"Because he has made us friends," was the reply, and with the jest the peril of civil war in Ireland passed away.

In Germany, too, factional strife was hushed in the presence of national danger. For years there had been dread as to what the Socialists in the Reichstag would do in case of a call to war. It was a cardinal creed of the Socialists that the interests of the working classes transcended national boundaries, were identical in Germany and France and that no war should array them one against the other. So great was the power of the German Socialists that the Government was seriously apprehensive that a declaration of war would be met by the declaration of a general strike, or at least by a refusal to vote the necessary war credit. But when the supreme moment came, and the Chancellor asked for a credit of $1,250,000,000 the Socialist benches rose as one man, cheered and voted solidly for the measure. They proclaimed themselves Germans primarily and Socialists afterward.

France approached war without surprise, but in a spirit of deep regret. Paris, during the eleven days of mobilization, was like a city over which hangs the pall of some great calamity. In 1870 the gayety of the boulevards was never eclipsed, the theatres were open, the cafes brilliant with light and life. Not so in 1914. Every theatre closed with the notice of mobi-

German soldiers in the wrecked Belgian village of Mouland

By permission of Manzi, Joyant & Co.

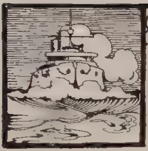
From the painting by A. de Neuville

THE DEFENSE OF THE LONGBOYEAU GATE
One of the stirring scenes in the siege of Paris, 1870–71

Mouland in ruins; note women returning to search for such pitiful remnants of their household goods as escaped war's scourge

lization, the cafes put up their shutters at dark, the streets were swept clean of men, and those remaining went about conversing in whispers as those who stay in a darkened house where one lies dead. But all the while the mobilization was going on in marked contrast to that of 1870, — not slowly, awkwardly, and collecting only soldiers ill-shod, ill-armed, and destined to defeat, but with swiftness and efficiency.

French cavalry on the march through Ay



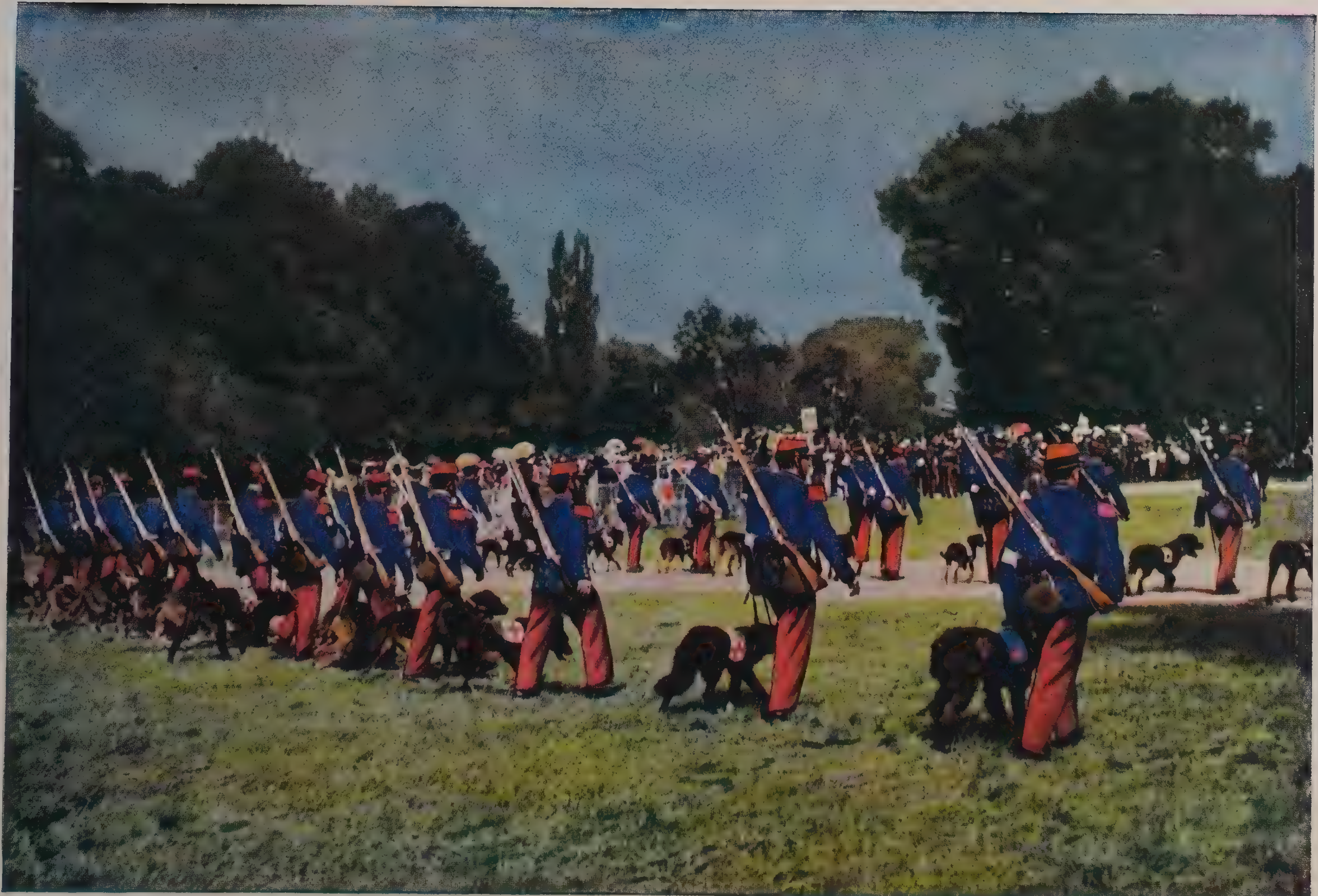
Recessional

God of our fathers, known of old,
   Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
   Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

. . . .

Far-called, our navies melt away;
   On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
   Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

— RUDYARD KIPLING



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THE FAMOUS CANINE AMBULANCE DIVISION OF THE FRENCH ARMY, SETTING OFF FOR THE FRONT

THE NATIONS AT WAR

CHAPTER II

WHY BELGIAN NEUTRALITY WAS VIOLATED — THE SYSTEM OF GERMAN MOBILIZATION — EQUIPMENT OF THE GERMAN ARMIES — THE FORTS AT LIÈGE — THE BATTLE OF HAELEN — DESTRUCTION OF LOUVAIN — IRRESISTIBLE ADVANCE OF THE GERMAN ARMIES

LONG before war became a certainty, even before this war was remotely foreshadowed, students of military tactics foresaw that when Germany struck again at France it would be through the neutral territories of Belgium and the Duchy of Luxemburg. English and French military writers had pointed to this as the natural and inevitable route to victory, and it must be admitted that the seeming amazement with which these two countries regarded Germany's violation of neutrality argued a singular blindness to facts long apparent to military writers. For years Germany had known that she must fight France, England, and Russia either severally, or all at once. In 1914 appeared what the Kaiser's counsellors evidently thought would prove an opportunity

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British marines disembarking at Ostend and receiving a rousing welcome from the Belgians

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A wounded Serb being carried from the field by members of the Servian Relief Corps

to fight Russia and France alone. The complete failure of the diplomatic branch of the Imperial Government resulted in the appearance of England as a hostile power, an event for which the Germans were evidently unprepared and which they resented more bitterly than they did Belgian or even French hostility.

In a book of singularly prophetic insight the great German military writer, General Bernhardi, had, months before the war, mapped out the strategy that would be followed in the event of a struggle with Russia and France and it was precisely the strategy to which the German army strove to adhere but which factors uncounted upon, notably the English army, prevented from proving as efficient as had been anticipated. Briefly it was this: Crush France by a sudden, irresistible rush in overwhelming numbers straight to her capital, Paris, compelling submission, the surrender of her armies and the payment of a huge indemnity all in the first few weeks of the war while the great Russian bear was slowly getting his enormous bulk in motion. Then hastening back to the eastern frontier of Germany, join the Austrians who meanwhile would be keeping the Russians in check, and beat the forces of the Czar to their knees. In this programme Great Britain was scarcely recognized. Her armies were treated as of slight importance, as indeed from the Continental viewpoint they were. The British navy's admitted superiority was held to be neutralized largely by the Kiel Canal, which made the German fleet in effect two—one for operations in the Baltic, one for the North Sea.

Curiously enough in his book, which was purely a work of imagination, or of foresight, General Bernhardi referred to the treaty which guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium, as "only a paper bulwark." Two years later, confronted by England's resentment at Germany's violation of the treaty, Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg contemptuously referred to that document as "just a scrap of paper." An author's imaginings are seldom so swiftly translated into historic facts.

Upon this plan the General Staff of the

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German reservists on the way to the railway station at Berlin in the first rush of German mobilization

German army, headed by General Von Moltke, nephew of the famous strategist of the Franco-Prussian War, worked with the industry and precision characteristic of the German military mind. Every road, lane, path, and trail, every bridge and ford, every brook and rivulet, railway cut, gully or thicket which might aid or impede an army's advance by one of the three possible routes into France, was marked on the maps and fixed in the memories of officers likely to be called to command. An army of spies furnished data as to the enemy's defenses and troops, the temper of the inhabitants, the abundance or scarcity of supplies. The most inventive minds in the great Krupp works at Essen were set to devising mechanical contrivances for overcoming the difficulties of the country to be invaded, for making cannon heavy enough to be mounted in a fortress, so mobile as to be able to follow an army on its daily advance of fifteen or twenty miles; for destroying air craft and detecting mines.

Every danger was foreseen, every contingency provided for. In the military game of Kriegspiel every possible complication was worked out in the winter nights in barracks, while in the autumn manœuvres in the field the officers tested with brigades and batteries the formations and movements which on paper seemed to promise such complete success.

It is true that much of the preliminary work was wasted as all purely theoretical work is apt to prove when given the test of use. True too, that in the manœuvres, leaders sometimes let a zest for the melodramatic carry them into exploits that would have been disastrous in real war. A story is told of the Kaiser himself in his younger days leading a glorious charge into the mouth of a fiercer hell than that of Balaclava—had the guns been really shotted—and then trotting back to the umpires demanding, their verdict with the confident demand "How's that?"

"All dead but one, your Majesty," responded the umpires respectfully, but with a clear expression of their views as to what

The retreat of the populace from Tirlemont, many of whom, it will be noted, wear the badge of the Red Cross Volunteer

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would have happened had the charge been made in the reality of actual warfare.

In twenty-four hours after the time when war was seen to be inevitable, Germany had in the neighborhood of two millions of armed men on her frontiers. In the art of swift mobilization

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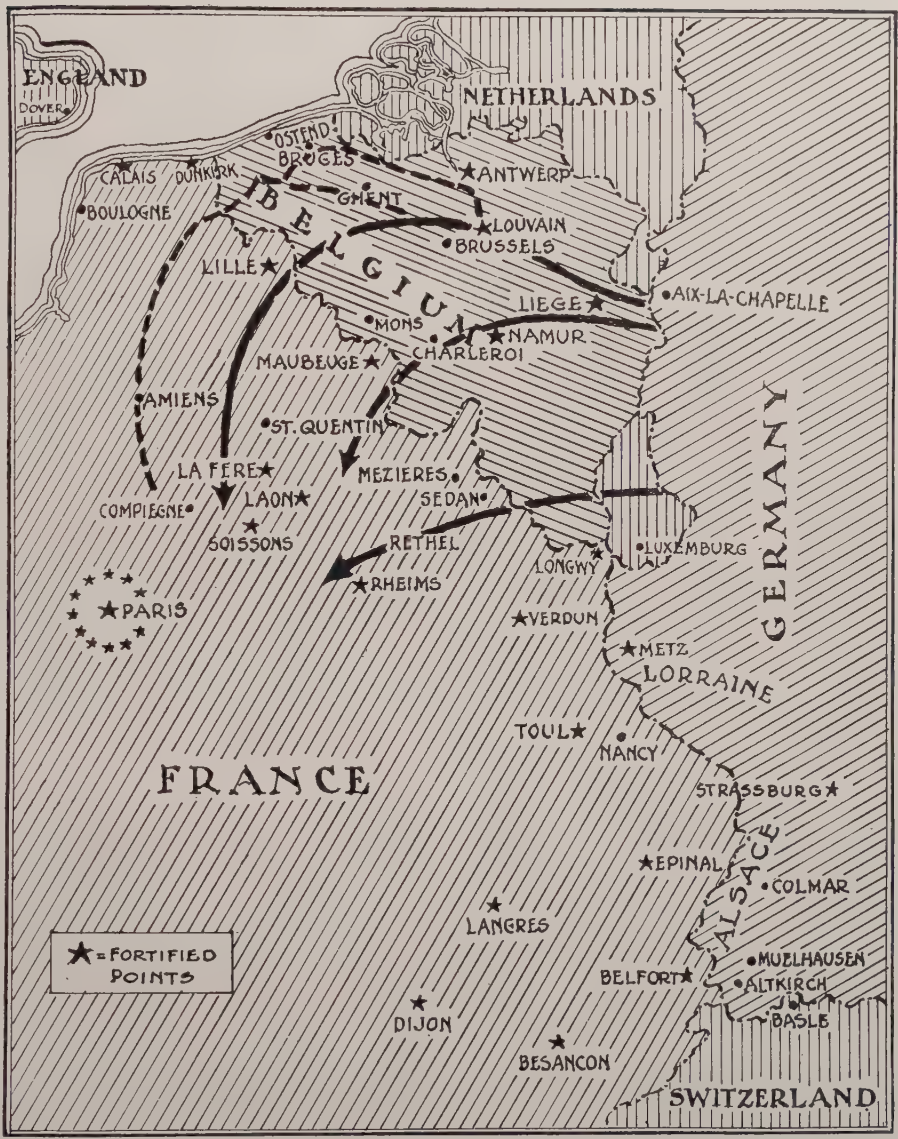
Refugees from the outlying villages fleeing to Brussels for protection against the advancing German army



The map shows approximately the extent of the German advance to September 6, 1914. The heavy lines with arrow-tips show in a general way the main German advance; the heavy dotted lines, routes of parallel, but lesser columns. All the territory between the line touching Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, and Amiens and the main line was filled with German troops. Raiding parties also reached Ostend and Boulogne

the Germans outdo the world. As this war has probably put an end to that form of exaggerated militarism which makes every man a soldier, it may be well to record the method of suddenly changing the peaceful lawyer or shopkeeper into number 37, who exists only to fight. A West Pointer thus describes it for a New York magazine:

"Had we such a system and war was declared, it would work something as follows: In New York City, for instance, every man belonging to the various reserves ordered out would report at once to the storehouse where his equipment is kept. Giving his name to a clerk, he is handed a bundle of clothing; this contains two field uniforms complete—two coats, two pairs of trousers, two pairs of leggings, two pairs of marching shoes, one hat, two suits of underclothes, four pairs of socks, housewife, blankets, blanket-roll, etc. All articles are of the correct size, selected, tried on, and put away for this soldier, with his name tag on the bundle. It also contains a brass tag bearing his official number, which he wears next his body, suspended from his neck by a cord. He then repairs to a dressing-room, puts on a uniform, makes up his field-roll with all the other articles, ties up his civilian clothing, and hands it to the clerk to put away for him. The man would then go to his armory, either the same building where his outfit is kept or elsewhere, and draw his rifle, belts, and ammunition, and would then be ready to march with his company or regiment to entrain. In the cities regiments would be ready to march in from four to six hours. In country districts it would take from twelve to twenty-four hours." It is all very simple, after all, but it is simplicity strongly tinged with grandeur.

As nearly, however, as human mind could expect, the plans of the General Staff worked out to perfection. That they failed of their chief purpose was due to two occurrences that might perhaps have been foreseen, but in fact were not.

An examination of the map will show that the frontier proper between France and Germany is short—not more than 200 miles in all. On the German side of this frontier are the former French provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, taken from France in 1871 and still peopled by citizens resentful of that action, and covert-

One of the great problems on the march lay in the rapid movement of the heavy siege guns

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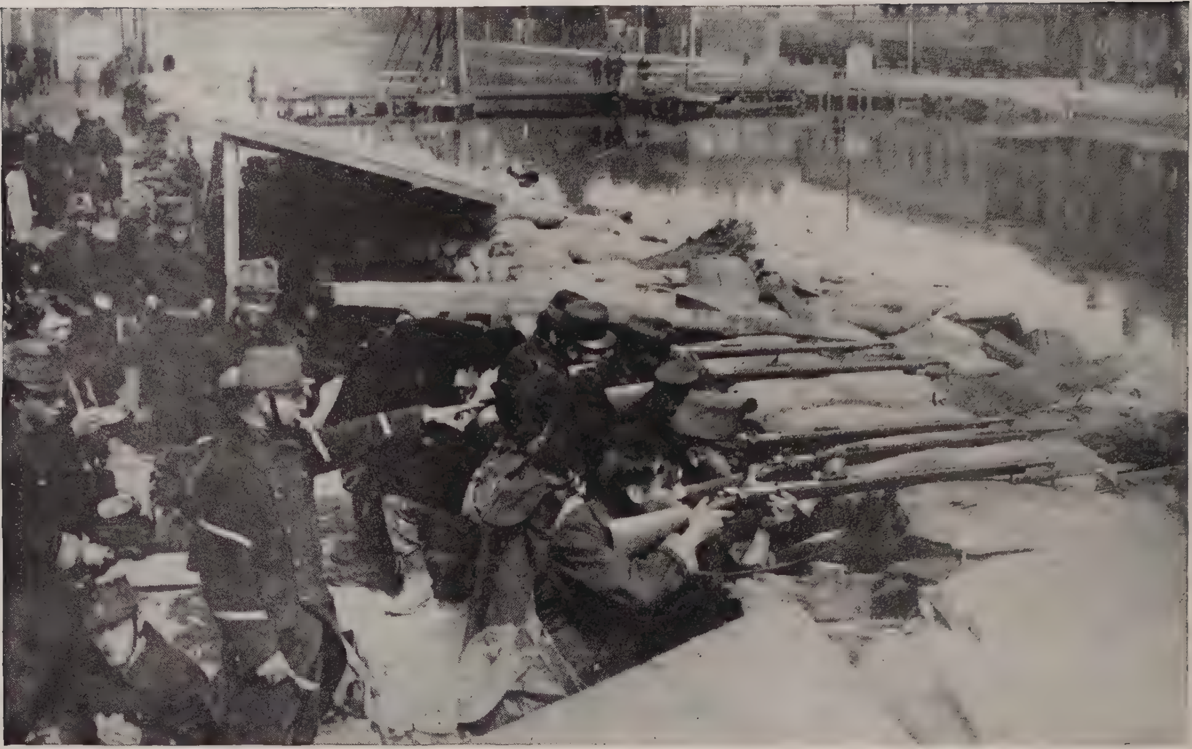
A typical street scene in Paris during the early days of mobilization when everyone was hurrying to his regiment

The *mitrailleuse*, or death dealing machine guns, with which solid lines of men were mowed down

ly hostile to the Germans. To pass the French frontier, the Germans would have had to maintain their base in the midst of this disaffected population, and, invading a difficult country, reduce the French forts at Verdun, Toul, Nancy, Epinal and Belfort—unquestionably the strongest line of coöperating fortresses in the world.

It was not characteristic of the Germans to admit that anything was impossible to their magnificent army, and it is not

French infantry on their way to the front. Note the numerous vehicles from which the horses had been requisitioned



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After Liège it was thought that the German advance might attack Antwerp. The picture shows Belgian infantry along a canal near Antwerp behind a hastily constructed barricade ready to repel an attack

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A view of the city of Nancy, capital of the Department of Meurthe and Moselle. With a population of about 90,000, it was one of the finest and best built cities in France for the historian to deny that with time the Germans might have reduced these fortresses and made their way to Paris over this most difficult of the possible lines of attack. But time was precisely what the Germans could not spare. They must seize Paris, crush France, and return to their country before the Russian bear could lay his paw upon their own capital. So they sought a quicker way to France than through its immediate frontier.

They found the way, but in finding it roused the British lion to fasten on one flank while the Russian bear attacked the other side.

At the northern end of the Franco-German frontier is the little neutral state, the Duchy of Luxemburg, about one eighth as big as New Jersey, with practically no army, with its railroads owned by Germany, and with but one town, a quaint capital city much visited by tourists because of its old-world oddity. Luxemburg protested mildly when on a sudden 100,000 German soldiers swooped down upon her in automobiles and by rail and speedily turned all her territory into an armed camp. "We have our orders," said the Germans curtly, in answer to protests. They came by tens of thousands on the 2d of August, but beyond the official protest of the Luxemburg Government nothing more was heard of them or their operation for many days.

For Luxemburg, though a serviceable base, was not a good point from which to conduct the invasion of France. It was not, indeed, big enough to permit the passage of the enormous force of twelve or fifteen army corps which Germany had determined to throw upon France. So it was determined to cast scruples to the winds and make Belgium, despite her guaranteed neutrality, the pathway to the enemy's country. The situation resolved itself into a contest between military necessity and national honor and the latter lost. No nation not thus tested can well utter reproach to Germany. Her own Chancellor at once confessed and sought to extenuate the fault when in a speech to the Reichstag he said:

"We are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law! . . . We were compelled to override the just protest of the

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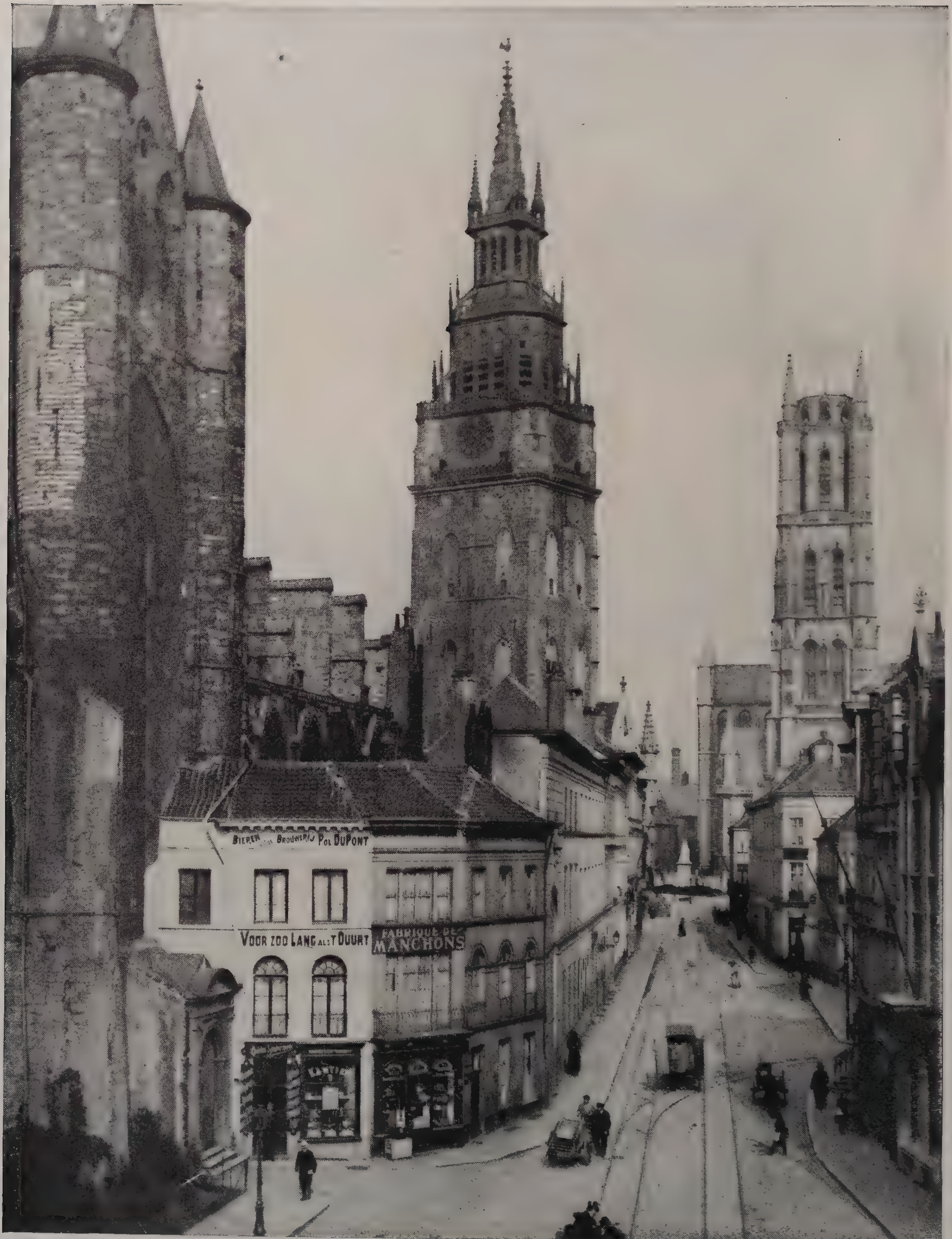
Colonial volunteers drawn up for inspection in London—rich and poor alike offering themselves to their country



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Ghent, Belgium. In the tower at the left is the bell which for centuries has called the Belgians to war

Luxemburg and Belgian Governments. The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached. Anybody who is threatened, as we are threatened, and is fighting for his highest possessions, can have only one thought—how he is to hack his way through."

While England was still enquiring as to the intention of Germany the Kaiser's troops were already entering Belgium. So rapid was their advance that it became apparent to the world that long before the time when mobilization was publicly admitted, the German troops were massed in great numbers on this frontier and on that of Luxemburg. Swiftly the German campaign developed and was shown to comprehend the invasion of France from three points by three armies:

The Army of the Meuse, with its base at Aix-la-Chapelle was to enter Belgium, reduce the forts at Liège and march on Paris by a westerly route, taking in passing the forts at Namur and at Lille.

The Army of the Moselle, already concentrated in Luxemburg was to enter France at Longwy and proceed to Paris, subduing by the way the fortresses at Verdun and Rheims.

The Army of the Rhine, the only one not making neutral territory a part of its pathway, was to have its base at Strassburg and cross the French frontier near Nancy. By this last route the Prussians thrice before had reached the French capital.

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British troops in the protection of the undergrowth along the edge of the Compiègne Forest

The Army of the Meuse was made up of the very flower of the German army, for to it was assigned the task which was expected to be the most glorious and the most spectacular, and, proving to be both of those, was the most arduous as well. Upon it the eyes of the civilized world were rivetted for weeks. Against it fought Belgians, British, and French from the very outset of its operations, and before it merged its identity in the general German line it had withstood the assaults of infantry, cavalry and artillery—and all with hardly a stop for food or sleep; it had met and fought Turcos from French Africa, and Sikhs and Hindoos from British East India. Commanded by General Von Emmich, it numbered at its entrance upon Belgian soil about 200,000 men, which number, oft depleted by heavy fighting, was continually reënforced until it approached the

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French infantry directing a grilling fire from hastily dug trenches

impressive total of a half a million armed men.

No army of all history ever took the field so splendidly equipped with new and terrible engines of war as the armies of Germany, and particularly the Army of the Meuse in this campaign. Aeroplanes and dirigibles spied out the way, reported the positions of the enemy and indicated to the artillery the range. Motor cars carried soldiers swiftly from point to point, hurried light guns into action; heavily armored, they had their place on the line of battle, and marked with the Red Cross carried the wounded to places of safety. Rapid fire guns poured out streams of bullets like water from a hose, and were so compactly built that one could be packed on a horse, or carried on two motor cycles. Siege guns with a range of seven miles, of a calibre and weight never before thought capable of passage along country roads, were dragged by traction engines or by their own motors at a rate of eight miles an hour—guns that twenty years

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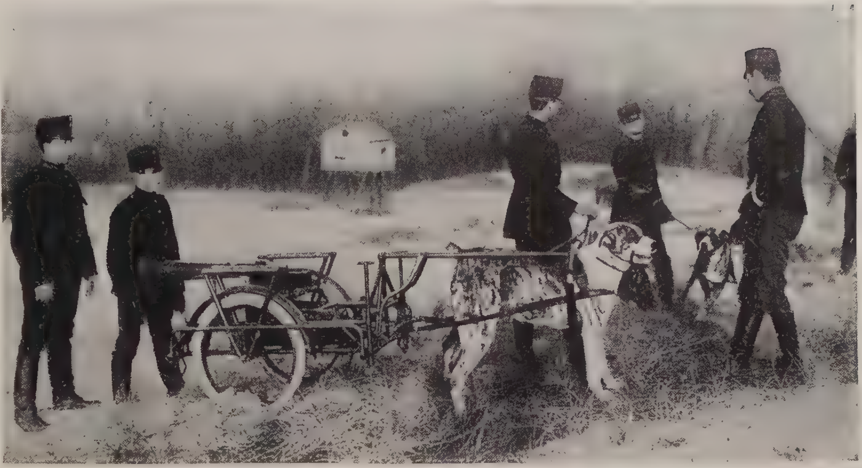
Bringing in a wounded soldier after the bombardment of Malines ago would have been useless in any field because of their immobility. By the use of flat platforms on the circumference of their wheels—"caterpillar wheels"—they called them—these cannon could be dragged by motors over even plowed fields. They throw an armor-piercing shot weighing 800 pounds, and at seven miles will demolish a target of a few feet square. It was their deadly accuracy that beat down Belgian resistance at Liège and Namur.


Belgian quick-firing dog-drawn guns proved themselves of great value

Machinery, science, inventive genius were the great generals of the War of the Nations.

Barring its pathway into Belgium the Army of the Meuse, after brushing aside a few skirmishers, found first the forts around the city of Liège. These defensive works were severely modern. Unlike the poet's fortresses that "frown along the steep" they

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A wounded Uhlan arriving at Portsmouth Harbor, England

Dinant, one of the natural strongholds of Belgium,

The church at Dinant with the citadel above

strove to make themselves as inconspicuous as possible. Externally they had the air of great black steel mushrooms, squatting close to the ground, with a ditch surrounding each, and a broad cleared space on every side. They were indeed turrets of steel, curved so as to offer the poorest possible target for shells, operated wholly by underground mechanism, placed within supporting distance of each other, and connected in many cases by underground passages. Every possible device to repel assailants —mines, ditches, wire entanglements charged with a killing current of electricity, broken glass and other devices for embarrassing and checking the onslaught of a foe — surrounded them. In every direction houses, walls, all possible shelter had been torn away, and on the days preceding the battle pitiful processions of peasants and villagers streamed into Liège, each bearing the bundle of possessions that had been spared to him.

Ugly, black, hardly visible above the ground, like toads crouching in a thicket, the forts awaited the oncoming of the German hosts. The first menace came

which was taken early in the war by the German advance

from the air as three German aeroplanes came sailing gently from beyond the German lines, and flew back and forth above the forts. At times black clouds looking like smoke dropped from them —a signal by which the German gunners miles away were able to fix the range. At seven o'clock that night, August 4th, the great guns from the forts about three miles away startled the city. All night the crashes reverberated in the moonlit heavens, the flash of the guns obliterating the moonlight and the concussions shaking the city. In the morning the people of the town learned that an attempt had been made to rush the forts, but that the invaders had been beaten back. The city was full of vague alarms. An attempt had been made to assassinate General Leman, the Belgian commander, by a number of Germans, who, dressed in English uniforms, had rushed past the lines in an automobile, penetrated to the centre of the city, and were striving to get into the military headquarters when they were detected and shot. Not many days later General Leman, sorely

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A German Uhlan having his wounds dressed

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Motor trucks played an important part in drawing French artillery and ammunition wagons into position

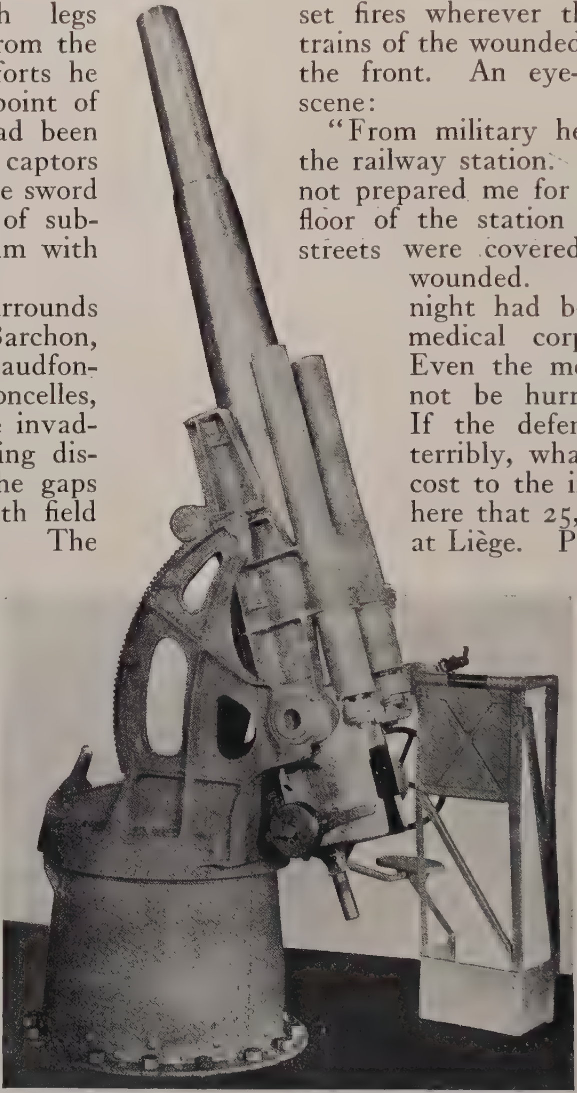
wounded, with both legs broken, was dragged from the débris of one of the forts he had defended to the point of death. So gallant had been his defense that his captors handed back to him the sword he tendered in token of submission, and loaded him with the honors of war.

A ring of forts surrounds Liège. Six of these, Barchon, Evegnée, Fléron, Chaudfontaine, Embourg, and Boncelles, barred the path of the invaders. Within supporting distance of each other the gaps between were filled with field artillery and infantry. The first attack made at night all along the line was repulsed, and a brilliant counter attack of Belgian cavalry and infantry near Fort Barchon threw the Germans of the seventh corps back in disastrous rout, fugitives being reported as streaming back beyond the Belgian border.

Into the city behind the forts shells began dropping, and a great Zeppelin, parting the heavens, dropped bombs which set fires wherever they fell. The ghastly trains of the wounded began coming in from the front. An eye-witness wrote of the scene:

"From military headquarters I went to the railway station. Even imagination had not prepared me for what was there. The floor of the station and even the near-by streets were covered with the dead and wounded. The casualties of the night had been so great that the medical corps was overwhelmed. Even the most urgent cases could not be hurried to the hospitals. If the defenders had suffered so terribly, what must have been the cost to the invaders? It was said here that 25,000 fell in the fighting at Liège. Personally I believe that is not an exaggeration. It is impossible to imagine what modern warfare is. It must be seen to be understood. The air was racked by groans and shrieks. Many who could have been saved under more fortunate circumstances must have perished from lack of attention. As long as I live that sight of battered, bleeding faces will haunt me."

For five days the battle raged before



A Krupp aeroplane gun. The two small tubes at the top are filled with glycerine to take up the recoil

Ostend, the famous Belgian watering place on the North Sea, about 100 miles from London

the forts. Then leaving some of these strongholds still unsubdued, the victorious Germans swept on into the city, which besides its strategic position has especial value as a prize because of the great arsenal in which more than 20,000 men were engaged in the manufacture of military weapons. But valuable as was the prize, the city had cost its captors dear. A week of precious time had been lost to the invaders in the reduction of a stronghold which they had anticipated would surrender upon demand, or at worst after a merely perfunctory defense. Instead of being in the heart of France as they had planned, they were still on the very borderland of Belgium, and Great Britain was taking advantage of the delay to pour her troops into the theatre of war, while the French, warned of the real line of attack were hurriedly, recalling their forces from Alsace-Lorraine to throw them across the pathway of the invaders.

The world was amazed at the pertinacity of the Belgian defence and the reckless daring of the German attack at Liège. To the German generals life seemed to be the cheapest thing at stake. Before the war military critics had condemned the German practice, as shown in manœuvres, of assaulting fortified positions with compact masses of troops. It was urged that the scattering, widely spaced line of battle which was forced upon the British by the marksmanship of the Boers was far more economical of life, and more likely to get the assailants past the zone of the deadliest fire. But at Liège the Germans, as a survivor of one of their charges said, "advanced always in close formation while the rifle fire of the Belgians mowed our men down in dozens, scores, hundreds." From other eye-witnesses came stories of the dead lying in rows, of a ditch filled with corpses to the level, over which the artillery galloped in heedless haste; of the River Meuse carrying away on its ensanguined bosom the bodies of horses and of men hurled to death as the shot from the forts ripped to pieces the pontoon bridges by which the Germans sought to cross.

In the end the forts at Liège were sub-

One of the huge German siege guns with the so-called caterpillar wheels as a precaution against soft roads

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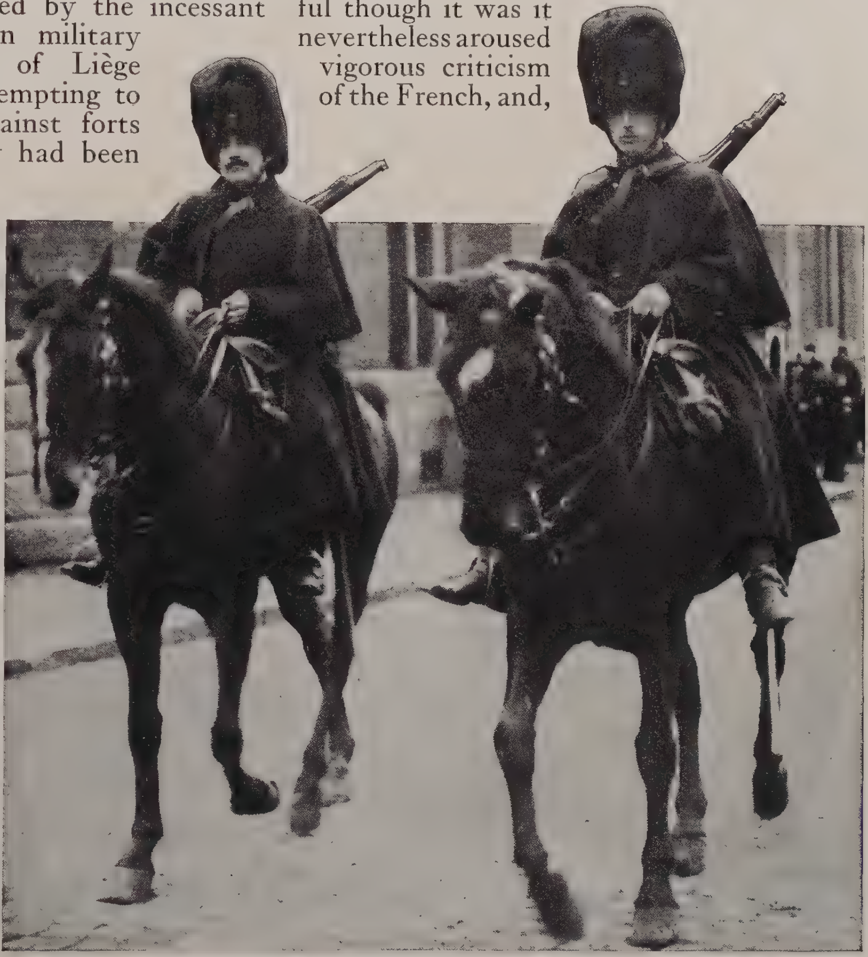
In the Duchy of Luxemburg—the neutral state which the German army found it necessary to invade in its move toward France dued by artillery mainly, after having demonstrated that they were impregnable to infantry attack. The huge siege guns of the Germans, posted securely beyond range of the largest in the forts, were given the range accurately by aeroplane scouts and pounded away until even the turrets of chilled steel were shattered, and the nerves of the defenders wrecked by the incessant din. As a lesson in military strategy the defense of Liège showed the folly of attempting to use infantry at all against forts of that type until they had been battered into subjection by the artillery. Risking everything for the rapidity of their advance the Germans sacrificed not less than 25,000 men against the Liège bastions, and at that were unable to take the defences of the town, proceeding on their way after six days, leaving still some forts unsubdued. Had they used their artillery alone for three or four days and then sent in their infantry they would have saved both time and men. Three army corps, about 120,000 men, were hurled upon the Liège forts which the Belgians had but 40,000 men to defend, and the assailants were reported to have lost 25,000 men in killed and wounded. The city suffered but little from the attack, though a few shells were thrown into it and Zeppelins and aeroplanes dropped a few bombs. When it became apparent that the city itself must be taken, though some of the forts might withstand the German attack, General Leman removed his headquarters to one of the latter and defended it until it was battered to pieces and he was left for dead in the débris. Rescued by the invaders, himself, he declared that he had hoped to die rather than witness the enemy's triumph. But honors were heaped upon him by his Sovereign and by France, while Liège, the devoted city, was decorated by France with the Iron Cross of the Legion of Honor—the second time in French history that a whole town was thus honored.

The prolonged delay at Liège was unexpected by the Germans and providential for the Allies. Helpful though it was it nevertheless aroused vigorous criticism of the French, and, to a lesser degree, of the British for having left so important a stronghold to the forces of Belgium alone. It was war-time opinion that if France had rushed troops to Liège with as much celerity as was manifested in sending them into Alsace-Lorraine for reasons thought largely sentimental, the Belgian fortress might have held out indefinitely—perhaps indeed have never fallen.

The progress of the war however, showed this criticism to have been ill-informed. The prodigious numbers of troops engaged made the individual fortress of comparatively



Life guards—one of the branches of the Belgian army

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A squadron of "Guides"—the crack Belgian cavalry—on the way to join the army of defense

slight importance. Where once every consideration of prudent tactics would have stopped a commander from leaving in his rear a fortified post held by his enemy, in this war it was repeatedly done—notably at Lille, Namur, and Maubeuge. A sufficient number of troops were detached from the advancing army to invest the fort, and prevent any offensive operations on the part of its defenders, and the army of invasion went irresistibly on. When the fort had fallen the investing force rejoined the main army.

From Liège the Army of the Meuse swept relentlessly on to the westward, spreading as it advanced and turning gradually to the southward so that its flanks extended from Namur to Antwerp. Brussels encountered the very centre of the approaching typhoon of war. The advance was one continuous fight, not as in the Franco-Prussian War, or the American Civil War, a succession of pitched battles with days, even weeks between for recuperation. So steady and determined was the fighting that even the customary armistices for the burial of the

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The vanguard of the Russian army marching upon Austria-Hungary

A British artillery squad received with open arms in Boulogne

dead after sanguinary combats were refused by one or the other combatant, and the gruesome practice became customary of piling the bodies in huge pyramids with combustibles and thereto applying the torch. Visé, Montaud, Mons, Haelen, Tirlemont were clashes which in any other war would have been reported as pitched battles. The official reports of this gigantic struggle dismiss them with the curt statement, "Our forces were in contact with the enemy at Haelen," or a reference to the "affair of outposts at Visé." But they were very real, very savage and each contributed its quota to the tens of thousands of lives offered up on the altar of imperial ambition, and national vainglory.

From Haelen an American who happened to be caught in the military maelstrom wrote to friends an account of one incident of the fight, which is illustrative of the use made of machine guns and motor cycles, and further gives the testimony of an eye-witness as to the difficulty of disposing of the bodies of the dead:

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French infantry in action bore frequent testimony to the spirited personal initiative of the soldiers

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German lancers making their way up to a plateau from which the staff officers are studying the surrounding country

"The Germans had advanced from Hasselt to the little town of Haelen just ahead of us when they were met by a company of Belgian cyclists armed with light portable Hotchkiss machine guns. These cyclists had opened fire upon the first platoon of Uhlans as they advanced upon the outskirts of the village. Their fire had proved so effective that it mowed down the entire platoon. The Captain in command of this company told me in the afternoon during a lull in the fighting that one charge of the automatic guns had been sufficient to sweep the road clean. This was the opening of the battle.

"By the time I arrived the Germans had forced the cyclists to retire, but not without suffering heavy losses. I saw entire platoons of Germans lying where they had fallen, mowed down by the deadly fire of the Belgian machine guns. The Germans came on in such numbers, however, that they threatened to outflank and overwhelm the company of cyclists, who themselves were but 200 strong. They were obliged to retreat upon the main body of troops in the rear of the town, which consisted of six regiments—artillery, infantry, and cavalry.

"The town of Haelen was the particular objective of the German guns, their fire sweeping the streets, damaging the buildings and setting fire to many of them.

"A Belgian artillery officer informed me later that a great number of the shells of the Germans failed to explode.

"From my new vantage ground I could see the German dragoons hurling themselves forward along the road between Diest and Haelen in what proved to be the supreme effort of the day. They did not go far.

"At the entrance to the village of Zelek-Haelen a barricade had been constructed across the road. A cyclist corps with machine guns lay in wait behind this and were distributed in several houses and in the church tower awaiting the attack. When the lancers came within 300 yards, as near as I could judge, from those who lay in ambush the automatic guns burst into song, the hailstorm of bullets cutting down the attacking squadron like so much grain. Of the entire squadron but two poor riderless horses succeeded in reaching and jumping the rough barriers.

"For the Germans this was the deciding moment in the day's struggle. Their artillery fire gradually subsided. The retreat commenced in the direction of Saint Trond. With the arrival of night there remained nothing more of the enemy upon the field of battle than a great number of dead and wounded, abandoned guns, lances and débris of the accoutrements of war. The enemy had left more than 3,000 of their men on the field.

"Later I visited the battlefield, where the dead bodies of horses and men mingled in an inextricable mass."

Civilization had not for a century or more sustained such a shock as came with the news that Louvain, one of the quaintest surviving towns of the Middle Ages had been deliberately destroyed by the German forces in revenge for soldiers slain by civilian "snipers." To the art world the city was known as a treasure house of Gothic art and architecture. Its Hôtel de Ville, built about the middle of the fifteenth century, is one of the most perfect specimens of that type. For weeks it was supposed to have been destroyed together with the Church of St. Pierre, filled with priceless paintings and carvings, and the library with 150,000 volumes and manuscripts, many beyond price because literally irreplaceable. In time it was learned that the Hôtel de Ville had been spared but the other monuments destroyed or wrecked beyond repair. The town itself, the outgrowth of an armed camp established by Julius Cæsar, had weathered the wars of the Middle Ages, invasions from abroad and insurrections at home only to be totally obliterated in the early days of the civilized twentieth century. Its destruction was thorough, carried out with military system by soldiers who went from street to street filling the first stories of the buildings with combustibles, and then applying the torch. Citizens, unarmed and defenseless, of all ages and both sexes, were put to death.

The explanation of this severity offered by General von Lutwitz, commanding the

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Destroying a useless gate at Antwerp in line with the practice of clearing away unnecessary obstacles in the expectation of a siege

Antwerp from the harbor. On the land side, one

German troops with headquarters at Brussels, was that a shot fired by a boy, said to have been the burgomaster's son, killed one of the high German officers, and seemed to serve as a signal for "snipers" in the windows and on roofs, and further that machine guns had been smuggled into the town and that the inhabitants were plotting a general attack upon the troops. All of these charges the authorities and the citizens of Louvain denied, and within a few days of the city's destruction an official commission was sent to the United States to lay before the neutral

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A detachment of Belgian cavalry, 288 strong, making a sortie on the German advance in the battle of Haelen. Only about ten of these men returned

of the most strongly fortified cities in Europe

government of that country the evidence of atrocities committed by the invaders upon Belgian soil. The charges were merely listened to by the President, who indicated that under no circumstances could the United States be swerved from the narrow path of strict neutrality.

Nothing in the course of the war indicated more strikingly the changing tenor of military sentiment than the earnestness with which all parties to this great conflict besought the good opinion of the United States. All war is cruel, bloodthirsty, barbaric, but every charge that either beligerent had exceeded the necessary ruthlessness of battle

British artillery in action, covering the Allies' retreat before the German advance

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A Bavarian corps passing the old Hercules Fountain at Augsburg, Germany

was at once indignantly repudiated and every effort made to marshal facts in its disproof. Charges of the sort there were in plenty and the destruction of Louvain, coming in the very first week of the war, was fought over as bitterly in the organs of public opinion as it had been in the streets of the town. Whatever the excuse—and, concerning that, doubt will never be settled—the destruction was complete. A most graphic description of it was written by Richard Harding Davis, the well known American author, who was held prisoner in a railroad car in Louvain by German soldiers while the town was burning:

"When by troop train we reached Louvain, the entire heart of the city was destroyed and fire had reached the Boulevard Tirlemont, which faces the railroad station. The night was windless and the sparks rose in steady, leisurely pillars, falling back into the furnace from which they sprang.

In their work of destruction the soldiers were moving from the heart of the city to its outskirts, street by street, from house to house.

"In each building, so German soldiers told me, they began at the first floor, and when that was burning steadily passed to the one next. There were no exceptions—whether it was a store, chapel, or private residence, it was destroyed. The occupants had been warned to go, and in each deserted shop or house the furniture was piled, the torch was stuck under it, and into the air went the savings of years, souvenirs of children, of parents, heirlooms that had passed from generation to generation.

"The people had time only to fill a pillowcase and fly. Some were not so fortunate, and by thousands, like flocks of sheep, they were rounded up and marched through the night to concentration camps. We were not allowed to speak to any citizen of Louvain, but the Germans crowded the windows, boastful, gloating, eager to interpret.

"On the high ground rose the broken spires of the Church of St. Pierre and the Hôtel de Ville, and descending like steps were row beneath row of houses, roofless, with windows like blind eyes. The fire had reached the last row of houses, those on the Boulevard de Jodigne. Some of these were already cold, but others sent up steady, straight columns of flame. In others at the third and fourth stories the window curtains still hung, flowers still filled the window boxes, while on the first floor the torch had just passed and the flames were leaping. Fire had destroyed the electric plant, but at times the flames made the station so light that you could see the second hand of your watch, and again all was darkness, lit only by candles.

"You could tell when an officer passed by the electric torch he carried strapped to his chest. In the darkness the gray uniforms filled the station with an army of ghosts. You distinguished men only when pipes hanging from their teeth glowed red or their bayonets flashed.

"Outside the station in the public square the people of Louvain passed in an unending procession, women bareheaded, weeping, men carrying the children asleep on their shoulders, all hemmed in by the shadowy army of gray wolves. Once they were halted, and among them were marched a line of men. They well knew their fellow townsmen. These were on their way to be shot. And better to point the moral an officer halted both processions and, climbing to a cart, explained why the men were to die. He warned others not to bring down upon themselves a like vengeance.

"As those being led to spend the night in the fields looked across to those marked for death they saw old friends, neighbors of long standing, men of their own household. The officer bellowing at them from the cart was illuminated by the headlights of an automobile. He looked like an actor held in a spotlight on a darkened stage.

"It was all like a scene upon the stage, so unreal, so inhuman, you felt it could not be true; that the curtain of life, purring and

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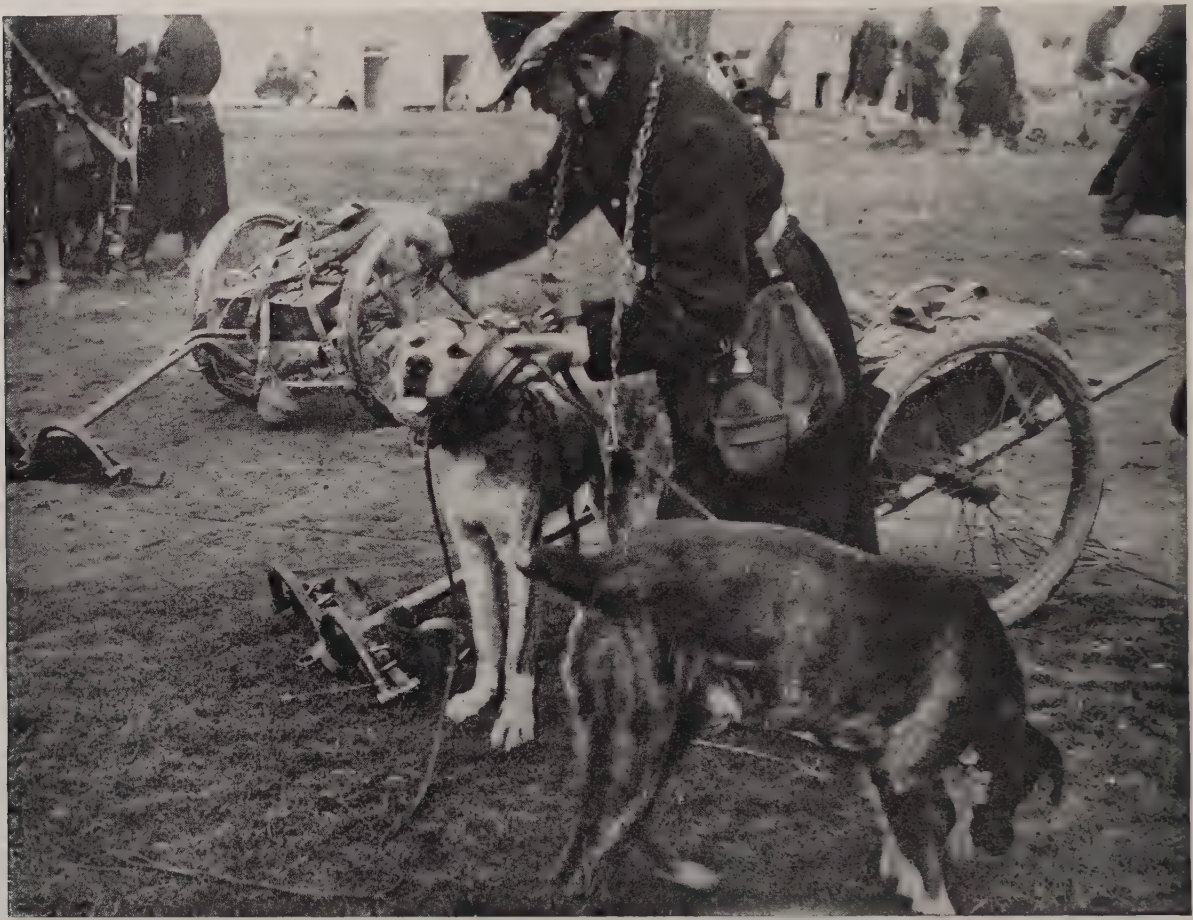
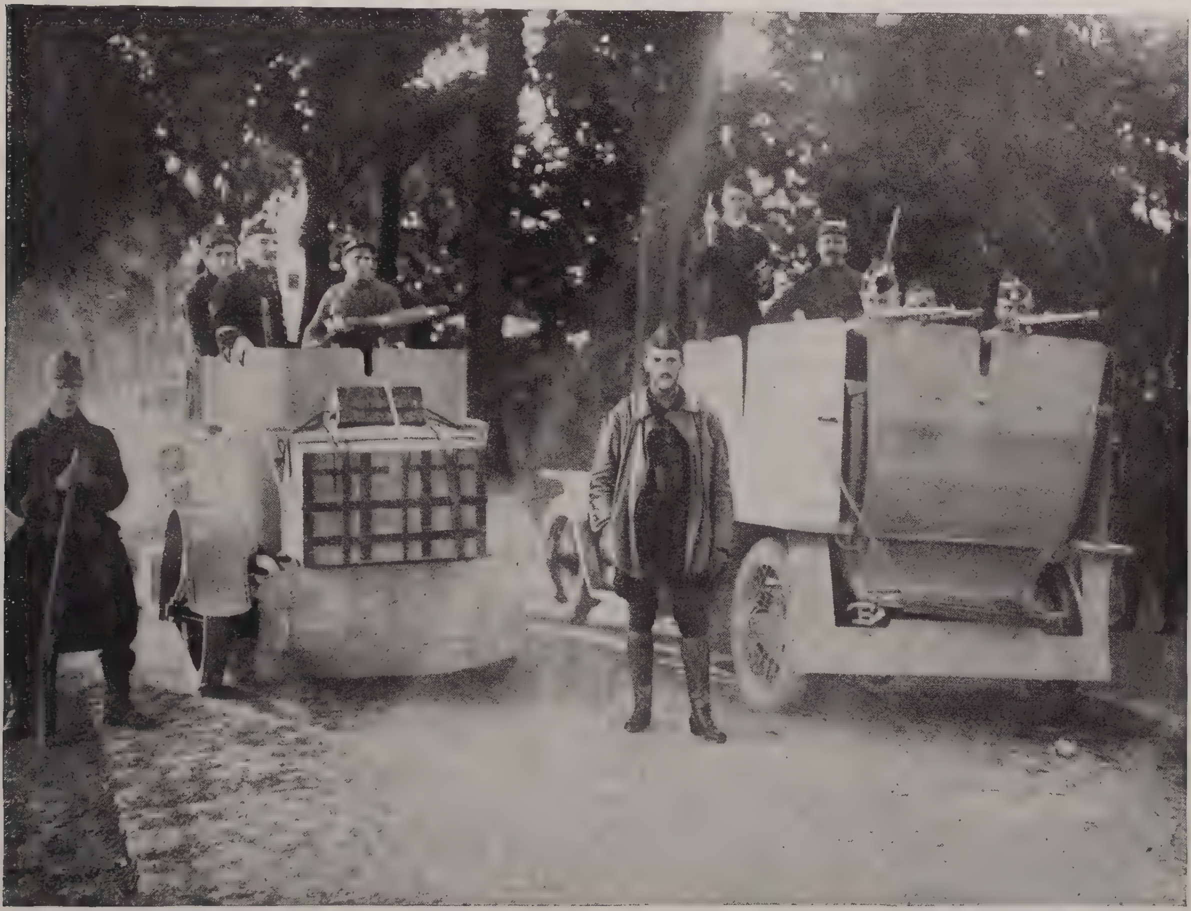
Strassburg, next to Metz the most important city in Alsace-Lorraine, toward which the French forces first marched crackling and sending up hot sparks to meet the kind, calm stars, was only a painted backdrop; that the reports of rifles from the dark rooms came from blank cartridges, and that these trembling shopkeepers and peasants ringed in bayonets would not in a few minutes really die, but that they themselves and their homes would be restored to their wives and children."

At Brussels, which the German forces entered August 18th, the city was saved by the prudence of the burgomaster who, encouraged by the United States Minister, Brand Whitlock, met the approaching invaders with the assurance that the city would not resist occupation, and that every endeavor would be made to prevent any unauthorized attack on the German troops. The city was promptly made the headquarters for the Army of the Meuse, and by Imperial proclamation the Kaiser declared Belgium to be a part of the German Empire and appointed Field Marshal von der Goltz to administer it. King Albert withdrew to Antwerp, whence he directed the persistent resistance of the Belgian army, which at no time during the war was utterly destroyed and which, small as it was, rendered the cause of the Allies incalculable service, not merely by resolutely contesting the German advance but by harassing the Army of the Meuse in its right flank and menacing its connections.



It is interesting to note that the utilization of dogs for drawing light guns and wagons was first suggested by an American and rejected by his Government

Meantime the British troops were being rushed across the channel to the aid of the French and Belgians. The great liners that a few weeks before had been carrying holiday-making Americans across the Atlantic, now painted in battle-gray, were passing and repassing like shuttles between the French and English Channel ports. The Belgian army was no longer alone on the battle line, but nevertheless the advance of the Germans proceeded at so regular a pace that one might have thought no obstacle barred their path. The main army swept southward, but its flank menaced Antwerp, and an aeroplane dropped several bombs into that city, one of which fell upon a hospital, and another killed sleeping women and children. Again the great cry went up for neutral nations to declare whether or not this were civilized warfare, but the neutral nations were silent. And why not? "Civilized war" is as impossible a paradox as tender torture.



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The rapid steel armored automobiles used by the Belgians with machine guns and sharpshooters

Leaving Antwerp and Ghent alarmed, but untaken, and Ostend unvisited except by a raiding party of Uhlans, the Army of the Meuse swept southward. By this time the Army of the Moselle was moving from its base in Luxemburg, had taken the little town of Longwy in France, and its right wing was reaching out to connect with the left wing of the Army of the Meuse. The German eagles waved proudly as the standard bearers passed within a few miles of the battlefield of Sedan, on which the fate of France had been settled by German guns forty-four years earlier, and the German advance post at Wavre was within sight of the Lion mound at Waterloo. Truly it was over ground, every foot of which had marked French reverses in the past, that the Germans now seemed marching on to certain victory. Huy and Namur fell to their guns so swiftly that the world waiting beyond the lines fixed by the censorship hardly knew they had been attacked. Namur, in particular, had been relied upon to hold the Germans in check for weeks at least. It fell in two days. Paris, 150 miles away to the southwest, began to feel nervous.

At the very outset of the war French troops had been pushed forward into Lorraine, where at first they won early victories, pushing the Germans out of Altkirch and Mülhausen. It was a victory dear to the French

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Czar Nicholas tasting a sample of the soup that was served to the Russian army

Liege, the *Nouveau Quartier*. The city proper offered no resistance after the protective barrier of forts failed to stop the German army

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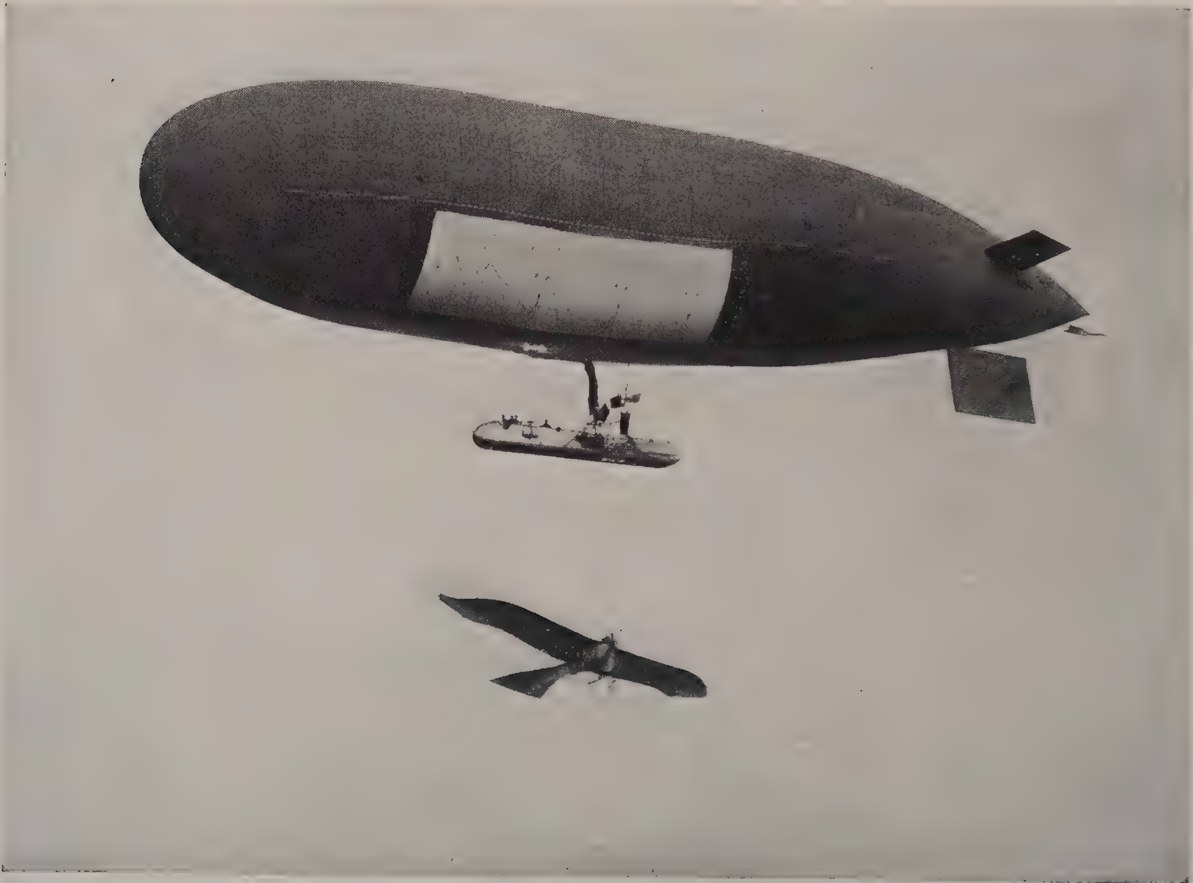
A shipload of Red Cross nurses leaving the Harbor of New York for the theatre of war heart that for two score years had bled for its ravaged provinces. The boundary posts that set off the frontier were torn up by the excited populace and reversed, so that France again seemed to keep guard over her old time people. The mourning wreaths on the Strassburg monument in the Place de la Concorde, that had been renewed every day for forty years, were torn down and replaced with joyous wreaths of flowers, while the crowd outsang the Marseillaise. It was a moment of triumph, though short-lived.

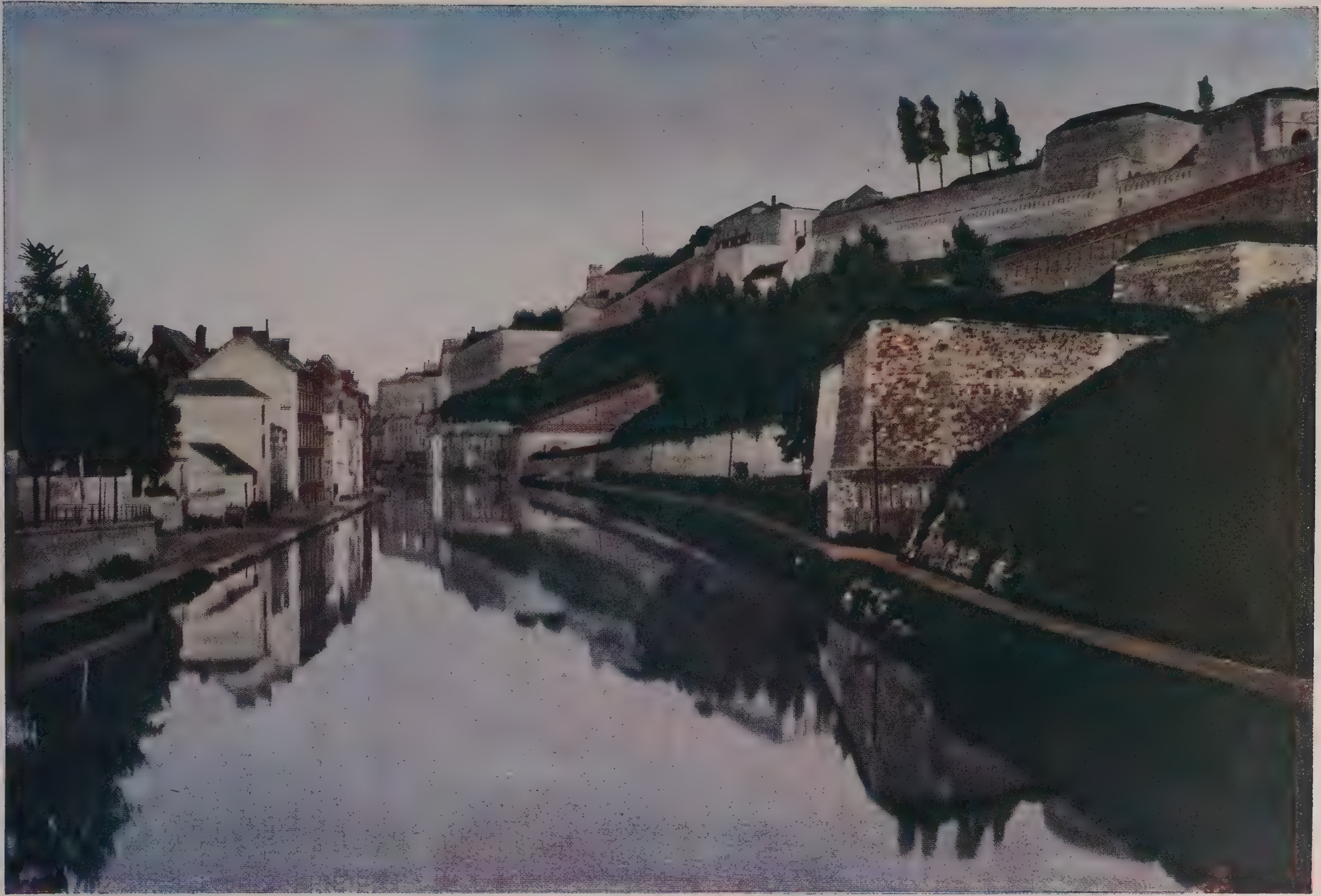
Part of the inner wall of Paris — the city is surrounded by this wall of earth and masonry but its real defenses are the outlying forts

But the remorseless pressure of the Germans from the north soon put all thought of Alsace-Lorraine out of the Parisian mind. Troops were recalled from that section to reinforce the army that faced the main German advance and Mülhausen passed again into German occupation unnoticed. The active theatre of war was shifted.

For by the middle of August the main point of attack and defense was clearly outlined. From a point just south of Ghent, southeastward, paralleling the Franco-



Representatives of the armies of the air, whose help in reconnaissance was of the utmost value



THE CITADEL AND FORTRESSES OF NAMUR, BELGIUM, STORMED AND TAKEN EARLY IN THE WAR BY THE GERMAN ARMY

Belgian frontier as far as Longwy stretched the invading line—the two armies of the Meuse and the Moselle in conjunction. More than 800,000 men composed that thorny hedge of steel and fire that pressed forward incessantly toward the one goal—Paris. Opposed to it were not more than 150,000 British troops and 600,000 Frenchmen. The latter had the advantage of operating in a friendly country, with roads to the channel ports open, and all France with its wealth of food open to them. But the Germans, in their turn, while supplied with rations for six weeks, nevertheless husbanded their provisions and lived upon the country. It is worthy of note that at this time, when accounts of German "atrocities" were industriously circulated, they paid punctiliously in cash or warrants for all goods taken.

The Germans had the added advantage of operating on the offensive and knowing precisely where they were to strike—the French could only guess. So at the actual point of battle the invaders were always able to put the most men into action, and they beat back the French day after day with a remorseless certainty which led the world to believe that the army planned by Von Moltke and perfected by the untiring efforts of William II was indeed invincible.

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German Southwest African Uhlans who made a raid into the neighboring British territory

From the moment of the juncture of the two wings of the German army there followed the most amazing seven days' battle recorded in the history of the war. As we unfold its story it will be seen that the relentless advance of the Germans upon Paris, the dogged and orderly retreat of the Allies until all seemed lost to them; the sudden turning from flight to attack of the English under General French, and the French under General Joffre; the savage resistance of the Germans as, mile by mile they were driven back from the territory they had so hardly won, made up a record of human daring and devotion and of military achievement unparalleled in the history of any land or any age.

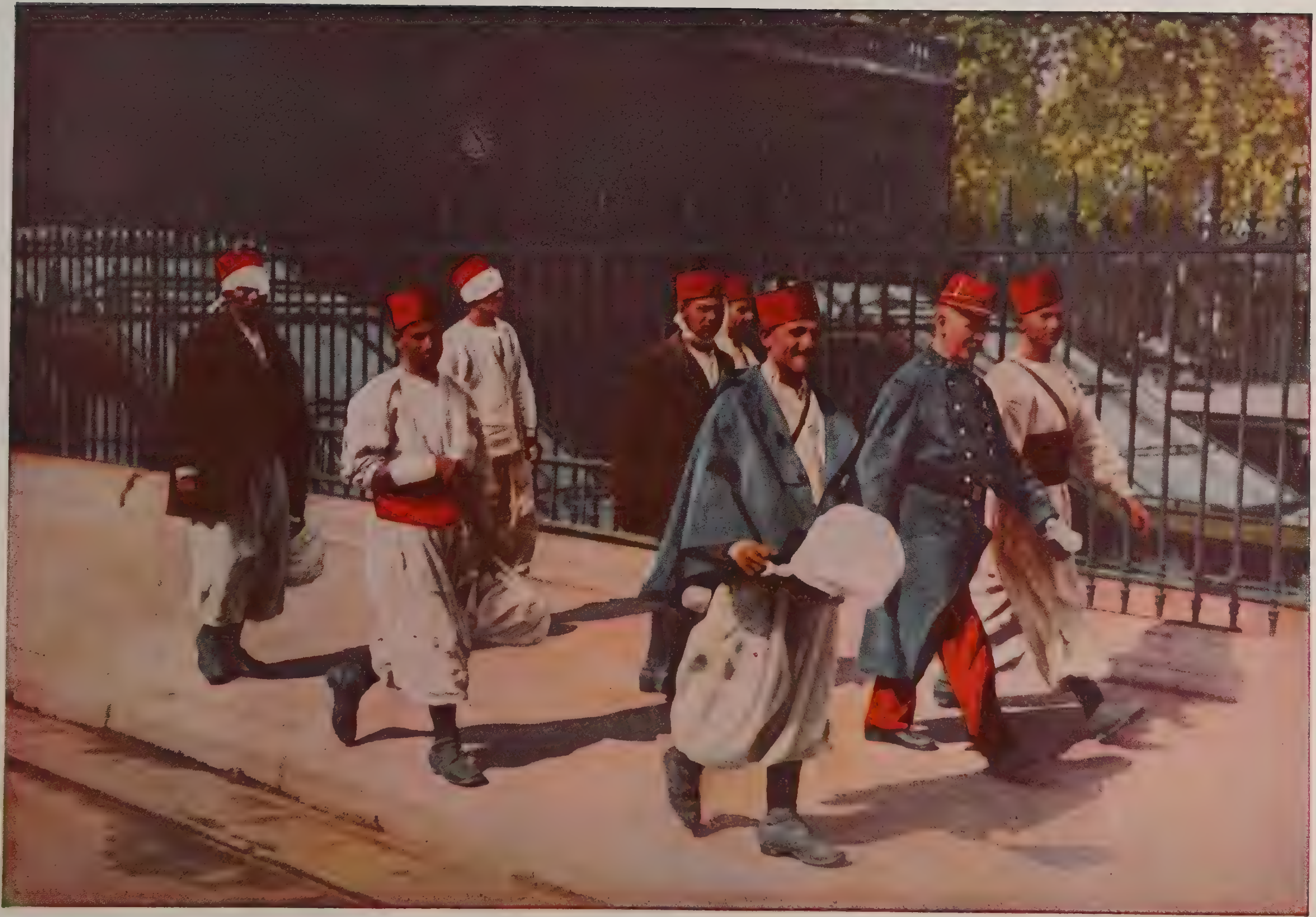
War and Death

Two figures out of the gloom of despair on man's vision broke;
And one, colossal, brute-visaged, vengeful, and pitiless, spoke —

"I am War! And behold in the courts of the gods none is greater than I!
Earth quivers and reels at my gauntlet's touch, and the dome of the sky
Is shattered and torn by my trumpet's blare and the flash of my sword;
And man at my coming is fearful and fain of the help of the Lord.
Yea, black is the doom that I spread on the world, and the ruin is wide.
Man may pray himself dumb! Can he slay me in fear who begot me in pride?"

But he, the other, benignant, pitying, quiet of breath,
Smiled, "You shall know me and fear me not. I am but Death!"

HELEN COALE CREW in *The Outlook*



WOUNDED TURCOS IN THE STREETS OF PARIS

THE NATIONS AT WAR

CHAPTER III

THE GERMAN DASH UPON PARIS — POSITION OF THE ARMIES — POWER OF GERMAN FIELD ARTILLERY — SINGULAR INACTION OF THE FRENCH — FEATURES OF THE INVASION — SKETCHES OF THE ALLIED GENERALS — BATTLE OF MONS — THE GERMANS AT THE GATE OF PARIS

A French cuirassier

ACROSS Belgium and far down into southeastern France, almost to the Swiss and German meeting place there extended in the last weeks of August, 1914, two hostile lines of determined men, equipped with every known device for slaughter, protected at points by earthworks, wire entanglements, and long established forts; elsewhere, in the open, baring their breasts to the bullets of the foe. Along this line, approximately 150 miles long, by day and by night the great guns were roaring while the crackle of the soldiers' rifles and rapid firers knew no cessation. To the north were the Germans, Gen. Von Kluck, farthest to the west, then Generals Von Bülow and Von Hansen, around the famous fortress of Namur, then the Grand Duke Albrecht, of Wurtemberg, in the neighborhood of Maubeuge, and finally on the extreme left of the German line the German Crown Prince. For eight days this army kept its face to the south and east, and ever in the eyes of the soldiers there burned the vision of the Eiffel Tower, rising high into the clouds over Paris —that Paris which in four wars has been the goal of the German invaders and which, often taken, has ever thrown off the fetters applied by its conquerors, and has risen in renewed beauty and glory to tempt the invader once again.

Confronting the German line was that of the Allies. Beginning at a point about half way betweent Ghent and Lille, the English troops, about 150,000 in number, extended toward the southeast. Their left flank was unsupported, though it so closely approached the sea that new troops could readily be rushed to its support. Bands of Uhlans, who swept through Belgium almost to the seaside, threatening historic Ghent, where the treaty of peace between the United States and England had been signed just a year earlier, menaced their connections, even appearing in the streets of Ostend, so that the British hurried to land a force of marines to protect that seaport—a perfectly inadequate precaution of course, for had the Germans chosen to attack it in force not all the marines in the British navy could have held it.

During this period of the German rush through Belgium, two mysteries engaged the onlooking world—both military and nonprofessional observers. One was the slight resistance offered by forts that had been thought impregnable, the other the absence of French troops in any large numbers at the critical points.

The former problem was solved as soon as survivors from such forts as Namur, the group about Liège and those at Lille were able to tell their stories. It was discovered that the first great surprise of the war for the

General Pau, the one-armed veteran of the French army

foes of Germany was the weight, power and accuracy of the siege guns, which followed her armies along the roads and across the field, which carried an 800-pound projectile with deadly accuracy for seven miles, and struck a blow that no armor plate was capable of resisting. For years there has been progressing a rivalry between the makers of guns and the makers of armor plate, each carrying their own product to such a point that it seemed as though an answer would be found to the ancient paradox, "What would result should an invincible force encounter an immovable body?" But the military experts after the successes of the Germans in Belgium found the issue favorable to the makers of guns. They declared that so-called impregnable fortresses could no longer figure as true citadels, or be relied upon to check the advance of an enemy, but merely as supports for the flanks of an army of infantry and cavalry. As soon as the army engaged is destroyed or withdrawn, the fort may as well be destroyed and abandoned. In future—if future wars there must be—there will be no stories of heroic defenses lasting for months. The army, not the fortress, will be the objective and the prudent commander will not again lock his troops up behind barriers however formidable, as Bazaine did at Metz, or Pemberton at Vicksburg. With the discovery that no fortifications, however ponderous, can withstand the new artillery, the skilled strategist will keep his armies in the open. The facts showed that it was not the Liège forts so much as the stubbornness and gallantry of the Belgian soldiers in the spaces between the forts that delayed the Germans at that critical moment in their career. At Namur the forts succumbed with a defense of but two days. At Lille no defense whatsoever was made, and though at the moment there was bitter outcry against what was apparently an act of weakness, subsequent events proved it to be an act of wise strategy.

It is hardly likely however that later historical writers will be furnished with any data

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French infantry awaiting the order to advance

Field-Marshal of the British army, Kitchener of Khartoum

that will satisfactorily explain the utter failure of the French to properly equip their Belgian frontier for defense, or go swiftly to the aid of the gallant Belgians. Neither at Liège nor Namur were there any French troops, and indeed the only efficient opposition, other than Belgian, to the advance through Belgium of the Germans was offered by the handful of British troops hurriedly sent across the Channel upon the declaration of war. The French military authorities must have been informed of the German massing of troops on the frontiers of Belgium and Luxemburg. The effective use of spies was by no means confined to the Germans, and the French War Office could hardly have been wholly in ignorance of what was doing. Among international politicians it was hinted that the French purposely left their Belgian frontier bare, that the Germans might be tempted to violate the Belgian neutrality and thus practically force England into the war. It seems a Machiavellian device, but the chess play of the diplomatists during the weeks preceding the war was full of clever strokes, and the secrets of the chancelleries will not be revealed to this generation. Just as Bismarck in later years confessed to having altered and garbled a French dispatch in order to excite France to the point of declaring war, so in days to come we may have the admission of France that all the disasters of the first weeks of the war were deliberately risked in order that Germany might be induced to put upon England the one affront that would force her to take up arms for France.

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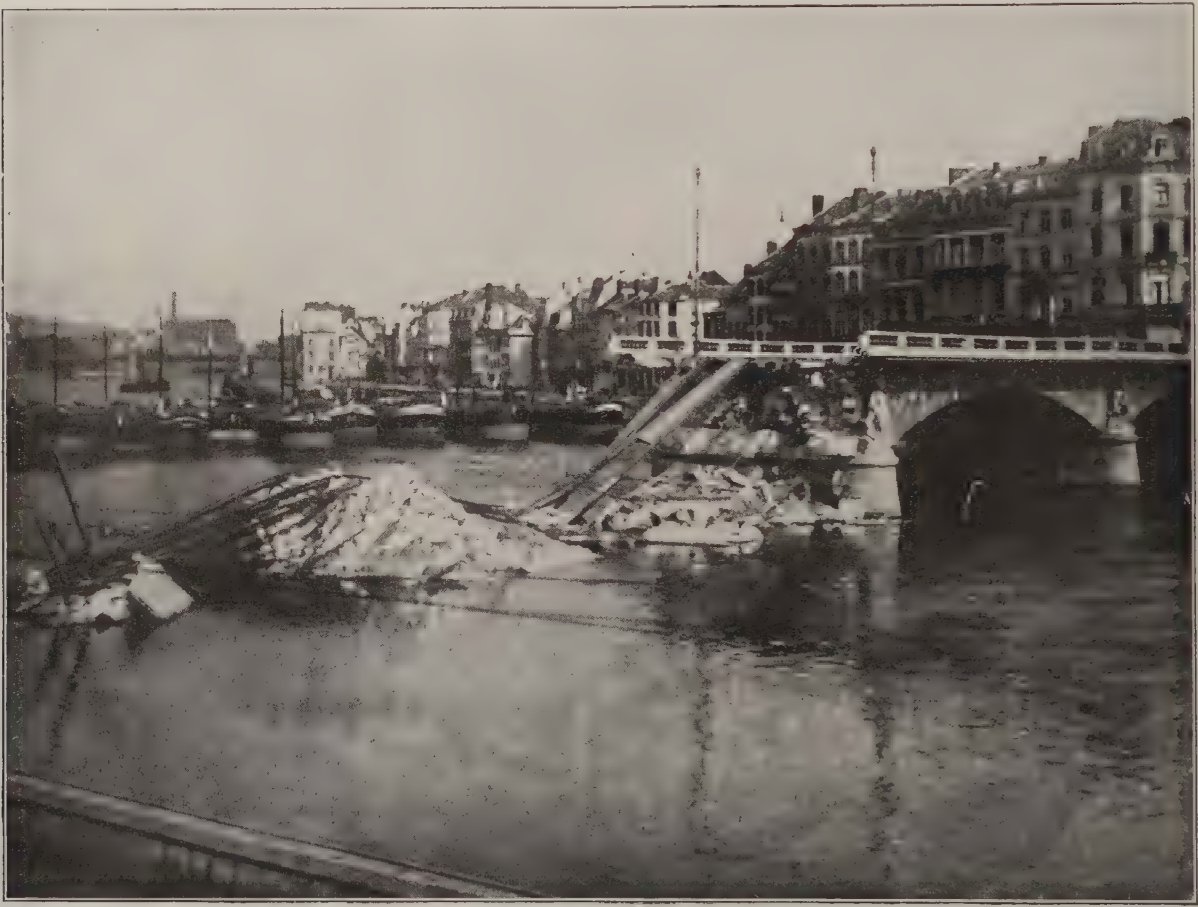
Canadian artillery preparing for action

If that indeed be so the diplomats came near so crippling the military defenses of France as to lose the war in its first month. For the German war machine, once in motion, worked remorselessly. The delay at Liège seemed but to stimulate the soldiers of the Kaiser to sturdier efforts, and the flood of Teutons rolled through Belgium and into France, beating down all opposition. Before their cannon fort after fort crumbled and went down. Mons, Namur, Lille, Le Fere and Rheims succumbed one after another to the death-belching demons on the caterpillar wheels.

Past the forts and into the heart of France flowed the endless current of men. First would appear a band of Uhlans, fearless riders brandishing lances—the Cossacks of Germany. The peaceful countryside dreaded them more than any other soldiers, and perhaps the dread they inspired fed the flames of savagery that seem to be dormant in most men's breasts, to be fanned into flame by the license of war. For to the Uhlans were ascribed unmentionable and innumerable atrocities, crimes against helpless wounded, civilians, women, and children. How generally true were the charges it is not yet the time to determine. In every war acts of unspeakable savagery are committed by individuals—sometimes even by men who perhaps in orderly times would have thought themselves incapable of such deeds. But the continued commission of such offenses by troops without stern repression by the officers in command has fortunately not been common in late years, outside perhaps of the Balkan states, and the formal protests addressed by the Belgians and French to the neutral governments will constitute an aftermath to this war for years to come.



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Stone bridge destroyed at Liège; new pontoon bridge in distance

Back of the Uhlans followed the German columns. Hosts of eye-witnesses have testified to the soldierly qualities of the German troops. Sturdy, bright-eyed, drilled to the highest point of efficiency, they were clad in new service uniforms of gray green which made them almost "like a low-lying cloud of mist on a hillside" as an observer described the appearance of a German brigade at a distance. Herein they had greatly the advantage of the French, who were clad in the uniforms of 40 years ago—heavy blue frock coats and bright red trousers, as though the chief purpose of dressing a soldier was to make him the most conspicuous object in the landscape. So thoroughly did the Germans try to guard against that fatal prominence that their helmets were covered with cloth, and even the brass buttons on their uniforms dulled that no tell-tale flash might betray their position.

Far ahead of the advancing columns, the scout aeroplanes soared high in air, signalling to those below the positions of the enemy's lines. Under their direction the field artillery would shell positions otherwise not observable, the exact range and location being furnished by the aërial scouts. With the way opened by the artillery, the infantry was pushed into the attack.

Back of the advanced line of battle followed the main body of the army. Here were soldiers of many trades. Electricians equipped and maintained telephone and telegraph wires from headquarters to every part of the field. Telephone instruments were put in every conceivable place, close to a battery, in the middle of a trench where the fighting might be savage, wherever it seemed likely that the commanding general far in the rear might need to send a quick message on which the fate of that day might depend. No modern device for swift exchange of communication was unused. Generals dashing in automobiles from point to point of battle lines, 40 to 60 miles in extent, made Sheridan's famous ride to Winchester seem like a relic of the days of pigmy warfare.

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Bridge at Termonde, blown up to check the German advance

Napoleon said that "An army travels on its stomach," and the care taken of the stomachs of the German fighting men was both painstaking and scientific. Said one who watched the wonderful advance to a group of marooned American war correspondents, carefully kept away from the front:

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British Indian troops in the field

"Three things have done it, gentlemen—good feet, good cannon, and good kitchens.

"Ah, those camp kitchens!" he continued. "They are on wheels, as you saw; always they are ready.

"What is it that they mean to men? It is that they the hot breakfast can have, and the hot food at midday, and again the hot supper. It is better than to go from breakfast to supper without food and then eat like a wolf. Therefore it is that our men are always ready to march and to fight. They eat three times a day."

The spectacle of the cooks working at the camp kitchens as they rolled along, keeping pace with the advancing columns, never failed to impress civilians. But one little group of well known American writers who were caught and held for some weeks within the German lines as "guests of the Kaiser," had an opportunity to see the less tender care given to the soldiers after they fell. The story was told by John T. McCutcheon, a well known artist and writer:

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The newly devised steel bolts to drop from aeroplanes

Enlisted to fight England; now fighting for her. Ulster volunteers being inspected by Sir Edward Carson

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A carrier pigeon used for code dispatches

"The German army buries all its dead on the battlefield. No bodies, either high or low in rank, are sent back home to the relatives. All rank is lost when officers and privates together go into the trench which is to be their last resting place. The son-in-law of the President of the Upper Rhine Provinces was killed at Liège. A notice of his death was sent to his relatives, and they went at once in an effort to recover the body, which had been buried in a trench. I saw the widow when she returned from this sad errand. Her eyes were red and swollen from weeping, and her father and mother were trying to console her.

"They had found the body in a grave, lying at the bottom of a pile of six other soldiers, officers and privates, and the father had identified the face of his son-in-law and was bringing home the body in a lead casket.

"The Germans send their wounded back, but no dead."

In all five army corps, or about 225,000 men, were in the western army of Germany, the force which entered Brussels and swept down to Lille, under command of Gen. Von Bülow; five corps more were to the immediate right of this force. The total varied from time to time, the ranks continually thinned by wounds and death, and as continually refilled by new re-enforcements from Germany. A fair estimate of the German line, up to the time of its junction with the forces of the Crown Prince, would be 750,000 men; thereafter, 1,500,000.

Confronting the first German line were about 150,000 Belgians; at first about 125,000 British, and 250,000 French, the two latter being constantly re-enforced. The main armies of the Allies, French and English, were commanded by two soldiers of extraordinary quality, veterans both, who manifested in the trying days of Germany's first successes a capacity for working together without friction or jealousy which has seldom been witnessed in war when soldiers of different nationalities fight in a common cause.

Locked somewhere in the taciturn mind of General Joseph Joffre, Commander in Chief of the Allies, was the reason for the apparent delay in getting the French troops into Belgium and for the steady, wearying retreat that led the German troops to the gates of Paris, making the people of the world's pleasure city a panic stricken mob. That reason was not born of any reluctance to fight, for when he turned to deliver his return stroke the grizzled old French soldier, who had as a lad of seventeen fought the Germans, showed that he could hurl his lines of Frenchmen against a stubborn foe as fiercely and as calmly as could Von Moltke himself. When the record of men's services in the war shall come to be made up it will be conceded that in his eight-day retreat before an exultant and vainglorious foe, the French Commander-in-Chief showed not merely consummate strategical skill, but rare bravery of an unusual sort. He had to face, and guard against the risk of destroying, the spirit of his troops by continually retiring before the foe. He braved the wrath of his superiors in the Government —no light thing, as the fate of retreating commanders in our Civil War shows. But above all he risked the insensate anger of the people of Paris who daily saw the Germans drawing nearer, and whose nights were tortured by visions of Zeppelins and aerial bombs. They had begun to denounce him

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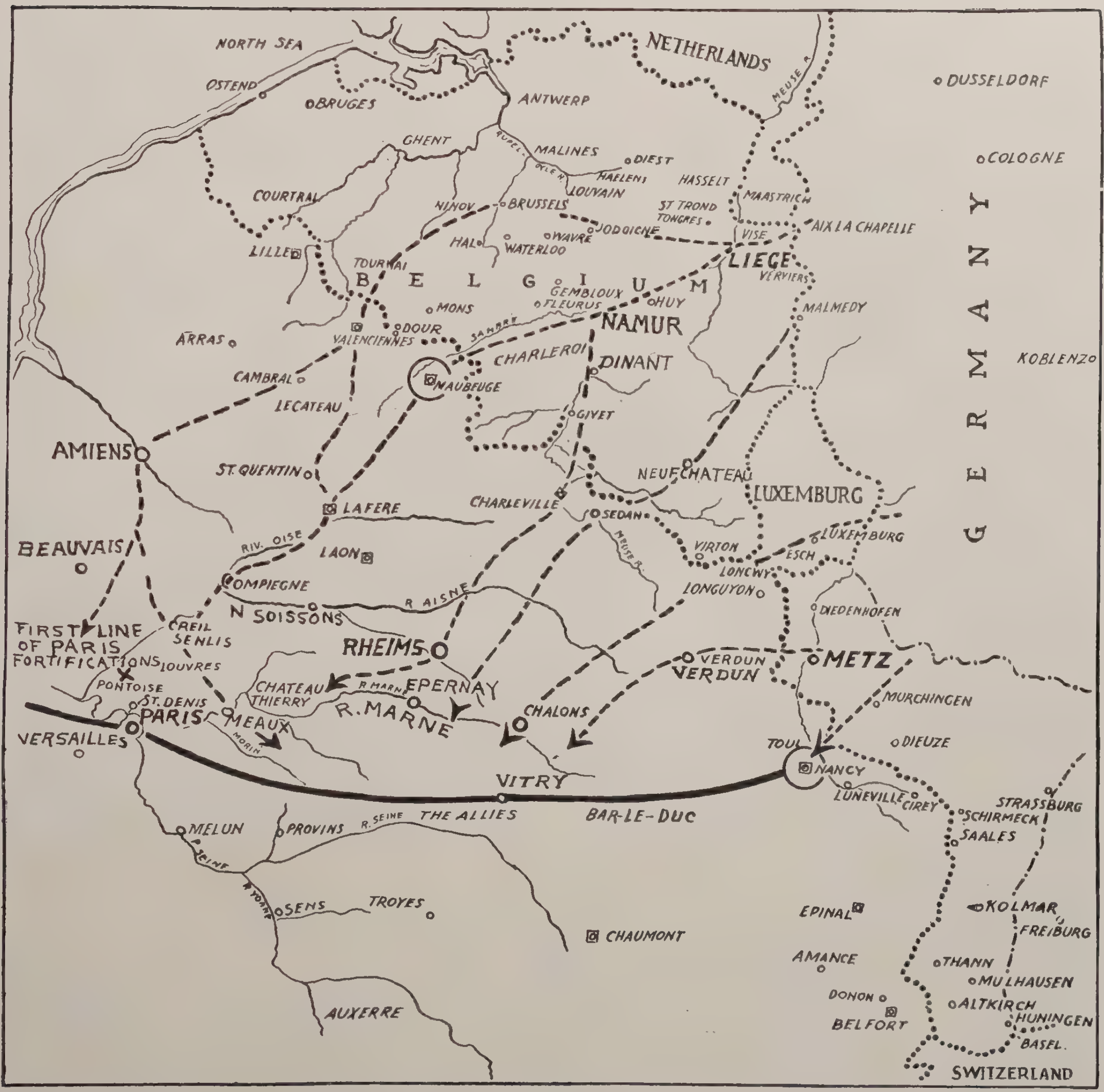
Priests succoring the wounded after the battle of the Meuse



This map shows the lines followed by the German armies in their determined dash upon Paris, the approximate positions they had reached when a turn in the fortunes of war compelled them to retreat; and the ultimate line to which the Allies were forced before beginning on September 3d their advance in turn. Though the fortresses at Verdun and Maubeuge were within the German lines, they were, at the moment of the nearest approach of the invaders to Paris, still held by the French

for incompetence and cowardice when the long withdrawn arm of Joffre's army delivered its stroke, and the Germans stopped still in their tracks.

General Joffre himself explained his retreat, which the event justified, on psychological grounds. He declared it forced upon him by the mental characteristics of the French soldier. In an interview with a correspondent he said:

"There are two methods of making war. One is to employ troops in masses; the other is to fight in extended order. The former is the German method, which, though immensely costly in life, they can afford for two reasons—because of their immensely superior numbers, and because their men are disciplined in such a degree that they fight best when closely held together under the personal command of their officers.

"Fighting in extended order is the French way, and is the best way, because the French temperament is such that our soldiers do not fight well when they are wedged close like

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Belgian peasant women searching the ruins of their homes

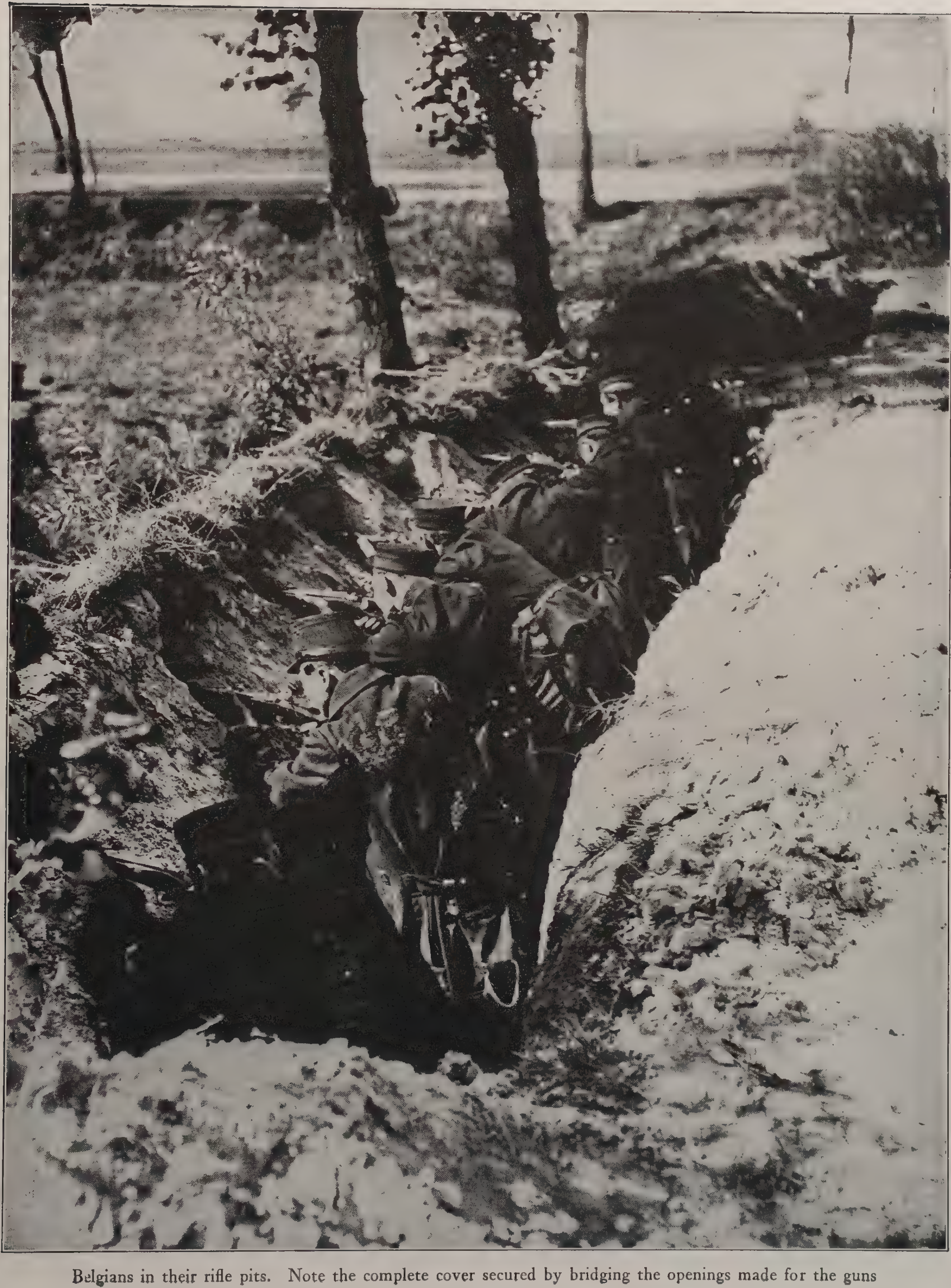
bricks in a wall. The Frenchman is never at his best unless he is permitted a little personal initiative. He becomes impatient at constant command.

"Certainly in open country I cannot meet troops fighting in mass and greatly superior numbers with troops fighting in extended order. To have the best chance of success I must fight in such positions that the battlefields are limited by strong fortresses which will support extended lines and, by limiting the front, hamper the movements of the massed Germans."

The concrete result of this policy was that not until he had his troops deployed in the broad open valley of the Marne, with ample room for operations, with his flanks protected by the forts of Paris on the one hand and the powerful works at Verdun on the other, did he make his stand—and thus stationed he made it with a success that silenced all criticism.

The general who thus leaped into world-wide fame was at the time of his famous campaign sixty-two years old. He had been a soldier from boyhood, interrupting his studies in the great French military academy, L'Ecole Polytechnique, to enter the army in the Franco-Prussian war. With notable talent as an engineer he revolted against so technical a service. "It is all very nice," said he, "but I shall only know how to plan fortifications. I should prefer to command troops."

Planning forts in far Tonquin, he attracted the attention of Admiral Courbet who had him sent into the field, when he won battles as handily as he had laid out bastions. He fought in Formosa, Madagascar, Dahomey, and Timbuctoo—wherever the French eagles led, and when the colonizing wars were over he went back to Paris to teach other officers.



Belgians in their rifle pits. Note the complete cover secured by bridging the openings made for the guns

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War is not all misery: Germans at lunch after sacking Louvain

When the low rumblings of the approaching storm of 1914 were heard, the general war council sought for a commander-in-chief. They turned at first to gallant General Paul Pau, who had lost an arm at Sedan. But he turned and pointed with his remaining arm to Joffre. "There is our born leader," he said, and the choice was so determined.

A silent man like Grant, a dashing

Captured French cannon in the streets of Berlin leader like Sheridan, General Joffre reminded those who knew them both of our own Colonel Goethals, digger of the Panama ditch. He planned his campaigns against the enemy as Goethals planned his against the hills of Culebra. He was genial, approachable, with a capacity for detail. Along his far-stretched battle line he plied continually in a huge high-powered automobile driven by

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Belgian refugees arriving at the Gare du Nord in Paris

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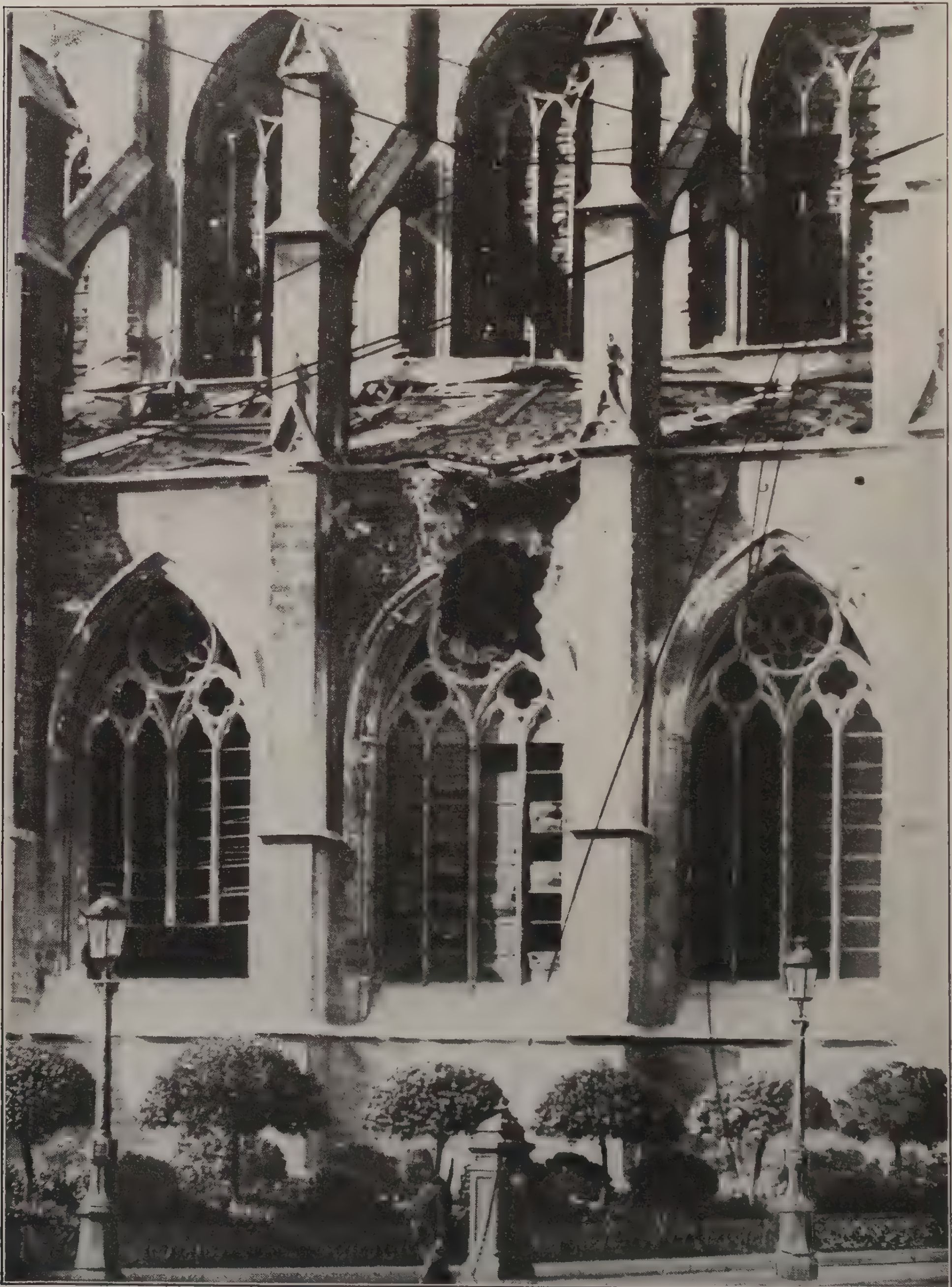
How a road was blocked. Belgian trenches near Ghent

a famous prize winner of dare-devil races. Withal, he was not without unmilitary shrewdness, and it is said he advised the hurried flight of the French Government from Paris to Bordeaux for the same reason that led Admiral Dewey to cut the cable—namely, to get rid of his political superiors.

Fighting side by side with General Joffre, and, because of military conventions, second to him in command, was General Sir John French of the British army. Strangely enough Sir John won world-wide fame just before the outbreak of war by an act which can hardly be described as other than one of gross insubordination. It was at the time of the Home Rule dissession in Ulster, and General French resigned his command in the British Army rather than take the field against his countrymen. His act was precisely on a par with that of the United State Army officers, born in the South, who resigned at the outbreak of the Civil War. But their action was long since condoned, and General French had to wait only a scant six weeks before he was back in the service leading a British army against a foreign foe.

Of the same age as Joffre, General French won his fame as a dashing cavalry general rather than a strategist. Indeed, he was at first in the navy but resigned. He served with "Chinese" Gordon on the Nile and in the Bayuda desert, but won his first recognition by a savage cavalry attack on the Boers at Elandslaagte. His was a singu-



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The work of a shell in the Malines Cathedral lar compound of the Irish and English temperaments—genial and irascible by turns, full of good humor and of a lively impatience, but always the fighter, always eager to be on the firing line instead of at the far end of a field telephone in the headquarters. The sight of him, cigarette in mouth, walking up and down behind a line of entrenched riflemen was always a stimulus to the army's courage.

Perhaps there could be no better example of the difficulty of conducting a decisive campaign with two armies of alien blood than was furnished by an incident, thoroughly authenticated, but which the official reports ignore. In the course of the slow and stubborn retreat before the Germans, Sir John French suddenly found his right flank unsupported. He had sent a note to the French commander at that point requesting aid, without result or even response. Accordingly he was forced to drop back. Upon later investigation it was found that the French general who held rank in his own army superior to that of General French, had refused to open the envelope enclosing orders from the latter. In a day or two the offender was shot for insubordination, Earl Kitchener and General Joffre uniting in his condemnation.

It was the 23rd of August, according to the report of Sir John French, before the English had sufficiently completed their mobilization on the continental side of the channel to offer serious resistance to the German advance.

The ruined church of St. Pierre, Louvain, from the rear

Belgians in line of battle awaiting the oncoming German host, having dynamited

From a drawing by Gilbert Gaul

ver the Scheldt, near Hamme, on the road by which the invaders were expected

The Market Place in Brussels

By that time the main body of the British held a line in the neighborhood of Mons and there were violently attacked by the Germans, and forced back. Sir John explained the fact of his retirement to the failure of French support on his right, and it is believed that this was the occasion of the jealous insubordination just referred to. But, though driven back, the British offered a stubborn defense, greatly outnumbered by a foe which came repeatedly to the assault as though having no fear.

In this battle for the first time was impressed upon military observers the seeming contempt of the German strategists for the lives of men. No slaughter was too horrible to dare; no price in blood too high to pay. A graphic story told by a British sergeant in the trenches gives a striking picture of the fighting at that point in the line—a picture typical of the deadly work going on along a battle line at least forty miles from flank to flank:

"The battle came to us unexpectedly when we had given up hope of seeing the Germans. The first inkling we had was just after reveille, when our cavalry pickets fell back and reported the presence of the enemy in strength on the front and left. In a few minutes we were all at our posts without the slightest confusion, and as we lay down in the trenches our artillery opened in fine style.

"After about half an hour of this work, their infantry came into view along our front. They came in solid, square blocks standing out sharply against the skyline, and you couldn't help hitting them. It was like butting your head against a stone wall.

"We lay in our trenches with not a sound or sign to tell them what was before them. They crept nearer, nearer, and then our officers gave the word. A sheet of flame flickered along the line of trenches and a stream of bullets tore through the advancing mass of Germans. They seemed to stagger like a drunken man suddenly hit between the eyes, after which they made a run for us, shouting some outlandish cry we could not make out.

"Half way across the open space another volley tore through their ranks, and by this

General Joffre, directing the French force time our artillery began dropping shells around them. Then their officers gave orders and they broke into open formation, rushing like mad toward the trenches on our left. Some of our men continued volley firing, but a few crack shots were told off to indulge in independent firing for the benefit of the Germans. That trick was taught us by Brother Boer, and our Germans did not like it at all.

"They fell back in confusion and lay down wherever cover was available. We gave them no rest, and soon they were on the move again, in flight. Then came more furious shelling of our trenches, and after that another mad rush across the open on our front. This time they were strongly supported by cavalry, who suffered terribly, but came right up to the lines.

The City Hall, Antwerp

General von Bülow of the German army

"We received them in the good old way, the front ranks with bayonet, and the rear ranks keeping up an incessant fire. After a hard tussle they retired hastily, and just as they thought themselves safe our mounted men swooped down on them, cutting them right and left.

"This sort of thing went on through the whole day, without bringing the Germans any nearer to shifting us after their last attack. We lay down in our clothes to sleep as best we could, but long before sunrise we were called out to be told we had to abandon the position. Nobody knew why, but like good soldiers we obeyed without a murmur.

"Their losses must have been terrible. Little mounds of dead were to be seen all along the line of their advance, and in our retreat we picked off their cavalry by the score."

In this war, contrary to earlier practice, the governments involved did not make statements after each battle of the extent of the losses. Although the commanding generals undoubtedly reported this information to the home governments, the facts were not published. It is known, however, that in the battle of Mons the forces engaged outnumbered those at the battle of Waterloo by nearly two to one, and the fighting was quite as fierce with weapons of greater precision. Yet it was but one of a series of battles fought along a continually lengthening line. Mau-

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French artillery in action, the gunners trying to protect their ear-drums from the shock

beuge succeeded Mons, the British and French being driven back, leaving the famous fortress enveloped by the Germans but still uncaptured. Charleroi fell, was recaptured by the French, and lost again. Givet was overwhelmed. The German Army of the Meuse was everywhere triumphant. But though the populace and Paris were quickly giving way to panic, competent military observers noticed that while the Germans were winning positions they were not destroying the armies of the Allies. No disaster like that of Sedan had occurred nor, it was apparent, did the cool-headed chiefs of the allied forces intend to permit one. The destruction of the

Namur, looking down upon the town from the fortifications

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Her husband slain, her home destroyed

French army would have been the destruction of France. The loss of Paris, though costly, would not have been fatal. Generals Joffre and French did not in the end permit the Germans to reach Paris, but there is every evidence to show that they would have made even that sacrifice rather than risk the annihilation of their armies by accepting decisive battle under unfavorable conditions. Even with Paris gone, the army could still fight in southeastern France, but with the army gone Paris too would be lost and the nation as well.

None the less the world looked upon those eight days of constant retreat as presaging the complete success of the Germans. One Sunday, August 23rd, the British were

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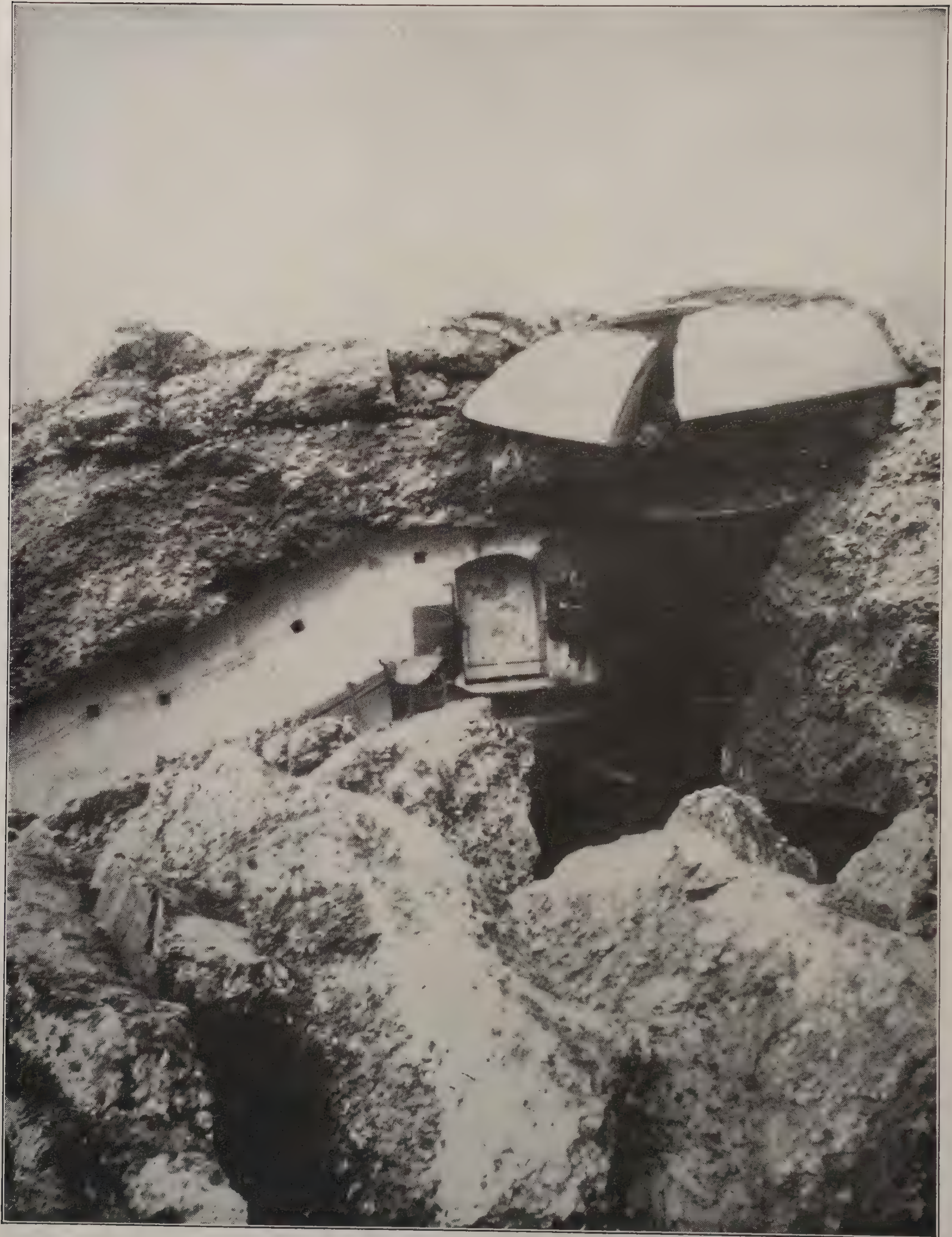
Hospital wrecked by the German invaders. Patients fled to the open fields



A RUINED LIÈGE FORT
A steel turret overthrown and masonry demolished by German siege guns

holding their enemy in check outside the French frontier at Mons. A week later the fighting was at Le Fere, only eighty-five miles from Paris. It was constant retreat all along the line. Le Fere, Laon, Rheims fell before the irresistible foe. At Rheims the Germans captured 12,000 men and 410 guns, and Germany went wild over the news that the town had fallen on precisely the same date as had witnessed its fall forty-four years before, namely September 4th. Both Lille and Rheims were protected by rings of encircling forts, seven in each case, but neither made any serious defense. People began to wonder whether the belt of fortresses around the capital would go the same way.

Meanwhile to the westward the same record of successes was being scored against the French. The Army of the Moselle, under Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, broke through a French line of from five to eight army corps (200,000 to 320,000 men) between Nancy and the Vosges Mountains, and defeated them decisively though without a rout. Touching the left of this German army was the army of the Crown Prince, advancing from Luxemburg upon the French line at Mezieres. Even Austria had troops enough to spare from her struggle with Russia to send a small column against the French in the southeast between Mülhausen and the Swiss frontier. The famous iron ring that walled in Paris in the disastrous days of 1870 seemed to be in the forge again.

The weak part in the German strategy, which at this moment seemed to promise unqualified success, lay in the fact that they had been forced to leave in their rear the fortresses of Namur and Maubeuge. The latter fortress fell later, and it was discovered that as early as 1911 the Germans had begun planning the attack upon it. A trusted German citizen had leased a factory site in the woods of Lanières within easy range of the fortress, and there, under cover of peaceful manufacturing, had had laid down the concrete foundations for great siege guns which thus were mounted immediately on the arrival of the German troops, and with the range perfectly fixed did deadly execution.

In Belgium, too, the German line of communication was in constant peril from the army of King Albert, which had retreated to the neighborhood of Antwerp, and fortified itself strongly. While some 200,000 men were left behind by the Germans to deal with this situation, they were not at this period of the war able either to destroy the Belgian army or prevent its occasional raids on the German flanks. Antwerp itself was in a state of siege and in the last weeks of August a Zeppelin

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A hero from Namur rejoins his family

Louvain, city of learning, the Oxford of Belgium, wrecked by war

sailed by night over the city, dropping bombs which were said to have been aimed at the Royal Palace, but which in fact fell far wide of that mark. About 700 houses were injured, among them a Red Cross hospital in which several wounded were still further cruelly hurt. Several women and little children were killed, and the incident was added to the list of wartime atrocities which Belgium made the ground for further protests to the neutral powers against her enemy's violation of the laws of war—nebulous laws, unenforceable when the war passion of any army or nation makes public sentiment powerless

While at widely separated points on the German line incidents like these were occurring, the main body of troops continued to press relentlessly upon Paris. September 2nd it had reached Creil, a little town only about twenty-five miles from the city. Paris was then in a panic. The Government abruptly left the city for Bordeaux and free trains were placed at the disposition of the populace, who fled from

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A bridge at Amiens, repaired by the Germans

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Louvain laid waste. Curiously enough, statues in the streets were seldom injured

the very sound of the German guns and the phantom flight of hostile aeroplanes over the city.

Prior to that time, from the very opening of the war, the people of the city had shown a degree of calmness and self control which amazed foreign observers, accustomed to regard the French as a volatile people with a tendency to extravagant demonstrations and melodrama.

The eleven days of the first mobilization were days of gloom in the ordinarily gay French capital. For a day or two before the actual order of mobilization cheering mobs had paraded the streets, singing the Marseillaise and carrying the French and British colors. From the shop windows along the boulevards women scattered flowers on the marchers, and in the sidewalk cafés men rose and gravely lifted their hats as the processions passed. But it was only the smallest fraction of the people of Paris that took part in these demonstrations—which, indeed, were sup-

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Barricade at a gate to Paris

Sir Douglas Haig—commended by Sir John French—with King George

pressed by law the moment the order for mobilization was issued. The majority of the people took with gravity and sadness the news that war was inevitable, and the citizens, turned suddenly into soldiers, marched from their barracks to the various railroad stations without beat of drum or blow of bugle. In Paris during those stirring days the author saw tens of thousands of men entrained for the frontier but never heard the notes of a military band. Sometimes the soldies sang the Marseillaise or the "Chant du Depart" more often they marched along in serious silence, their wives or sweethearts trudging along in files by the side of the plodding column. Occasionally one would see a line of gray-headed men, veterans of the war of 1870, marching bravely at the head of the regiment which held their boys—too old to go to the front themselves, but emphasizing by their presence that the task of defending *La Patrie* had been bequeathed from sire to son.

As the men swiftly disappeared from the streets and shops Paris began to show queer phases of life in war time. For a time the cabs, buses and trams were stopped, and in a city of tremendous distances all went afoot. The buses never reappeared. Rushed to the front they carried loads of soldiers to the battle line, and came back heavy laden with the wounded. So far as peaceful service was concerned they disappeared from Paris within eight hours of the order of mobilization. But slowly the cabs reappeared in part, drawn by horses too decrepit to be seized for military service, and driven by men too old or too crippled to serve in the field. With

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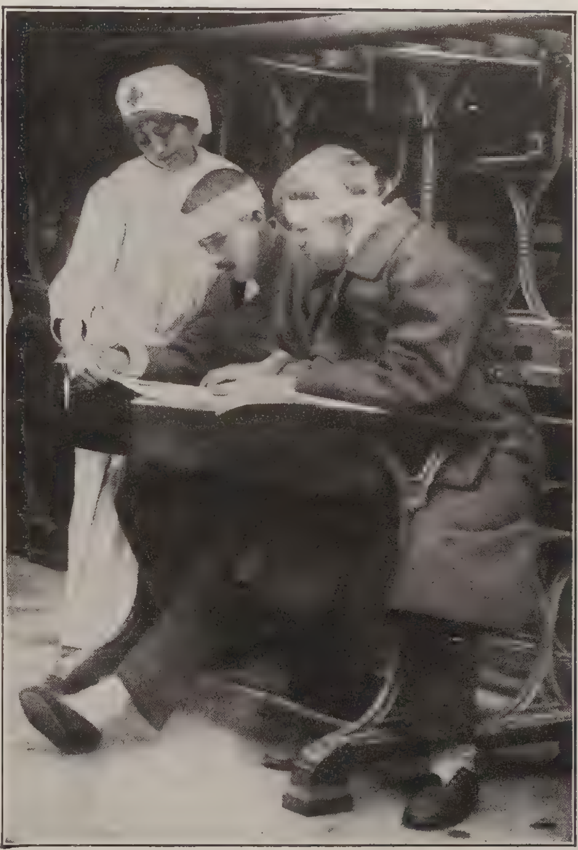
England's efficient Indian cavalry

the returning tram cars appeared a new figure in the economic field, the woman conductor, who collected fares and turned switches with all the efficiency of the vanished men. In every branch of service women stepped lightly into the men's places, not in Paris alone, but in the rural districts. American refugees fleeing through fertile Picardy to the channel ports used to look with interest on the groups of women garnering the harvests that the men had left in the fields—garnering them, alas, to but little purpose, for before they could be used the hordes of the enemy, sweeping with steel and fire across that most smiling of all rural prospects, had made it a smoking, trampled waste.

Early in the war, days indeed before its actual declaration, all France but especially Paris, was suddenly stricken with a money famine. First gold, then silver, and finally copper disappeared from circulation as though by magic. The explanation lay in the thrift, not unmixed with cunning, of the French peasants and working people—the thrift that enabled the nation to pay off the enormous indemnity exacted by Germany in 1871 with such rapidity that Bismarck bewailed his shortsightedness in not having made it twice as much. To the Frenchmen of the lower classes, paper money does not have the qualities of true money. In fact his word "*monnaie*" means only metallic money.

The sudden disappearance of coins of the smaller denominations made the life of the stranger in Paris a puzzle. All he could get at the bank was bills for 50 francs ($10). With money of this size in his possession he was



Letters home

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The French charge at Compiègne

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The effects of war in the House of God—a ruined church in Termonde

helpless. No café where he sought a cup of coffee would give him change for his big bill; clerks would put back on the shelves the goods sold when the customer offered a fifty-franc note in payment. Coppers for tramway and bus fares were carefully hoarded. In many restaurants the waiters insisted on a sight of the actual silver before taking the order—as the prudent pieman said to Simple Simon, "Show me first your penny." This irritating condition persisted throughout the war though somewhat ameliorated when the bank issued five and ten franc notes.

From the first Paris knew that it was the German objective and, though hoping against hope, anticipated a siege. Never, perhaps, was the advantage of a strong government shown more strikingly than in the endeavors of the municipal authorities to defeat any efforts of restaurant keepers, produce merchants, and the like to seize upon the distressed state of the people

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Visé, showing the completeness of destruction in French villages

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Homeless in the path of the invaders

for purposes of extortion. Every restaurant, every market and grocery store was constantly visited by officers who noted the prices and warned the proprietors of the consequences if there was any sign of increased charges. It is probable that in peaceful New York, 3,000 miles from the seat of war, there was a greater increase in the cost of living than in Paris with the Germans at her very gates.

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Blocking the way at Wetteran

But the depression of the Parisians grew as the days went by. The city seemed as a house of mourning in which all went about speaking in whispers. In 1870 the city had faced war with unabated gaiety. Theatres and cafés chantant were in full blast, the boulevards showed no sign of gloom, the races and the activities of society went on without interruption until the actual siege brought privations and terror.

But in 1914 at the first rumors of war the police closed the sidewalk cafés, long the chief attraction of Paris to leisurely tourists. Siphons and bottles made too ready missiles for mobs, said the vigilant guardians of the peace. Then the cafés were closed peremptorily at 8 P. M. "I don't see why the Germans want to get into Paris," said a typical artist of the Latin Quarter, "when the cafés close at 8!"

But the authorities were wise. The memory of the Commune which followed the defeat of Sedan is still fresh in the mind of the orderly classes in Paris. The beautiful gardens of the Tuileries, undoubtedly the most luxuriant floral pleasure ground in any great city, mark the site of the Tuileries palace destroyed by the mob in that time of rage against all constituted authority. Truly was it said by an American to whom a Parisian was bewailing the probable destruction of art objects by the Germans should they take the city, "Every scar upon Paris left since the days of 1870 is the memorial of a wound inflicted by the Parisians themselves. Even the Louvre and Notre-Dame itself were condemned by the Commune, and escaped the fate of the Tuileries by accident alone." Of this fact the military authorities in 1914 were well aware and took every precaution against awakening the fury of a Paris mob.

Soon newspapers were limited to one edition a day, with no headlines more than two columns wide, and with no news except that passed by a vigilant, if not wholly intelligent censor. Later the authorities for some inexplicable reason prohibited the newsboys—or newsmen rather in Paris—from calling the names of their papers. With Gallic swiftness of mind this was met by putting a placard in the vendor's hat with the name of his paper, while he paraded the street crying, "Read the story of the battle of Mons in the paper whose name I am not at liberty to mention."

From the earliest day of the war the sky over Paris was illuminated by the piercing rays of searchlights that swept the horizon in every direction seeking aeroplanes. The

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Look out! A Paris crowd sees a hostile aeroplane point they guarded was the Eiffel tower, rearing its slender spire 1,000 feet above the city, and holding near its apex a powerful wireless telegraph station that on occasion had exchanged messages with our own station at Arlington near Washington. During the war it was the chief means by which Paris communicated with St. Petersburg, and was vital to military needs. High up on the tower was a veritable fortress with machine guns and a garrison surrounded by sandbags. Itself in the blackest darkness, Eiffel watched through the night while the sky around was brilliantly illuminated by the searchlights that never by any chance let their rays rest upon the tower itself lest its position be revealed. For this reason, no doubt, the attempts upon it during the earlier days of the war were made by day but proved futile. They were met gallantly by machine guns from the tower, and howitzers scattering shrapnel from neighboring roofs, but the daring aviators suffered no harm. One of the mysteries of the time was what could have become of the projectiles fired thus multitudinously into the sky. It hardly appeared that they could have fallen into the crowded city without doing some hurt, but if injury was done the authorities concealed it.

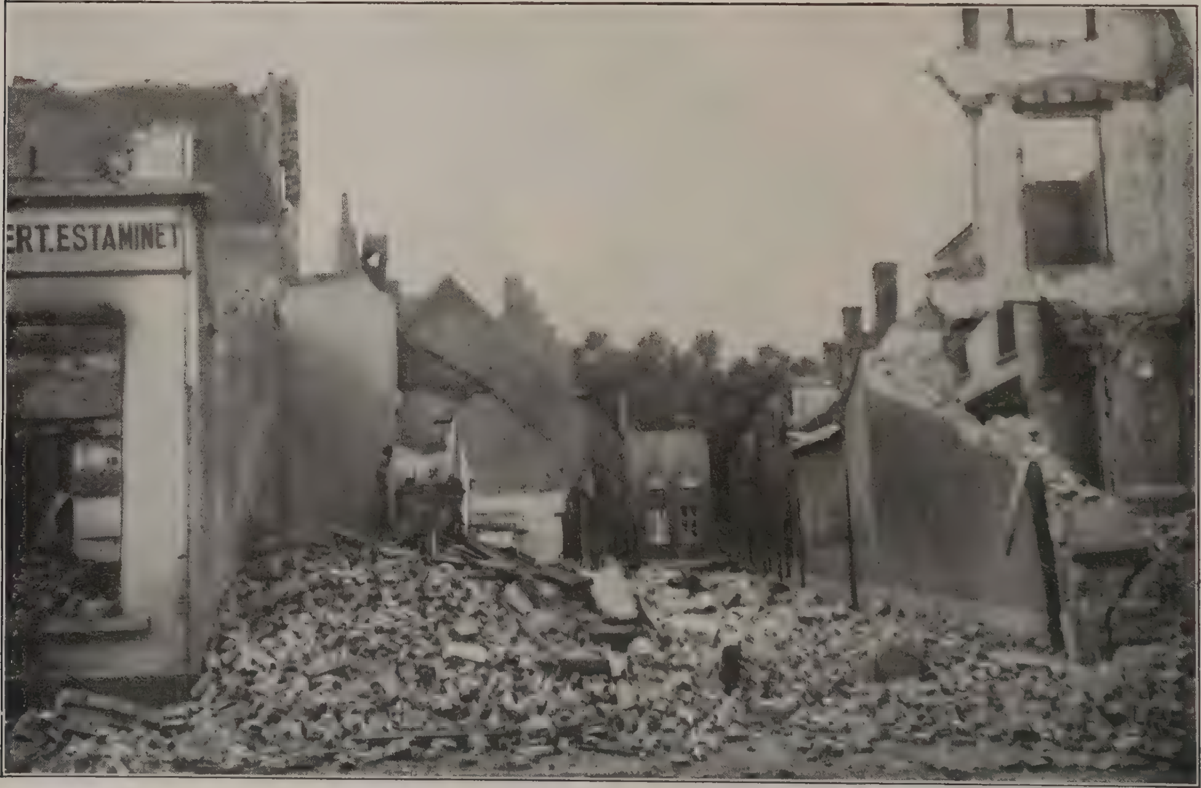
As the Germans approached nearer the city put itself in readiness for siege and assault. The gates were barred with heavy palisades backed by sandbags and neighboring streets were barricaded for street fighting. Pits were sunk to the depth of a man's shoulders in the chief thoroughfares, filling half the street alternately from side to side so that an automobile would have to proceed with the greatest caution. The public buildings of Paris are themselves forts capable of a stout resistance against any but the heaviest artillery, and in three days they were reinforced by sandbags, and guarded with machine guns. Preparations were made to obstruct certain strategic streets with networks of barbed wire. The chief art treasures of the Louvre

What a Zeppelin bomb did in Antwerp

and the Luxemburg were placed in vaults secure from shell fire. The Government fled to Bordeaux, taking its archives, and banks sent their treasure under guard to interior cities. About the railway stations the people flocked by thousands, clamoring for trains, and the piles of abandoned baggage about the Gare Montparnasse, the Gare Lyons and other stations whence trains went to the south and east, took on the proportions of fortresses of the first class. It was estimated that in the week of actual panic more than 750,000 people left Paris, many going on foot carrying their belongings with them.

All the time official reports admitted the irresistible advance of the Germans, and rumor magnified a hundred fold the truth that was admitted. For weeks about all the censors had permitted the Paris papers to print was war stories of the atrocities committed by the enemy —stories in the main false — and the thought that this horde of "barbarians" was at their very gates brought frantic terror. The sack of Rome by Attila, the obliteration

General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, credited with having saved the British left wing



Ruins of the Palace of Justice, Termonde

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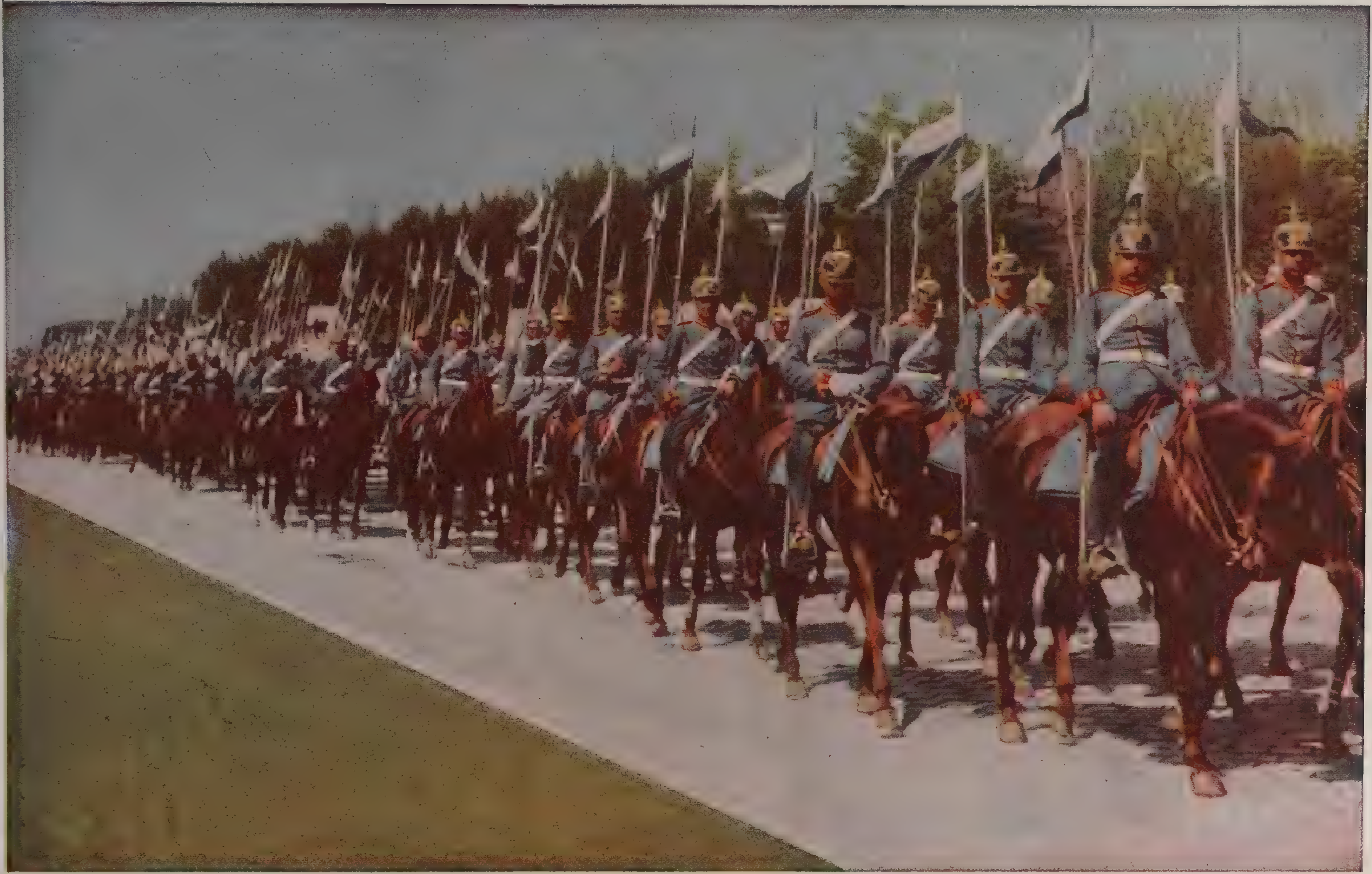

PRUSSIAN GUARD DRAGOONS, A BODY OF SEMI-LIGHT CAVALRY of Carthage and the sowing of its site with salt, were the common historical parallels which the Parisians drew to the impending fate of their city.

The spy mania seized upon Paris as it had already seized upon Berlin. Undoubtedly in both cities there were myriads of hostile spies but the fury of the populace against any one even pointed out as a spy led to many cruelly unjust injuries and even to undeserved executions. Early in the war period the German proprietor of one of the best known Paris hotels was detected operating an unauthorized wireless station on the roof of his hotel. Promptly he was shot, but his offense, which was proved, led to a general crusade against hotels which employed German servants, and many instances were reported to the American Embassy—which had charge of German interests in the city—of innocent men seized in their homes on forged police orders, taken away in automobiles, and never again heard of.

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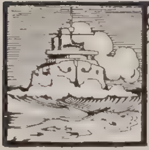
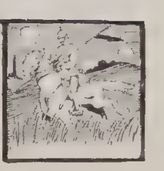
"Here's where it happened." Wounded Britons in the Prince of Wales Hospital, Tottenham

So while the city shrunk and shivered in the approaching blast the enemy pressed on. In the forest of Compiègne there was savage fighting—and Paris only forty miles away. Creil, only twenty-five miles from the capital, near Chantilly, where the gay visitors of the summer time attend the races, heard the thunder of the opposing guns. And then suddenly, unexpectedly to all except perhaps the taciturn Joffre, and the determined Sir John French, the invaders halted. The world knew of it even before the Parisians themselves. The flood of fugitives was still flowing through the city's gates to the south and east when in far away America people were wondering whether in fact the Kaiser had been balked in his dash upon Paris, or whether this was but a temporary check. Men everywhere were asking in doubt whether in a day or two the world would again witness the spectacle of the Uhlans in the Champs Elysées and the German flag waving over the Arc de Triomphe.



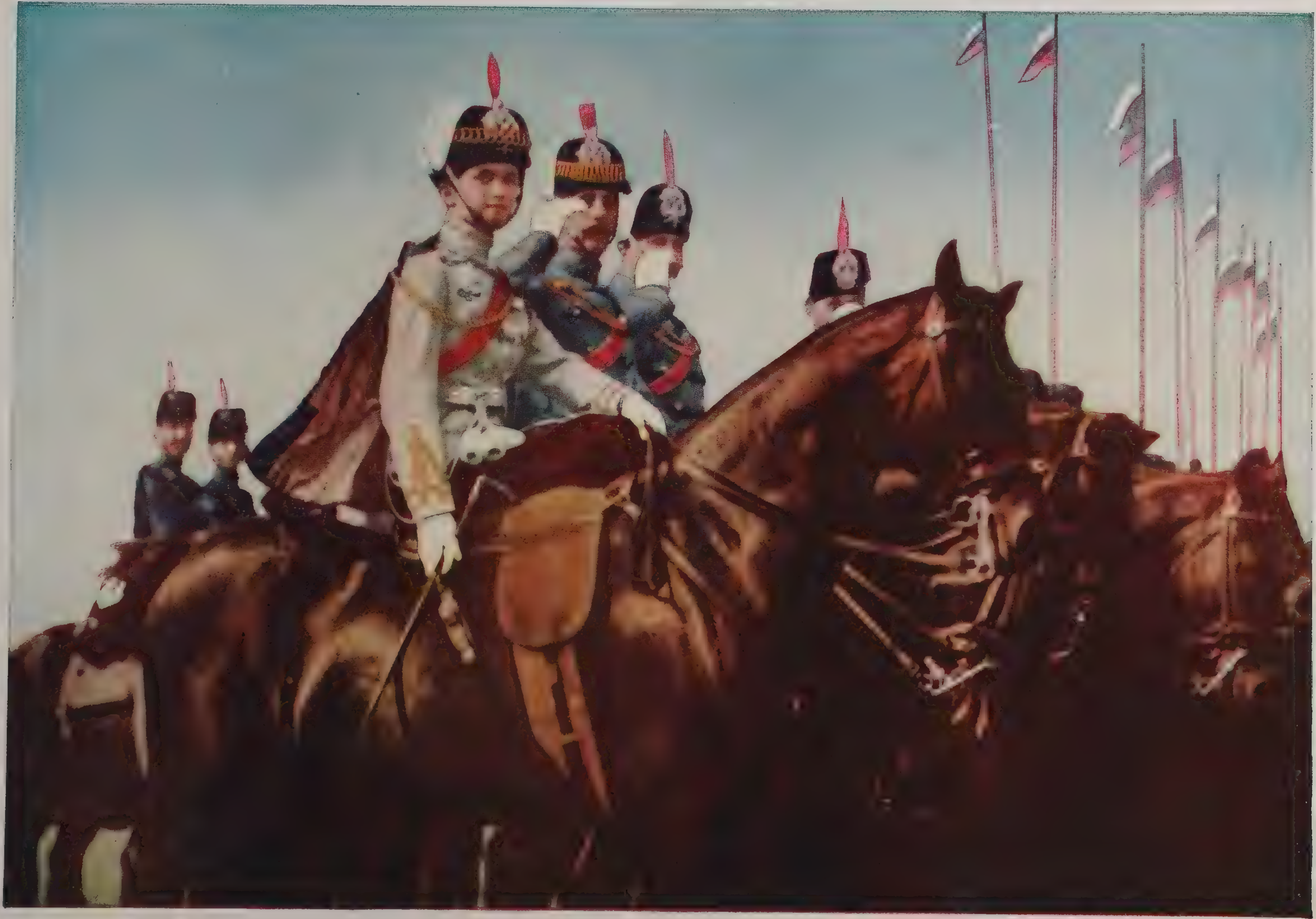
The Reckoning



By CLINTON SCOLLARD

What do they reck who sit aloof on thrones,
Or in the chambered chancelleries apart,
Playing the game of state with subtle art,
If so be they may win, what wretched groans
Rise from red fields, what unrecorded bones
Bleach within shallow graves, what bitter smart
Pierces the widowed or the orphaned heart—
The unhooded horror for which naught atones!

A word, a pen-stroke, and this might not be!
But vengeance, power-lust, festering jealousy
Triumph, and grim carnage stalks abroad.
Hark! Hear that ominous bugle on the wind!
And they who might have stayed it, shall they find
No reckoning within the courts of God?



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THE CZAR'S DAUGHTER, GRAND DUCHESS OLGA, AS COLONEL OF HUZZARS INSPECTING HER REGIMENT BEFORE IT LEFT FOR THE FRONT

THE NATIONS AT WAR

CHAPTER IV

THE WAR IN THE EAST — SWIFT MOBILIZATION OF RUSSIA — INVASION OF EASTERN PRUSSIA — THE CZAR'S GENERALS — CONCESSIONS TO THE JEWS AND POLES—THE INVASION OF GALICIA

SO all-compelling and spectacular was the march of the German hosts through Belgium and France to the very gates of Paris that during the first six weeks of the war attention was little directed to its progress in eastern Europe—on the borders of Austria and Servia where the conflagration started, and on the Russo-German frontier where lay from the very first Germany's point of greatest weakness. The world knew, of course, that beyond the little known banks of the Vistula, the Dneister, and the San the great Russian monster was slowly rolling together its masses of armed men ready to overwhelm Germany and Austria by sheer weight of numbers. But the world knew not the new Russia. It considered the boundless steppes, the widely separated villages, the single track railroads, the highways which a rain turns into a bottomless bog, and dismissed the thought of Russia becoming a factor in the war for at least two months after its declaration. This was obviously the anticipation of Emperor William, and was the second of the two illusions which led him to embark upon the struggle with a supreme confidence which the event ill-justified—the first being his misconception of the isolated position of Germany among the nations of Europe.

Among military experts generally, August 26th was fixed as about the earliest date upon which the Russians could complete mobilization and take the offensive. But fully two weeks earlier the Czar's legions were in motion—a fact which goes far to support the German contention that Russia had progressed so far toward making war even before the Servian quarrel furnished the pretext, that obvious considerations of prudence and self-defence forced Germany to take similar steps. None the less the swiftness of the Russian advance found Germany most inadequately prepared. Only three army corps, less than 150,000 men in all, were available for defense in East Prussia when the Russians first struck at Gumbinnen on August 20, 1914. So thoroughly had the Kaiser stripped his eastern frontier of troops in order the more certainly to overwhelm Belgium and France that the Russians, with more than 750,000 men, at first seemed able to sweep all before them. In a week the greater part of East Prussia was in their possession and Königsberg, a fortified town of 250,000 inhabitants on the Baltic, and the fortresses of Thorn and Gradenz, were besieged. The country is a difficult one for military operations, being marshy and plentifully interspersed with small lakes. The

A Servian priest blessing the colors

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progress of the Russian armies, too, was checked at the frontier by a change in the gauge of the railroads, Russia using a wider gauge. As a result all Russian rolling stock had to be provided with new trucks to fit the German rails before it could be used beyond the frontier. The Germans saw to it that none of their equipment was left available for the invaders.

Examination of the map will show the nature of the strategic problem with which the Russians had to grapple. That part of the Czar's domain known as Russian Poland projects to the westward between East Prussia and Austria-Hungary until it reaches a point only 140 miles from Berlin as the crow flies. From the first Berlin was the Czar's objective, though the topography of the country in which his armies operated made it equally easy for him until late in his

Cossacks at Petrograd during the mobilization

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Servia's youngest soldier—a twelve-year old boy from the Belgrade rifle pits

campaign to strike at either Vienna or Berlin, while the magnitude of his armies made it perfectly possible for him to menace both capitals. But by agreement with the Allies he was to threaten Berlin from the very beginning of his operations in order that the Kaiser might be compelled to recall some of his troops from France to protect his own capital.

Though it would appear that the westward thrust of Russian-Poland made it simple for the Russians to begin their invasion of Germany within 140 miles of Berlin, the principles of safe strategy would not permit this. The frontiers of East Prussia to the north and Galicia to the south were lined with forts protecting hostile Germans and Austrians who would close in behind the Russian troops, should they take the most direct route to Berlin, and cut them off from their base. Indeed

The Czar's own Huzzars

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Graves holding great numbers of German dead after the battle of Tannenberg, East Prussia

the Austrians really opened the war by sending a force of 100,000 men into Russian Poland from Cracow under General Dankl, and menaced both Warsaw and Lublin, without occupying either. But this force was inadequate to the task it had undertaken, and soon withdrew to the east bank of the Vistula. It had done enough however to show that Eastern Prussia and Galicia must be cleared of enemies before Russia could move directly upon the German capital.

Before pushing his military campaigns in his enemies' country, the Czar issued through the Commander-in-chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas, two proclamations of the utmost importance to the people affected and to the success of his armies. The first related to the Jews, long persecuted in Russia, deprived of all civil rights, and barred from participation in military and civic honors. To them the Czar offered full restoration of civil rights, and commissions in the army. Coupled with this was the promise that Poland should be erected into a kingdom, under Russian suzerainty but with full autonomy. The edicts were of notable importance to the world.

Just 100 years before the Czar sent his armies into German and Austrian Poland, that is into East Prussia and Galicia, a Congress at Vienna, attended by six monarchs and such diplomats as Talleyrand, Metternich and Castlereagh, undertook to remake the map of Europe. What had been once the Kingdom of Poland, but

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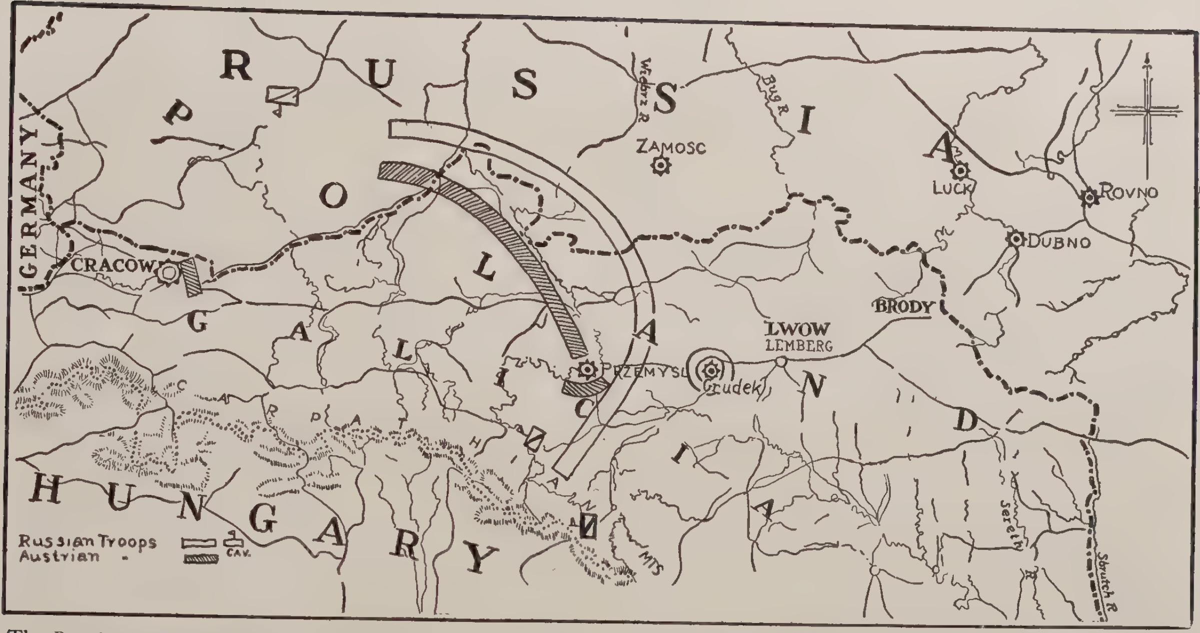
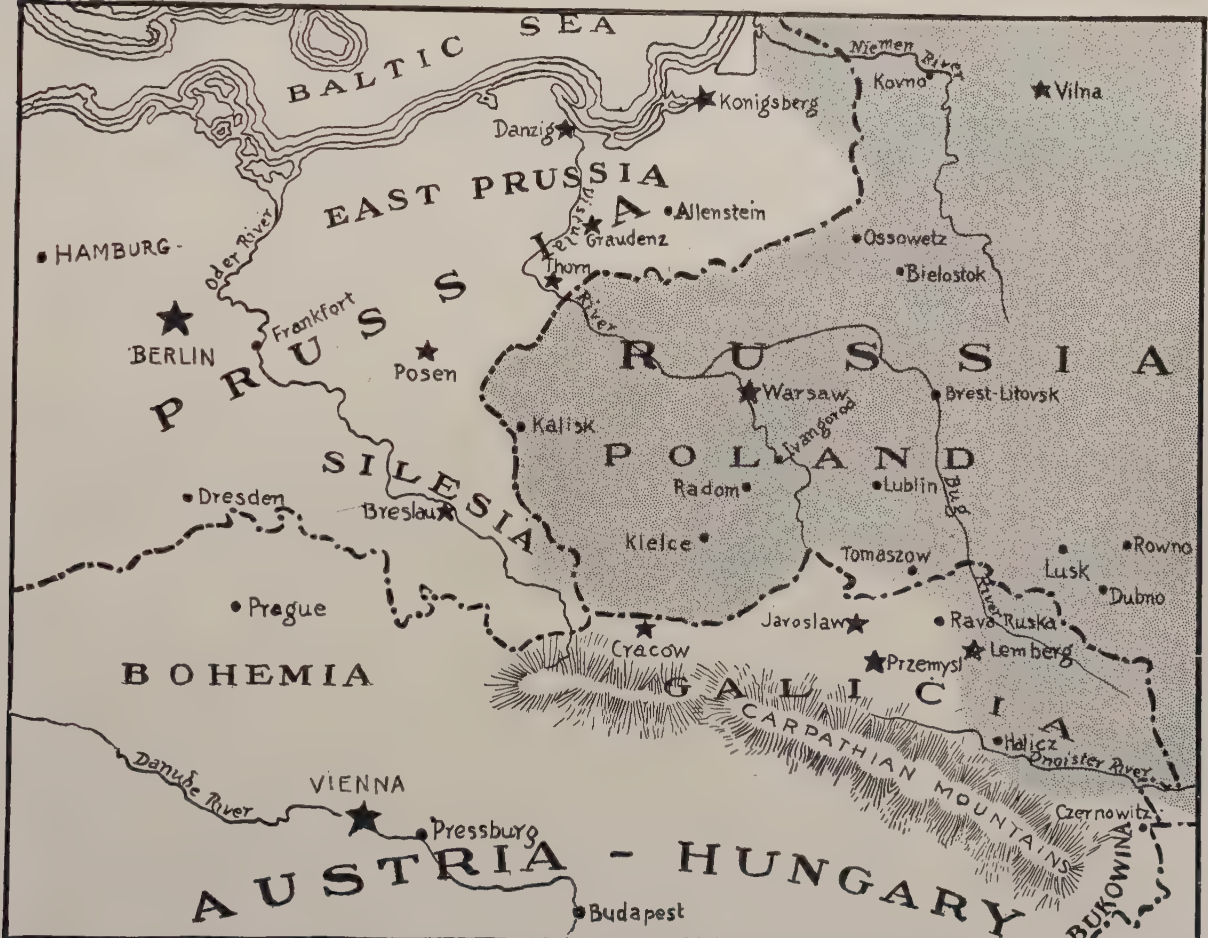
Even the children's toys were wrecked



The Russians were long halted on the line shown in Galicia. Cracow and Przemysl were both relieved by the Germans on the verge of surrender



General map of Eastern Theatre of War, the tinted portion showing extent of the Russian advance. During the period covered by Chapter IV the Russians menaced Königsberg, were beaten at Allenstein, and in Galicia progressed as far as Przemysl, while their cavalry passed beyond the Carpathians. The Germans pushed east in Poland almost to Warsaw

Photograph from the Bain News Service

A Montenegrin outpost. Soldiers armed with antiquated weapons

which had been thrice divided up among Russia, Prussia, and Austria, gave the diplomats the most concern. The Poles were a coherent people, with a strong sense of nationality, a true nation of fighters. The diplomats thought to extinguish them as a nation by giving six sevenths of their territory to Russia, and dividing the remainder between Prussia and Austria. By way of equalizing their bounty at the expense of the Poles the mapmakers gave to Austria and Prussia the two chief strongholds, Cracow and Thorn, so as to hedge Russia in to the westward. The net result of the skill and forethought of the distinguished statesmen of the Congress was to leave Russia, Austria, and Prussia discontented and mutually suspicious of each other,

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German soldiers guarding a bread wagon being loaded for the troops

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The horses, too, are buried in the battlefield

and 20,000,000 Poles under three sovereignties to which they were bitterly hostile.

Such was the partition of Poland which, with a singular lack of humor, its authors assured the world was undertaken to preserve the peace of Europe. Ever since the day the project was matured Poland has been the scene of revolution and riot, cruel reprisals by the authorities that were defied, and savage fighting by the Polish people who not in all that century lost their fixed determination to govern themselves.

It was, therefore, the part of wise strategy for the Czar, on beginning his march upon Germany through a region inhabited mainly by Poles, to declare that in the event of the success of the Russian arms he would recreate

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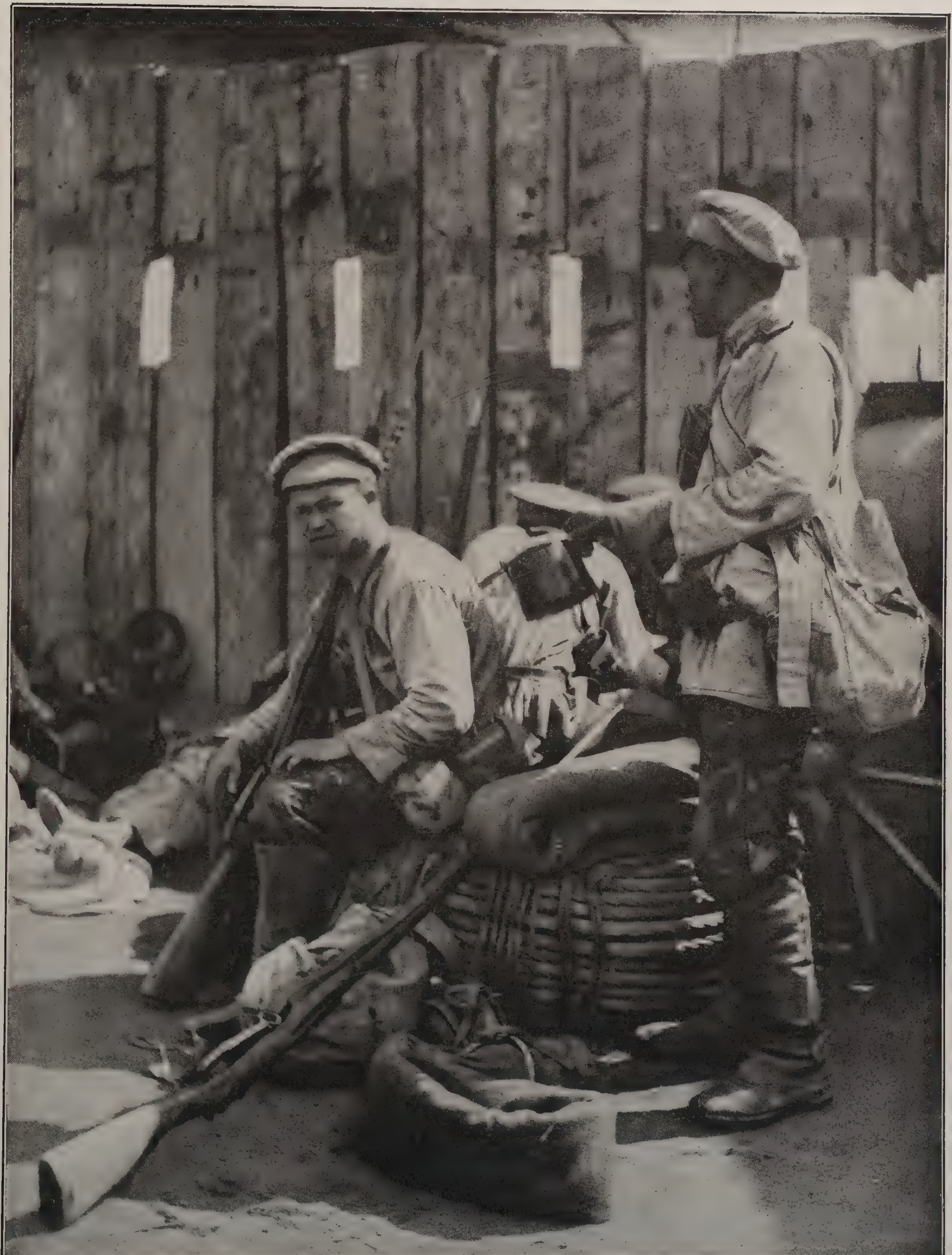
Refugees from East Prussia gathered with their belongings in Soldau

A characteristic snapshot of the Kaiser

the ancient Kingdom of Poland, incorporating in it not only the present Russian Poland but the Polish territory then held by Austria and Germany as well. There was, and will be until the final fulfilment of the promise, some doubt as to the good faith in which it was made, and the governments of Austria and Germany were not slow in denouncing it as a mere trap to catch the Polish support. But in the main it was taken by the Poles as offered in good faith and their friendship for Russia was manifested so far as possible without bringing down upon individuals the wrath of the German and Austrian governments. At a stroke the Czar thus made the people of the territory through which his armies had to march, in order to attack the capitals of Austria and Germany, at least passively friendly, and the progress of the campaign showed that the Poles, fired by the prospect of the revival of their nationality, dared much to support the Russian cause against the governments under which they were forced to live. There were in the armies of the Kaiser more than 300,000 Poles whose loyalty to the German flag at once became a matter of grave concern to their officers. For years the German Government had been trying to efface their language, even persecuting the children who spoke it. Despite every endeavor the Poles clung stubbornly to their nationality, made no secret of their hostility to their German rulers, and, though Russian rule in Russian Poland had been no less harsh, welcomed the invaders who promised to erect for them an autonomous kingdom even under the protection of Russia. The effect was to greatly simplify the problem of invasion.

Russia struck first at East Prussia, where there were only three German army corps, or about 150,000 men to meet them. For the overwhelming force which the Czar put into the field this was hardly a stumbling block. Despite their gallant resistance, despite, too, the difficult nature of the campaign the invaders moved resistlessly onward until the menacing progress of their armies forced the Kaiser to recall two army corps from the forces operating before Paris, and dispatch them to the danger point in the East. That was the moment when Von Kluck halted his hitherto resistless march upon the French capital. It was the critical incident which showed that the delay in Belgium and the unexpected swiftness of Russian mobilization had defeated the Kaiser's plan of first crushing France and then turning upon the Russian bear. But the narrowness with which that plan failed of complete success must



Photograph by James F. J. Archibald

A short respite in the Russian march

ever amaze the world. The moment when the diversion of German troops from France to East Prussia was compelled was as fraught with importance to the history of Europe as was to the history of the United States the appearance of the *Monitor* in Hampton Roads on the very day when, but for it the *Merrimac* would have completed the destruction of the Union fleet and put to sea to lay the cities of the North under tribute.

Except only the Servians, of the men engaged in this war, Russia had the most recent experience of actual fighting. General Vladimir Sukhomlinoff, the Minister of War, had been through the Russo-Japanese War and well knew that the vital defect of the Russian forces in that conflict was slowness—they were slow to mobilize, torpid in their fortifications, dilatory in all their operations in the field. He set himself to putting life and spirit into the colossal force of 1,250,000 men whom even in times of peace Russia keeps under arms. Every agency for expedition known to modern warfare was procured for the army, and in quick-firing and machine guns, field telephones, aeroplanes, and automobiles the Russians proved themselves as well equipped as the best. In the early days of the war the world expected to hear again the stories told with only too much truth in the Japanese War, of black sand issued in place of powder, of shells stuffed with gravel instead of explosives, and of food that no private could eat, much less fight upon. General Sukhomlinoff changed all that and is credited with the almost incredible feat of extirpating graft from the Russian military establishment. With an annual expenditure of more than $300,000,000 for military purposes he achieved results that gave the Russian army

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Some of the dwellers in Belgrade who vacated the town upon the bombardment by the Austrian army

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The ghastly task of clearing a battlefield

a new reputation after its disasters in Manchuria.

The Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-Chief after the Czar, though only fifty-eight years old, is a veteran of the Russo-Turkish and Russo-Japanese wars. He served with Skobeleff at Plevna and Shipka Pass and in a day when the title of Russian Grand Duke carried with it no implication of soldierly qualities he proved himself every inch a fighting man. As chief strategist of the Czar's armies he planned the campaigns against Germany.

In command of the Czar's forces in East Prussia was General Rennenkampf, a dashing cavalryman, one of the few Russian generals who came back from Manchuria with a higher reputation than he took thither. It was the common saying that the Russian generals went to the front against Japan looking for wool, but came home shorn. Not so Rennenkampf. In the expedition against the Boxers he had won the title "The Russian Tiger," and of that reputation for dash and spirit he lost nothing in the days of Russia's defeat by Japan.

Under command of Rennenkampf it took the Russians scarcely a week to sweep so far into German Poland that the non-military World began to think that Germany's downfall was destined to come from that quarter. Looking back upon that moment, so critical to Germany in every phase of her many-sided campaign, one can but admire the magnificent determination with which the Kaiser and his General Staff closed their ears to the cries for help from East Prussia and stubbornly adhered to their purpose to crush France before turning to meet the Russian peril. Königsberg, Thorn, and Grandenz, all fortresses of the first class, were invested before the German force under General Hindenburg was sufficiently reënforced to make headway against the invaders. To secure these reënforcements, Belgian towns that had been taken at the sacrifice of thousands of German lives were stripped of their garrisons, and the line of communication of the army before Paris, with its base at Aix la Chapelle, was left so scantily guarded as to tempt the Belgian army to new activity. It was for this reason that newspaper readers in September and October were puzzled to read of the German's bombarding and retaking cities which had been taken by them in their first rush in the last days of August.

But when the Germans did turn their attention to the Russians in Eastern Prussia the work they did was sharp and effective. In all, General Hindenburg had about 350,000 troops to oppose to a vastly superior Russian force, but within a week he had pushed them back from the fortified positions they menaced, forced them to fight a pitched battle south of Allenstein, and defeated them decisively, capturing nearly 80,000 men.

General Victor Dankl commanding a section of the Austrian army in the Galician campaign

Later developments of the Russian plan of campaign suggested that the invasion of East Prussia had been but a feint, intended to distract German attention from the really serious advance into Galicia, by which Berlin and Vienna were equally put in jeopardy, and which was pressed remorselessly while Rennenkampf's troops were being rolled back and crushed to pieces. Partially that may have been true, but it could have been no part of the strategic plan of the Grand Duke Nicholas to permit so crushing a defeat as that of Allenstein, which for its decisiveness was up to that moment the most important action of the war.

An English officer who was able to study the operations of the Russians in this brief campaign reported some interesting facts as to their tactics. He writes:

"The Russian generals no longer send their troops into battle in close formation as in previous wars, but have modernized their tactics and try to utilize all the advantages of the ground. The shooting of the infantry, however, was found to be still very ineffective. This is no wonder, if soldiers told the truth in saying that they had had no target practice whatever and had used only their rifles, shooting with blank cartridges in manœuvres. Even soldiers of the standing army appear to have had practice only in shooting at about 900 yards. At that range their work was fairly accurate, but at longer

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General Russky of the Russian Army

and shorter ranges nearly all their bullets went wild.

"With the field artillery the case is quite different. Its firing is remarkably good, and the unanimous verdict of the German officers is embodied in the frequently heard words 'Hats off to the Russian gunners.' As a rule the first salvo of the batteries would fall short, the second would overshoot, but the third would begin a frightful carnage among the German ranks unless they had changed their position meanwhile. One of the specialties of the Russian artillery was to locate and fire upon the German staff officers, with the result that these had frequently to change their position.

"The accurate Russian gunnery was considerably neutralized, however, by the large proportion of shells which failed to explode—a fact which soon found a legendary explanation in the report that many shells contained sand instead of explosives. The traditional Russian army contractor was, of course, getting his traditional graft. No proof has as yet been adduced of this, and the shells of sand, like the provision cans filled with sand instead of meat, which every Russian prisoner for a time had in his haversack, and the tattered patent leather shoes which apparently every French prisoner wore when he came into action, are probably products of the phantasy of soldiers and correspondents in the field. Artillery experts find a more probable explanation in the marshy nature of the terrain in many places along the Russian frontier, the shells burying themselves in the soft earth without exploding."

In Germany and Austria the Cossack of the Russian army inspired the same terror as did the Uhlans in Belgium and France. This curiously enough is always the case with light cavalry, and probably results from the facts that the cavalry scouts are the first of an invading force to appear in a threatened country, and their hostile actions are witnessed by a timid and apprehensive populace, to whom the ordinary severities of war are "atrocities."

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Russian machine guns captured by the Germans and exhibited in Berlin

Probably the British Sihks will long enjoy a similar unsavory reputation for ferocity.

Of the Cossacks in the field a Petrograd correspondent wrote to an Italian paper: "The prowess of the Cossacks is especially remarkable. As scouts they are unequaled. At all times their horsemanship enables them to deal successfully with the cavalry of the enemy four or five times superior in number. Their horses are skilled in every conceivable trick. A Cossack horse will drop "dead" under its leader, and at the word spring up at the next moment. The rider combines all the art of the circus performer and red Indian with perfect command of the horse, and the horses are as handy as polo ponies."

Except as scouts, however, Cossacks, Uhlans and all light

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The barber in the field. The razor is stropped on a gun belt

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Field kitchens of the Russian army captured by the Germans

cavalry have been largely displaced in modern warfare by the motor car. A Red Cross officer with the Russian army in East Prussia draws this picture of the way in which a menaced position is reinforced in these days of machinery:

"I was walking beside one of our carts listening to the sound of heavy artillery, when shouts warned us to get off the road. We did so, and not less than a hundred huge motor trucks thundered past, closely packed, each carrying about thirty men, and traveling at not less than forty miles an hour. That was Rennenkampf reinforcing his threatened flank."

A curious feature of the successful campaign of the Germans against Rennenkampf was the unfavorable estimate formed of the

Photograph by James F. J. Archibald

Stragglers from the Russian line of march

A COMING ATTACK O

The picture shows the nature of the cour

STERN BATTLEFIELD

rk lines in the hills are advancing troops

Danzig—a strong maritime fortress and seaport of Germany on the left bank of the western arm of the Vistula

The *Rathaus* in Breslau

courage of the Russian officers. Two facts were repeatedly cited to support this opinion. A German captain reported that he counted 150 dead Russians on the heights near Hohenstein, and that among them was not one officer. And later it was found that among the 80,000 prisoners taken at the battle of Allenstein there were less than one third of the normal quota of officers.

By the first of October the whole of Eastern Prussia had been cleared of Russians, the Germans having concentrated there their main endeavors in the east. Beside freeing their own territory of the enemy, they were trying to divert the Russians from the invasion of Galicia to the south, which by this time was shown to be the main feature of the Russian campaign. But from this the Russians refused to be diverted. Rennenkampf, having lost the battle of Allenstein, and retreated as far as the banks of the Neiman, made a brief stand there, then attacked in his turn, driving the Germans back to their own frontier. There we may leave him for a time, and turn our attention to the main Russian campaign in Austrian Poland or Galicia.

General Josias Von Heeringen (right), a former Minister of War, decorated by the Kaiser with the Iron Cross

If the reader will consult again the general map of the scene of the war in the East he will see that just south of that part of Russian Poland which juts out into German territory lies the Austrian province of Galicia. If natural boundaries formed in fact the boundaries of states in Europe, Galicia would belong to Russia, and the frontier be pushed back to the south where the line of the Carpathian Mountains rears a natural barrier between the two countries. International politics, however, made Galicia Austrian nearly forty years ago, and as nature had left it peculiarly exposed to Russian invasion, it became to the war in the East what Belgium was in the West, the great field of battle of the warring nations.

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Waifs of war's wreckage

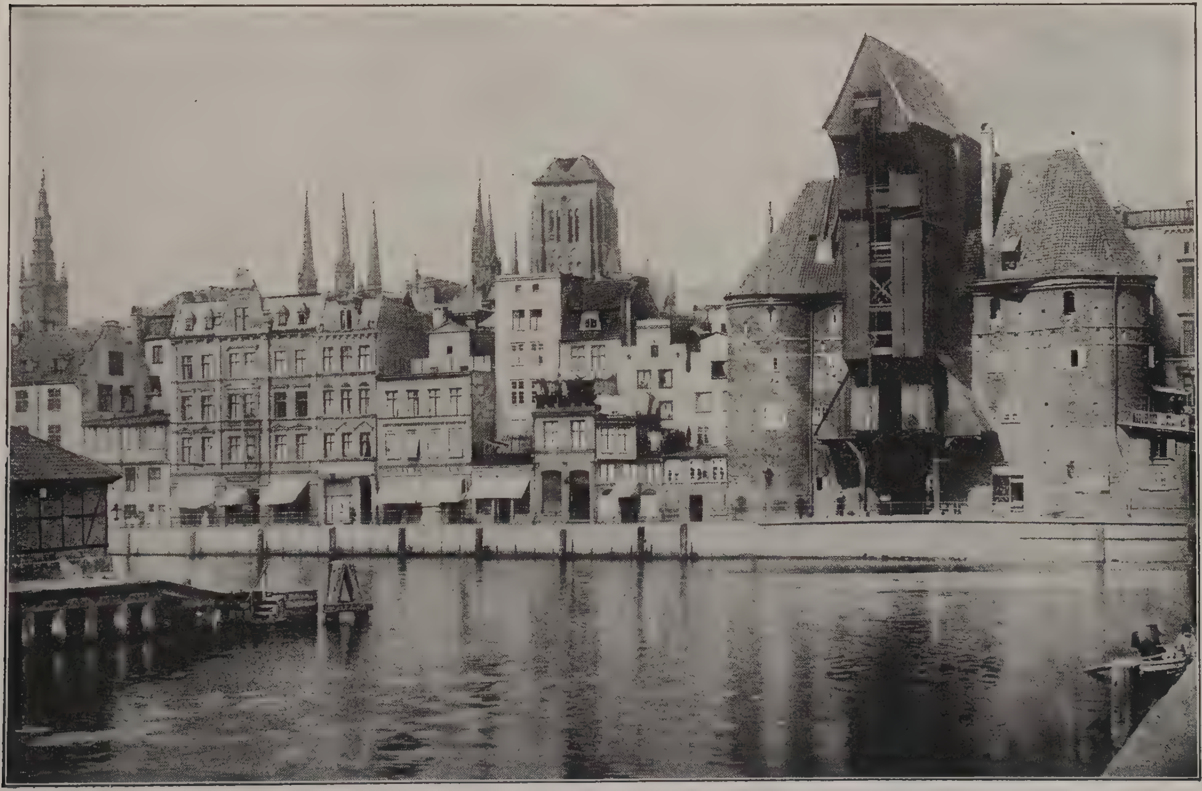
Austria was in no way fitted to cope with Russia in the field. An intensely military nation, if the tone of her society in time of peace is at all representative, she has had a more inglorious record of defeats and unsuccessful wars than any power of Europe. The nominal war strength of her armies, 1,360,000, with a maximum strength of 4,320,000, is far more impressive than their history. The last time Austria-Hungary appeared in panoply of war—except in petty Balkan quarrels—was in 1866 when her forces were decisively beaten at Königgratz by the Prussians, their allies in the war of 1914.

After having lighted the fuse that fired the war magazine of all Europe, Austria settled back to an inglorious career of futile self defense. Her armies did indeed bombard Belgrade and begin a brief invasion of

Posen—the *Wilhelmsplatz* and theatre

In Budapest the reservists were met at railway stations and conducted by Boy Scouts to their destinations

Servia, but were speedily called back to meet the Russian menace to the north. A brief rush into the territory of the Bear carried the Austrian standards as far as Lublin in Russian Poland. There they stopped. The Russian army, estimated at a million strong, struck in its turn. Remorselessly, overwhelmingly, rolling resistlessly onward like a tidal wave, it bore back the Austrians by sheer power of weight. The Russian left rested in the passes of the Carpathians, its right reached as far into Russian Poland as Lublin. Two rivers barred the progress of this army, the Bug and the San, but despite the savage resistance of the Austrian artillery—the most efficient branch of that country's military force—both were passed. The country was a difficult one in which to operate. The rivers were either bordered by wide marshes



Another view of Danzig, capital of the Province of West Prussia or flowed tumultuously through deep rocky canyons. The roads in the main were wretched, and had the Russians or Austrians possessed the great guns which the Germans dragged so rapidly along the level highways of Belgium, they could have made no use of them.

Military experts say that the Russians had a very potent though unrecognized ally in mud. The German artillery and military trains were constructed to operate over the well paved roads of France and Belgium, and on the dirt roads of Russia and Galicia were practically helpless. The Russians, being better used to the unspeakable highways of their own land, were able to outmarch their enemy and outmanœuvre him at many points.

There were, however, no such ponderous fortresses to stay the Russian progress in Galicia as confronted the Germans in Belgium. Lemberg, a place of moderate strength, was taken September 1st, the victory being accompanied by the capture of an enormous body of Austrians, estimated at the time at 80,000, and the killing or wounding of half as many more.

Photograph by James F. J. Archibald

General Kondrotovitch

A Russian sentinel

A typical Russian Cossack

Photograph by James F. J. Archibald

General Shadorfsky (on the right)

An Italian correspondent with the Austrian General Staff thus describes the scenes attendant upon Lemberg's fall:

"Up to August 16th Lemberg lived in happy ignorance of the events on the Galician frontier. The Austrians still believed the Russian army sadly disorganized and led by drunken, epileptic generals.

"At the officers' messes stories were told which aroused merriment. Owing to the unscrupulousness of contractors, it was said, soldiers' shoes were padded with cardboard, the ammunition defective, the guns obsolete and the shrapnel would not explode.

"The censor had taken all precautions against the truth leaking out; one thing only was overlooked. This is what happened on the afternoon of that day while the population promenaded in the parks and thoroughfares. Lemberg was suddenly invaded by thousands of refugees arriving from every direction by foot, rail, and on horseback. They related the wildest stories of the Cossacks' doings.

"The flood of refugees continued eight days, bringing along waves of despair, fear, and mystery, until the population had swelled from 240,000 to 350,000.

"Simultaneously the wounded began arriving. Schools, churches, offices, and theatres were transformed into hospitals. On August 26th the city was housing 40,000 wounded.

"On the same day the Cossacks appeared three miles from the city, causing the first great panic. The railroad depots were besieged, and a general exodus began. Now the truth was fully known, and news from the front increased the panic.

"Simultaneously the city was being treated to the weirdest spectacles. Pickets passed hourly, escorting to be hanged or shot groups composed of men, women, children, and priests whom the Austrians considered friendly to the Russians.

"Between the 26th and the 28th of August the Russian artillery succeeded in taking a position without being detected. Suddenly the Russians' guns opened a tempest of fire on the Eleventh Army Corps, which had come within range, and with the help of the Russian infantry and ma-

Danzig—the *Langemarkt*, showing the *Rathaus* and Bourse

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Königsberg, an East Prussian stronghold

chine guns, it was wholly annihilated.

"The Third Corps, dispatched to replace them, met the same fate. Then the Twelfth was rushed out to be shot, sustaining enormous losses.

"Of four thousand men forming the Twenty-seventh Trieste Regiment, only five hundred survived. Of the Seventeenth Lubian Regiment only three hundred survived; not an officer was left.

"On the morning of August 31st, trains of one hundred cars were made ready by the authorities to send out the first refugees, but as soon as the depot gates were opened the panic-stricken crowd rushed to the train. Wild scenes followed. Children were crushed, women were trodden down. The train left with people strapped to every support.

"On the afternoon of August 31st, a thirty-five hours' armistice was arranged, and 60,000 Austrian and Russian dead were buried. Nearly double that number of wounded were removed.

"A delegation of Russian officers secretly entered into negotiations with the city administration on the same evening and heralds informed the population that the Russians would enter as friends, respecting their persons and property."

This victory had its prompt effect on the German lines before Paris. It was only too clear that with Lemberg fallen and the Russians outnumbering the Austrians nearly three to one, there was a new danger threatening Berlin from the south and east. At the beginning of the war Austria, thinking like her ally that Russia was too big to move swiftly, had lent two army corps to Germany. These were hastily recalled. With them came five German corps, snatched from Von Kluck and Von Bülow while the battle of the Marne was in progress. The newcomers set themselves stubbornly across the Russian

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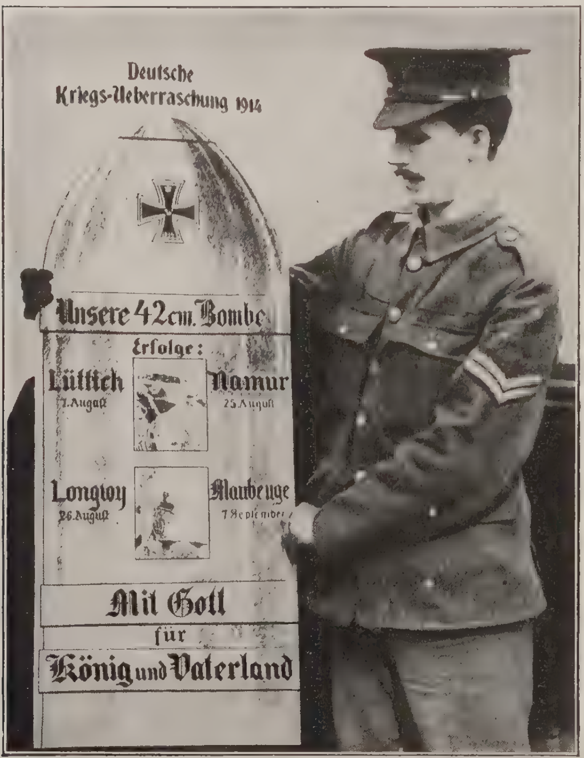
Servian artillerymen—seasoned veterans



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Poster showing size of German big shells

path and there followed weeks of fighting as desperate as that in the fair fields of France and Belgium. The objective points were Przemysl and Cracow, and in the struggle for these fortified positions a host of battles were fought in fields that history will scarce record, though the numbers engaged exceeded those at Waterloo or Sedan.

A correspondent, with the German army, tells so graphically of one such battle at East Wirballen, Russian Poland, that portions of his account may well be preserved here:

"In the morning sunlight from the summit of the hill I got my first view of the fighting that will go down in history as the battle of East Wirballen.

"Yesterday, for the first time since the start of the battle of Sunday, the Russians attempted to carry the German centre position by storm. All Sunday and Monday the opposing artillery had been hammering away at the opposing trenches. The marksmanship of the Russian artillery had been bad, but I was told that a Russian aeroplane had made a reconnaissance of the German position shortly after dawn yesterday. I

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The marketplace at Soldau occupied by a German advance corps protecting a supply train saw no machines in flight. Twice under cover of their field artillery the Russian infantry advanced in force yesterday. Twice they were forced back to their defensive positions. Now they were to try again.

"The preliminaries were well under way without my appreciating their significance until one of my officer escorts explained.

"At a number of points along their line, observable to us but screened from the observation of the German trenches in the centre, the Russian infantry came tumbling out and rushing forward, took up advanced positions, awaiting the formation of the new and irregular battle line. Dozens of light rapid-fires were dragged along by hand. Other troops—the reserves—took up semi-advanced positions. All the while the Russian shrapnel was raining over the German trenches.

"Every move of the enemy was obviously being communicated to the German centre. The German reserve column moved in closer. The rifle fire from the German trenches practically ceased. The German officers moved along in the open behind the trenches, encouraging and steadying

Photograph from Paul Thompson

Servian society women acted as nurses in Belgrade

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Making 16,000 loaves of bread for daily consumption in the German army their men, preparing them for the check.

"Finally came the Russian order to advance. At the word hundreds of yards of the Russian fronting line leaped forward, deployed in open order and came on. One, two, three, and in some places four and five successive skirmish lines, separated by intervals of from twenty to fifty yards, swept forward. Some of them came into range of the German trench fire almost at once. These lines began to wilt and thin out. Others were able to make a considerable advance under cover. The smoke of the burning village gave a grateful protection to several regiments. But on they came all along the line, protected and unprotected alike, rushing forward with a yell, pausing, firing, and advancing again.

"From the outset of the advance the German artillery, ignoring for the moment the Russian artillery action, began shelling the onrushing mass with wonderfully timed shrapnel, which burst low above the advancing lines and tore sickening gaps. But the Russian line never stopped. For the third time in two days they came tearing on, with no indication of having been affected by the terrible consequences of the two previous charges. As a spectacle, the whole thing was maddening. I found my heart thumping like a hammer, and with no weapon more formidable than a pair of binoculars I was mentally fighting as hard as the men with the guns. For the first time I sensed the intoxication of battle and learned the secret of the smiles on the faces of the battlefield's dead.

"On came the Slav swarm—into the range of the German trenches, with wild yells and never a waver. Russian battle flags—the first I had seen—appeared in the front of the charging ranks.

"The advance line thinned and the second line moved up. Nearer and nearer they swept toward the German positions. And then came a new sight. A few seconds later came a new sound. First I saw a sudden, almost grotesque melting of the advancing line. It was different from anything that had taken place before. The

Austria's celebrated Ranger Corps

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men literally went down like dominoes in a row. Those who kept their feet were hurled back as though by a terrible gust of wind. Almost in the second that I pondered, puzzled, the staccato rattle of machine guns reached us. My ear answered the query of my eye.

"For the first time the advancing lines here hesitated, apparently bewildered. Mounted officers dashed along the line urging the men forward. Horses fell with the men. I saw a dozen riderless horses dashing madly through the lines, adding a new terror. Another horse was obviously running away with his officer rider. The crucial period for the section of the charge on which I had riveted my attention probably lasted less than a minute. To my throbbing brain it seemed an hour. Then with the withering fire raking them even as they faltered the lines broke. Panic ensued. It was every man for himself. The entire Russian charge turned and went tearing back to cover and the shelter of the Russian trenches.

"I swept the entire line of the Russian advance with my glasses—as far as it was visible from our position. The whole advance of the enemy was in retreat, making for its intrenched position.

"After the assault had failed and the battle had resumed its normal trend, I swept the field with my glasses. The dead were everywhere. They were not piled up, but were strewn over acres.

"More horrible than the sight of the dead, though, were the other pictures brought up by the glasses. Squirming, tossing, writhing figures everywhere! The wounded! All who could stumble or crawl were working their way back toward their own lines or back to the friendly cover of hills or wooded spots.

"But there appeared to be hundreds to whom was denied even this hope, hundreds doomed to lie there in the open, with wounds unwashed and undressed, suffering from thirst and hunger until the merciful shadows of darkness made possible their rescue by the Good Samaritans of the hospital corps,

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Servian soldiers in the trenches

who are to-night gleaning that field of death for the third time since Sunday.

"As we stood on a slight rise overlooking about three miles of the battle front, a staff officer came dashing toward us yelling and pointing to something behind us. We turned in time to see a shell burst 800 yards away. A few seconds later another dropped about 500 yards, then one about 300. When one broke 200 yards away we understood the officer's frantic gesticulations. We took it down the hill on the dead run to cover, and a moment later a shell burst with terrific force on the very spot on which we had stood, furnishing a splendid target in the open field.

"Throughout the day we watched the fight waged from the opposing trenches and by the artillery. The German forces seemed content to hold their present position for the time being and, barring a few outpost skirmishes, made no serious offensive moves.

"Suddenly, at sundown, the fighting ceased as if by mutual agreement. An outpost, really only a reinforced picket line, was thrown out ahead of the German line and the work of removing the dead and wounded who could not be moved under fire was rushed along. Within an hour after the day's firing had ceased the German trenches were cleaned up and the work of bringing up the supplies and ammunition for tomorrow's conflict was under way."

Russian Grenadier Guards

Despite the overpowering numbers of the Russians, however, the operations of September, 1914, showed them quite incapable of overcoming the superior discipline and strategic skill of the Germans. The Austrians, indeed, they fought to a standstill. After the victory of Lemberg the Russian advance toward Cracow was steady, opposed by the Austrian forces in battles like that at Dukla, but never long halted. Przemysl, an important stronghold with an unpronounceable name, which long troubled disputants on war strategy, was invested and left for later attack as the Russian advance pressed on. The invaders were greatly helped by the fact that they were operating in a country the Polish inhabitants of which, though subjects of Austria-Hungary, were nevertheless covertly friendly to the Russians. They showed their friendship by eagerly giving information as to the movements of the Austrian troops, and many curious devices were employed to convey the information. A coal fire making black smoke signified one thing; a wood fire making whitish smoke, another. In the village streets the position of the images on the Eikons, or shrines, told one story to the invading Cossacks, while a seemingly innocent display of household utensils, or linen hanging from a window, would put the pursuing cavalry on the track of the retreating enemy. Austria was not unaware of this fact, and the silence which long veiled events in Eastern Europe, where there were but few war correspondents, covered a vast multitude of summary executions of spies and suspects. An individual instance which attracted world-wide attention was that of the Polish novelist, Henry K. Sienkiewicz, whose romance "Quo Vadis" had found readers in many tongues, and, in the form of a moving picture drama, had enthralled audiences perhaps totalling millions. He, because of his known friendship for the Russian cause, was taken from his home and immured in the dungeon of a fortress near Cracow—a punishment almost equivalent to death at his advanced age of seventy years.

By the end of September the Austrians had successfully withdrawn their troops which had invaded Russian Poland, and which the world had been informed, falsely, had been cut off and captured by the Russians. Forming a junction with the right wing of the Austrian army, these troops took up a line with their left resting on the Vistula River, and their right resting on Przemysl, whose ring of forty-one forts connected by railroads and garrisoned by 60,000 men, long held the invaders in check. Jaroslav, another fortress of less power, also proved a serious stumbling block in the Russians' path. Beyond it, and extending to Cracow, the force opposed to the Russians was mainly composed of Germans, and against

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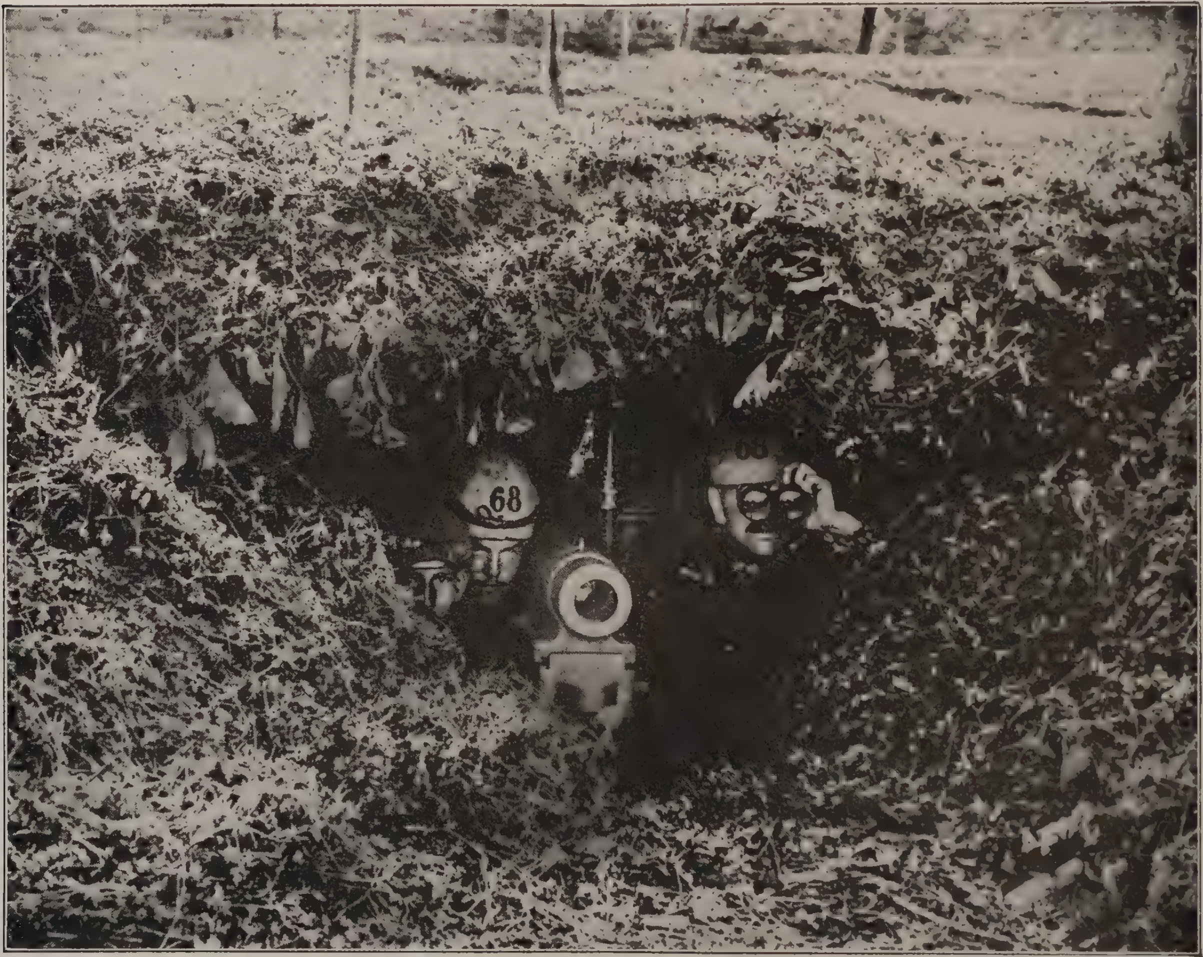
The Czar with attachés of a hospital in Petrograd them the forces of the Czar made but little headway. September ended with these two armies beating against each other with but little decisive result. The ceaseless attrition of the Russian hordes, however, had told heavily upon the Austrians, who are estimated to have lost during the month's campaigning 300,000 men and 1,000 guns, or nearly a third of their entire force. During this period, too, the Serbs and Montenegrins had been busy on the southern borders of Austria, compelling that nation to keep at least 500,000 men there.

Though the actual entry of an enemy's troops upon Austrian territory had, up to this time, been but slight, only a mere fringe of provinces along the northern frontier being affected, Vienna was plunged in a gloom like that which brooded over Paris in the days of the Germans' greatest menace. The gayest city of Eastern Europe seemed to be suddenly overwhelmed with a sense of impending disaster. Martial law was declared, the places of amusement closed, the streets darkened, and people went about as in a place of mourning. The world, with its eyes on Paris, gave little heed to the plight of the Austrian capital, but the terror of war laid its hand as heavily on the gay city on the Danube, as on that by the Seine.



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A German masked battery

Essentially the Russian army at this time might be taken as a single line of battle, numbering about 2,300,000 men, extending from the Baltic Sea to the Carpathians. In East Prussia it was confronted by a German army of 1,000,000 men. In Russian Poland the Germans had about 500,000, and, though outnumbered by the Russians, held them long in check on their own soil. In the South

From a photograph by Brown Bros.

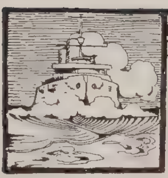
THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY

the Germans and Austrians together had perhaps 1,000,000 more.

At the beginning of the month of September it appeared that the Russian advance was irresistible. German troops were withdrawn from Belgium and France and rushed to the East. The advance on Paris was checked. The long struggle along the banks of the Marne and the Aisne dragged its slow length along, and the world thought that the Russian Bear had awakened in time to balk Germany of her French prey and transfer the scene of the struggle to German soil. But the world was deceived. That marvellous fighting machine the Kaiser and his General Staff had so patiently builded, proved equal to this new emergency, and the Russians were roughly checked before they had been able to make more than a slight inroad on the soil of the Fatherland.

Indeed the sudden check to the Russians, and the counter attack delivered by the Germans in the first half of October were little less remarkable as military achievements than the rush of Von Kluck's army upon Paris in August. The world had settled down to see the Russian Bear slide into Germany, crushing down all opposition. Berlin itself, despite messages of encouragement and reassurance from the Kaiser, began to show signs of unrest and approaching panic. But scarcely had the real fighting force of Germany come into contact with the Russian advance when all was checked. The invaders receded from Cracow and from Przemysl, and abandoned their advance to the south of the Carpathians. Meantime the Germans pushed into Russian Poland and soon it was Warsaw, a Russian capital, instead of Cracow, the Austrian stronghold, that was endangered.

Members of a German Sanitary Squad taking charge of a transport of wounded soldiers



THE SUBMARINE

BY

KATHERINE DRAYTON MAYRANT SIMONS, JR.

In the New York *Times*

Ere yet the plow had fashion, or Tubal Cain had sung,
You were forged in the lame god's smithy when the whirling worlds were young.

Gray as the sea, and grimmer than the gray, gaunt, grim sea-shark,
You waited for evolution in the caves of the ancient dark.

And Vulcan whistled his 'prentice: "The Fish Boat model is done.
Lay it away! We work to-day on the Disappearing Gun."

The grand old heroes came around, and they touched the steel-nosed thing,
And Achilles said: "By Hector's head, she steers with a dinky string!

"Mirrors enough for Helen's face are under the conning tower,
But, with never a sail and never an oar—what is the galley's power?"

Then Vulcan laughed, as he tinkered aft with the bronze propeller blades,
And he sprung the white of the great searchlight in the eyes of the loafing shades.

"Aye, wonders there be in my shop," quoth he, "that the Sybil has not foreseen.
(Now, Cupid, you get that cigarette away from the gasoline!)
She is run by volts, like Jove's thunderbolts, and she's called—'a *submarine!*'"

"If, overtasked," Prince Jason asked, "at the oars, and swift to Scylla
The maelstrom drew, what would I do?—for a man-sized sail would spill her!"

The lame smith slid an armor-plate and showed a flint-glass jar:
"O Powers that are in the depths afar, or the heights more high than the highest star,

"Far from the sun as the spheres have spun, unbroke as the unbroke sea,
More swift than sail in the Adrian gale—they drive my ship for me!

"Her hull is the shell of an unhatched hell that mocks the Cyclops' fray—
A shard of red from the lightning's head—a laugh from the Titan's play!"

"Old days are fled," Æneas said. "Our Epic fights are vague
As the Cambrian mists, and Pallas insists there's a Peace Scheme doped for The Hague!"

There rang a laugh from the smithy door that vied with the anvil, then:
"Oh, ho!" roared Mars, "you may change the stars, but not the hearts of men!

"Tho' it be there in Hellas fair, or afar in Mexico,
I am their god, by the wing'd rod, and the only god they know!

"Eons shall pass, and they—alas!—will smile at the olden days.
In parliament, 'enlightenment' and 'progress' they will praise.

"As 'progress' comes, to the pulse of drums and the howl of hunting shell,
Science shall teach a sharper speech than the savage cave-men tell.

"So, build your boat! The triremes float, as Carthage has devised.
But their Punic fray shall seem child's play when the world is civilized!"

Thus, long ere the plow had fashion, or Tubal Cain had sung,
You were forged in the lame god's smithy when the whirling worlds were young.

Gray as the sea, and grimmer than the gray, gaunt, grim sea-shark,
You waited for evolution in the caves of the ancient dark.

GERMAN BATTLESHIP SQUADRON WITH ITS GUARDIAN ZEPPELIN

THE NATIONS AT WAR

CHAPTER V

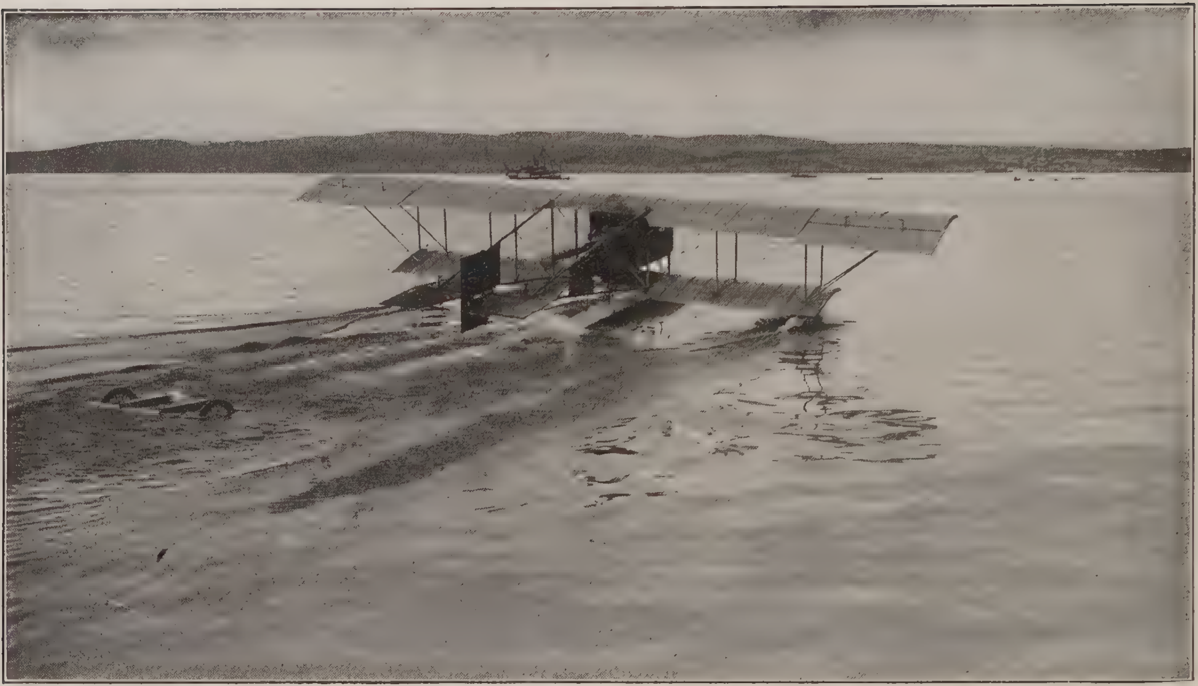
THE WAR IN SEA AND SKY — BRITISH SUPREMACY UPON THE OCEAN — THE NEW RIVALRY OF GERMANY — PROLONGED INACTIVITY OF BOTH FLEETS — LOSS OF THE "AMPHION" — BATTLE OFF HELIGOLAND — GERMAN SUBMARINE SINKS THREE CRUISERS — WORK OF THE COMMERCE DESTROYERS, "EMDEN" AND "KARLSRUHE" — NAVIES OF THE AIR — DEVELOPMENT OF THE AEROPLANES — THE HALT OF THE ZEPPELINS

A Japanese cruiser

PERHAPS the one event upon which the world generally looked as an absolute certainty of the war was the complete and early obliteration of the German navy. Not that the German sea-going fighting force was not powerful, modern, well manned and well equipped. It was all that and more. Since 1898 the energies of the Kaiser's government had been strenuously put forth to create a navy which should be adequate to cope with the British. To overhaul and surpass that matchless collection of fighting ships and seamen under the white ensign, even the ambitious Germans conceded to be hopeless, but in 1900 the preamble of the German navy act expressed the naval ambition of the nation thus:

"It is not absolutely necessary that the German battle fleet should be as strong as that of the greatest naval power, for a great naval power will not as a rule be in a position to concentrate all its striking force against us. But even if it should succeed in meeting us with considerable superiority of strength, the defeat of a strong German fleet would so substantially weaken the enemy that, in spite of the victory he might have obtained, his own position in the world would no longer be secured by an adequate fleet."

Immediately upon the proclamation of this policy began that amazing and costly rivalry in naval ship building—particularly of "dreadnaughts"—which England and Germany pursued with feverish zeal and with supreme indifference to the cost. Ships of which the keels only were laid down were figured as factors in an enemy's fleet, and others authorized to meet them. England was aghast at the information that, in 1906–1908 inclusive, while she had laid down eight ships of the dreadnaught type, Germany had laid down nine. Battleships of the old type—"old" meaning of a construction of perhaps four years earlier—carrying four big guns, were deemed obsolete. Nothing smaller than the dreadnaught with ten of the largest rifles was considered worth while, and the type soon developed into the super-dreadnaught class of 25,000 tons, mounting ten 13-inch and twelve 6-inch guns, with an armor belt a foot thick at its point of greatest weight. The complement of officers and men was more than 1,000 and each ship cost about $10,000,000. Of vessels of this type Great Britain had eleven complete and three nearly so in 1914; Germany had none, though three were under construction. Of the next type, the dreadnaught battleship, Germany and England each had thirteen.



A biplane about to rise from the water

The rivalry in the construction of battleships of every class extended, of course, to other vessels of war. The navy lists of every nation included, beside the two classes above mentioned, super-dreadnaught battle-cruisers, dreadnaught battle-cruisers, pre-dreadnaught (or almost dreadnaughts. A flippant member of the United States Congress, wearying of appropriations for huge ships, once offered a bill for the building of the biggest of them all, to be called the "skeered-o'-nothing"), armored cruisers, cruisers, fast light cruisers, destroyers, torpedo boats and submarines.

It became a very fair question early in the war whether the sinister and spiteful little vessels of the last named class did not make all the rest useless, and mere steel coffins for the hundreds of men they held.

While the shipyards of each nation were working day and night to keep ahead of all possible rivals, the naval authorities of both Germany and England put courtesy to its highest test to show superficial friendship for each other. At the great international regattas of Kiel and Cowes the battleships of the two nations lay side by side, and the round of dinners and dances seemed interminable. But when all British officers had left the German ships, and the Kaiser's fighting seamen were alone about their dinner-board, one toast of singular brevity and cryptic meaning was always drunk. "*Der Tag*"—"The Day"—always brought the officers to their feet with brimming glasses, for it hailed in anticipation the day when they should do battle with Great Britain on the seas she had so long professed to rule.

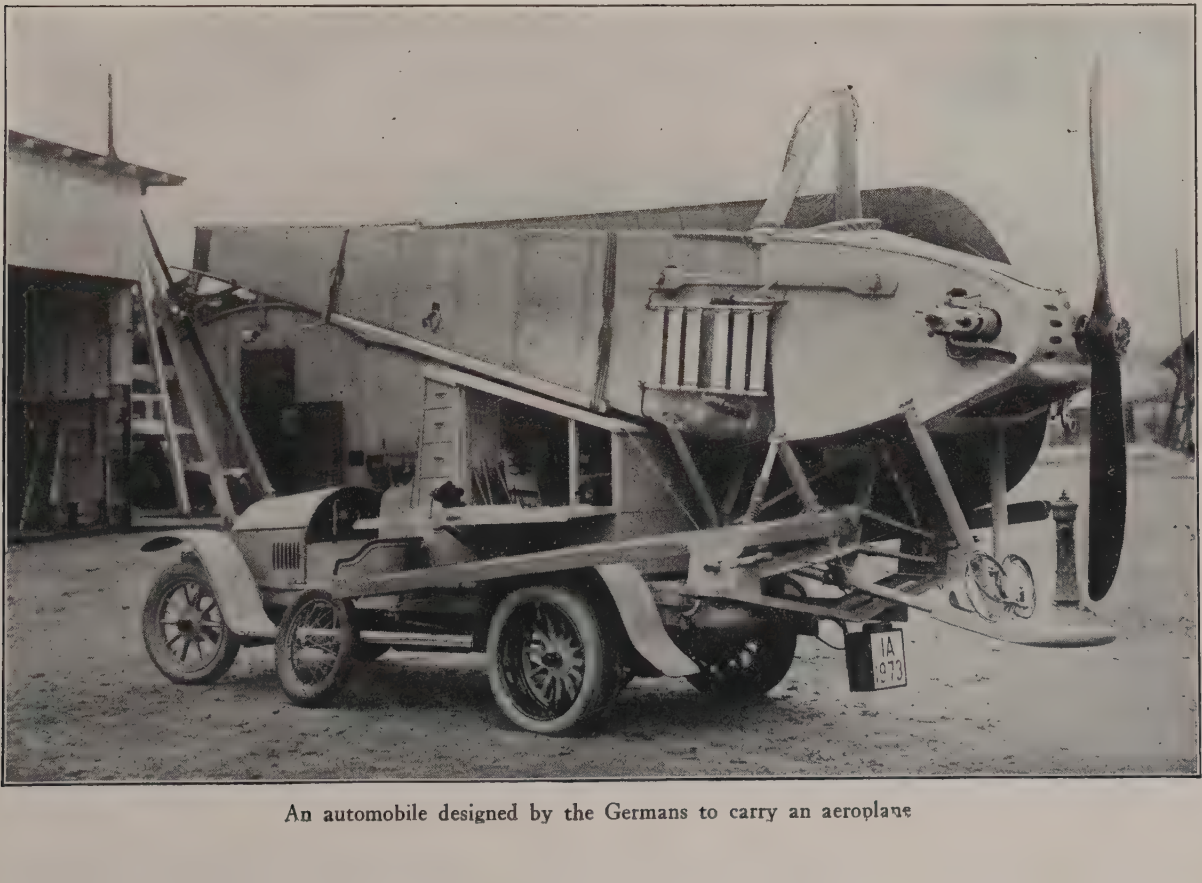
Yet when the day of the declaration of war came it was quickly made evident that "the day" for which the German officers so lustily cheered at their mess-tables did not attend it. And the reason was very plain. So overwhelming was the superiority of the British navy in the North Sea, the place of battle when battle should be given, that it would have been merely bravado and national folly for the German fleet to sally forth from its protected harbors to attack. It was all very well for the British Admiralty to order Sir John Jellicoe, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleets, to "find the enemy, capture or destroy him," but the game for the Germans to play was a waiting one. The strategy to which they wisely adhered during the first months of the war was to cling to their fortified stations, and gradually whittle away the English fleet by raids of cruisers, or attacks by torpedo boats or submarines. By so doing they put upon the British navy officers the supreme strain of watching day and night for a deadly foe, the coming of which could be told only by a slender tube (the periscope) dividing the water and rushing through it at 20 knots an hour. Undetected, the submarine was a fatal enemy. Her bolt seldom needed to be shot more than once. Long is the list of British ships that went down before these sinister enemies, and longer still the roster of men who sank with them, before the guns of a real naval battle were heard.

In the tempestuous waters of the North Sea, blockading shores lined with treacherous sands, and on which all beacons had been extinguished, the North Sea fleet passed the first months of the war in the most dismal duty that ever falls to the lot of the navy officer. The strain upon the men was constant. There was no moment when a floating mine might not let loose its fatal blast without warning, not an instant during the day when some submarine might not let slip its tube of death. Happily, by night the submarines were not to be feared, as their periscopes then are unserviceable. But even at that, ceaseless vigilance was needful against attack by torpedo boats. Meantime in London the public was clamoring for a naval battle, and Mr. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, was assuring Parliament that "The rats would soon be dug out of their hole."

The metaphor was a foolish and braggart one. The German strategy of protecting their fleet against overwhelming odds was perfectly right, and it happened that when the "rats" did come out they inflicted serious damage upon the waiting British. But the anxiety of the British public for a pitched battle was long delayed.

Two fixed features of her naval defense seemed for a long time to be worth to Germany more than a whole squadron, or many squadrons, of battleships.

One of these, the Island of Heligoland, must have wrung from the lips of English seamen blockading it many a curse as they contemplated the secure refuge it afforded for German warships, particularly torpedo boats and submarines, and reflected upon its past history. In 1890 it belonged to England, but was given to Germany in exchange for that nation's claim to Zanzibar. There was protest made by English navy officers who foresaw that the island might be made by



An automobile designed by the Germans to carry an aeroplane

The Kaiser and his naval heads—Admiral von Tirpitz, in centre, and Admiral von Holtzendorf at the right

Germany a fortified naval base, but the apprehension was scoffed at by Lord Salisbury, then Premier, who said that soldiers would wish to fortify the moon against an invasion from Mars. Moreover, he urged, the sea was rapidly wearing away the little island, only a mile long and one-third as wide. But Salisbury blundered egregiously. By protective works the Germans checked the encroachment of the waves upon the land. They have piled upon it fortresses and guns until it is as impregnable as Gibraltar itself. And thus they have created, thirty-five miles from their own coast, a torpedo base, which kept the British fleet in constant apprehension of the most dangerous enemy of the battleship to-day—the submarine. For it avails little to the gigantic dreadnaught if her armor is a foot thick from bow to stern, at and above the water line. The skin of the ship at the bottom is scarce half-an-inch thick, and the unseen mine or torpedo tears it apart and usually explodes the magazines of the vessel itself.

Back of the Island of Heligoland lie the great naval bases Cuxhaven, Bremerhaven and Kiel, with its canal connecting the North Sea and the Baltic. Years ago a writer on military affairs declared that the canal at Kiel so vitally affected British naval strength that as soon as it was completed the Kaiser would declare war. It may have been a mere coincidence, but war was in fact declared only three months after the formal opening of the canal. In effect the Kiel Canal multiplies the German North Sea fleet by two. Affording, as it does, passage to the largest battleships, it enables Germany to withdraw its fleet to the Baltic if menaced by the British in the North Sea. Should the British attempt to pursue through the difficult, tortuous and well mined channels of the Skagerak and Cattegat, north of Denmark, the German fleet could slip out into the North Sea and ravage the British coasts before their defenders could possibly return.

For this reason the British fleet in the North Sea long continued inactive. One of the marvels of the war was the veil of secrecy which the Admiralty was able to draw about the position and movements of so collossal a collection of vessels. Only a week before the war, a review of the so-called "Third Fleet"

—that is, the oldest vessels in the navy, usually manned only with skeleton crews—was held. That week the Channel was alive with warships. It seemed to those passing by on stately liners that there was never a moment when one could not reach with a shout the lookouts on some huge battleships or swift cruiser, while for a time destroyers and torpedo boats, drawn up a scant 100 yards apart, formed an impenetrable picket line from the white cliffs of Dover to the harbor of Calais.

A bluejacket's farewell

The Admiralty said the grand review was merely in honor of the King's birthday, but war, declared one week later, found then the fleet ready for action. It sailed away into the North Sea and the veil of the censorship was then dropped over its later movements. From behind that curtain of silence came first the news of the sinking of the German submarine *U*–15. This gallant little vessel, alone and far from her home, was silently slipping toward a British cruiser when the slight ripple in the water, caused by the projection of her periscope tube, caught the eye of a lookout. Almost instantly the rapid fire guns of two cruisers were turned on the tube—a target scarce five inches in diameter cutting through the water at a rate of thirty miles an hour. Small though it was, the mark was almost instantly struck. The one eye of the gallant enemy was darkened. Those in the slender cigar shaped boat beneath the wave were helpless unless they rose to the surface. No sooner did the top of the conning tower rise to view than a hail of shots fell upon it. It was fairly blown to pieces and the submarine, with all on board, went to the bottom. There was no chance for surrender, no time to seek quarter. Swift death was the lot of all the Germans. Such will be the inevitable end of the crew of any defeated submarine. Once exposed to fire, the vessel will sink too swiftly for any rescues, and its own method of delivering its blow is too swift, secret, and deadly for the menaced enemy to grant a moment's time for parley—which might be employed in launching a torpedo.

Thereafter spluttering incidents of naval warfare occurred far and near, though nothing approaching the pitched battle the world was looking for. The English cruiser *Amphion* overtaking the cruising yacht *Koenigen Luise* engaged in sinking mines in the North Sea, sunk her with a few shots, but was herself sunk only a few days later by one of the mines her victim had set afloat. The whole forepart of the ship was shattered and she sank so swiftly that more than 100 of her crew were lost. This first blow to the British navy caused some especial resentment because of the manner in which it had been delivered. Mine laying in neutral waters had long been opposed by the British Government, and an effort to secure its abolition by The Hague Conference was defeated by the German delegates.

An eye-witness thus described the sudden explosion and disappearance of the ill-fated *Amphion:*

"It was 6:30 o'clock when the *Amphion* struck the mine. A sheet of flame instantly engulfed the bridge. The captain was rendered insensible and he fell to the floor. As soon as the captain recovered consciousness he rang to the engineers to stop the engines, which were still going at revolutions for twenty knots. As all the forward part of the *Amphion* was on fire it was found impossible to reach the bridge or flood the fore magazine.

"The ship's back appeared to be broken and she was already settling down by the bow. All efforts therefore were directed to placing the wounded in places of safety in case of an explosion and in getting the cruiser in tow by the stern.

Inside the famous Krupp works at Essen

"By the time the destroyers had closed in it was clearly time to abandon the ship. The men fell in for this purpose with the same composure that had marked their behavior throughout. All was done without hurry or confusion, and twenty minutes after the cruiser struck the mine the men, the officers, and lastly the captain had left the ship.

"Three minutes after the captain had left another explosion occurred. This enveloped and blew up the entire fore part of the vessel. The effect of this showed that the *Amphion* must have struck the second mine, which exploded the fore magazine. Débris falling from a great height struck the rescue boats and the destroyers and one of the *Amphion's* shells burst on the deck of one of the destroyers, killing two Englishmen and one German prisoner.

"The afterpart of the *Amphion* then began to settle quickly until its foremost section was on the bottom and the whole afterpart was inclined to an angle of forty-five degrees. In another quarter of an hour this also had disappeared."

Within a few weeks German submarines sunk the British scout-cruiser *Pathfinder* in the North Sea. The Germans lost their cruiser *Magdeburg* to the Russians, but took swift vengeance by sinking in turn the Russian *Askold*. In the Mediterranean the German ships *Breslau* and *Goeben*—the latter one of Germany's most powerful dreadnaughts—sallied forth with much ado to give battle, but ran away and took refuge in the Dardanelles. For months this sudden substitution of diplomatic evasion for naval courage puzzled the world. Turkey, instead of sending the ships out after a day's anchor—in accordance with the established rule governing neutrals—bought them, or professed to do so, and the incident was a matter of diplomatic disputation until Turkey, herself, entered the war as Germany's ally.

London watching for aerial foes by night

August 28th, occurred the first encounter between the hostile fleets that remotely resembled a battle. A British squadron of battle-cruisers and destroyers, under command of Rear Admiral Sir David Beatty, fell upon four German cruisers and destroyers which had been tempted out of the protected waters of Heligoland through a daring reconnaisance by the light cruiser *Fearless* and in an eight-hour action destroyed them all. Three cruisers and two destroyers were lost to the Germans, with the British fleet practically uninjured. The overwhelming weight of the British fleet made the event of the

The *Hansa*, Germany's biggest Zeppelin at the Leipsic Monument

action certain, though the great difference in results seems to show the German gunnery much inferior to that of their foes.

In the New York *World* of a later date was published this story of the battle by one who took part in it:

"As to our fight off Heligoland, I think I can say that the papers are magnifying what was really but an affair of outposts. We destroyers went in and lured the enemy out, and had lots of excitement. The big fellows then came up and did some excellent target practice, and we were very glad to see them come; but they ought not to consider that we had a fight, because it was a massacre, not a fight. It was superb generalship, having overwhelming forces on the spot; but there really was nothing to do except shoot the enemy, even as Pa shoots pheasants.

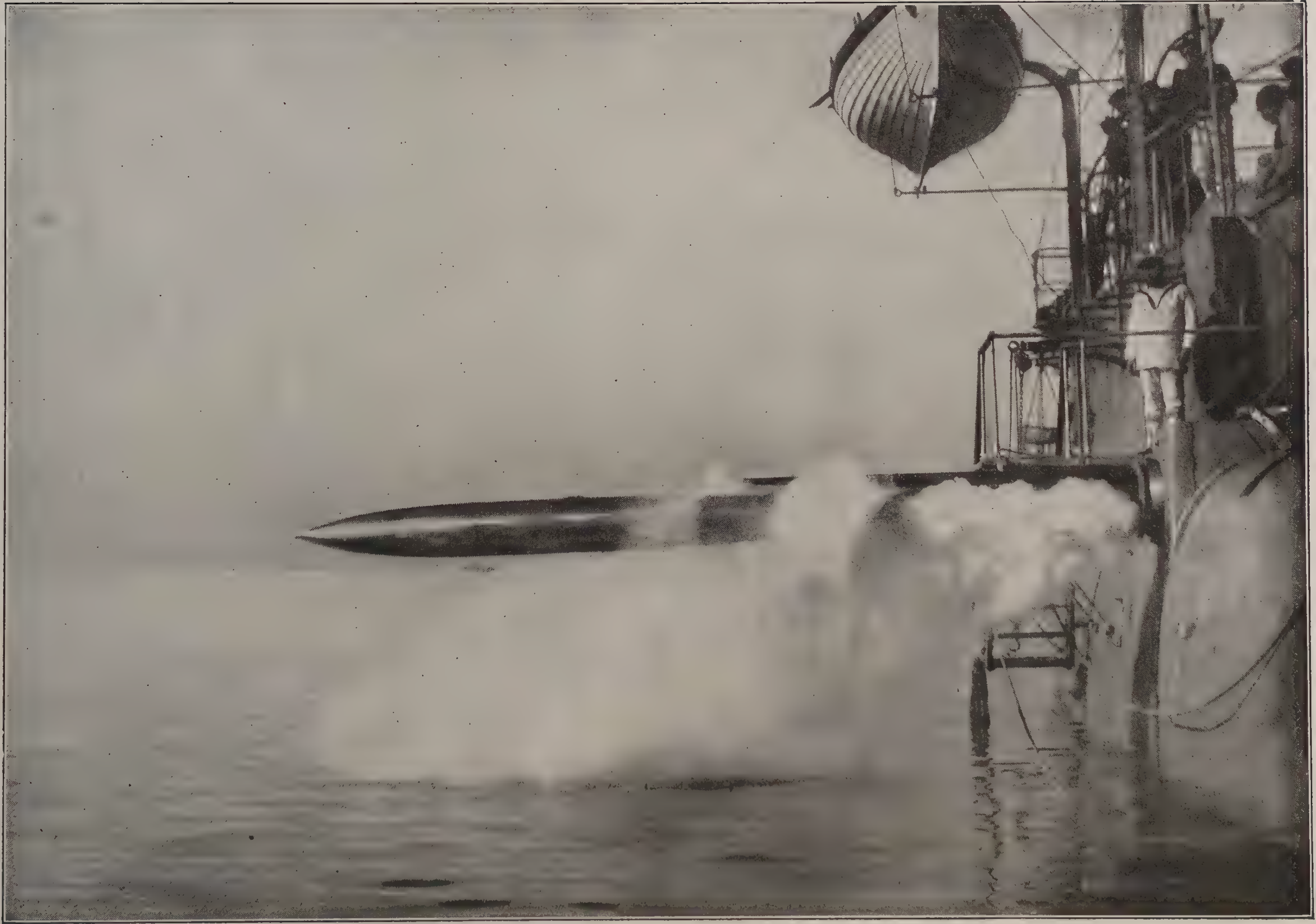
The French battleship *Justice* leading the French fleet

A German Taube, so strikingly like a hawk

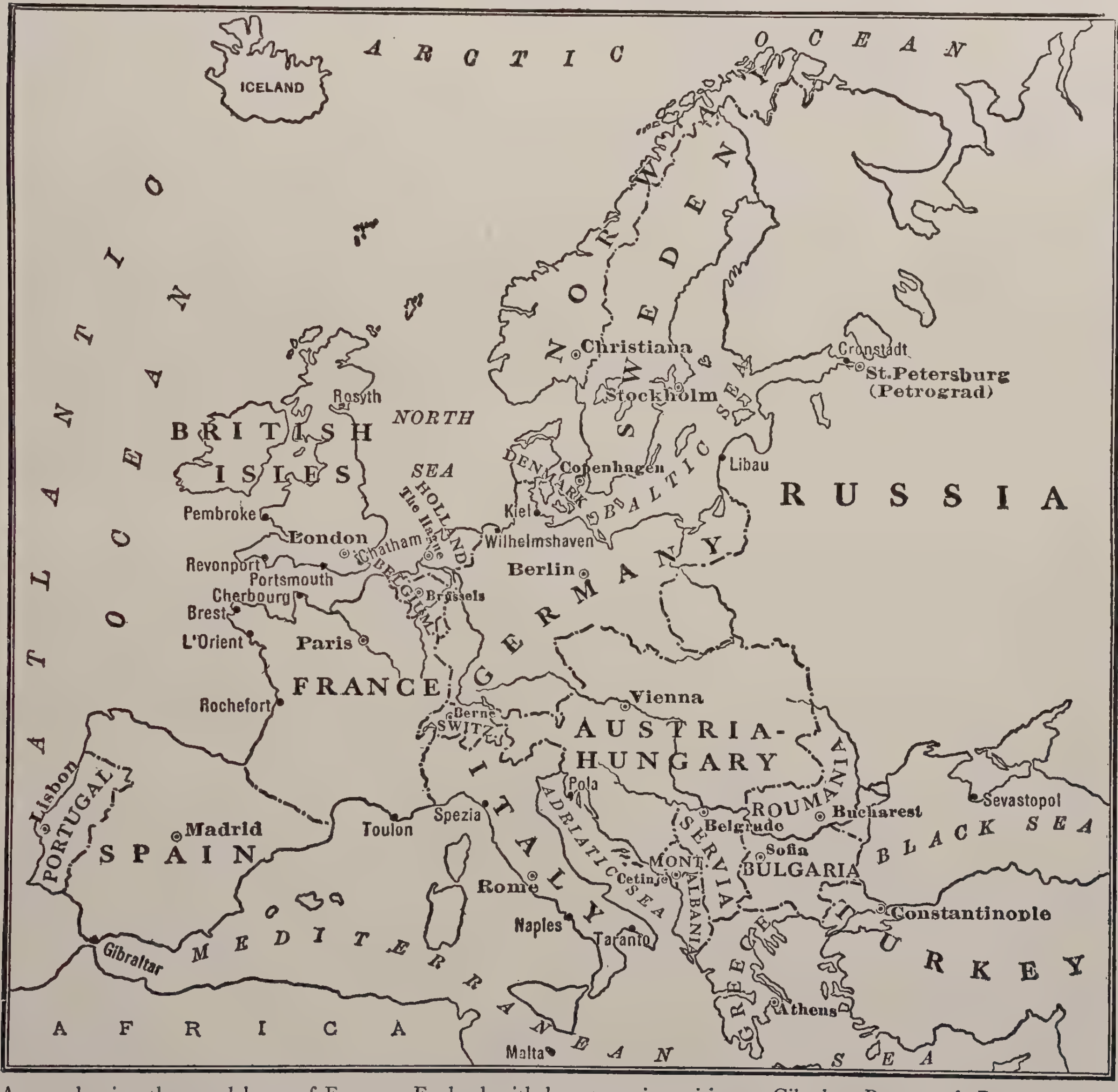
"The fight did us of the destroyers more good than it did our big fellows; for my humble opinion, based on limited observation is that no ship is really herself until she has been under fire. The second time she goes into action you may judge her character. She is not likely to do normally well the first time. We all need to be stiffened, and then given a week or two to take it all in. After that we are set. A ship will always do better in her second action.

"To see the old *Fearless* charging around the field of fight in her second engagement, seeking fresh foes, was most inspiring. Till the "big brothers" came up she was absolutely all in all to us, and she has no bigger guns than we have. I also learn that there is all the difference in the world between a four-inch gun in a cruiser and a four-inch gun

The German fleet under way



A French battleship discharging a torpedo; the camera has caught the projectile at the moment of emerging in a destroyer. I would regard a cruiser armed with a three-inch as about a match for a destroyer with a four-inch; but then I have personally only looked at it from the destroyer point of view; but it must be more unpleasant to have half a dozen shots plumped accurately and together at you, with well-arranged fire control guiding them, watching their fall and applying corrections to range scientifically and dispassionately, rather than to have isolated shots banged off from a vibrating, pulsing destroyer, turning this way and that, with no one to look where the shot falls except perhaps the captain, who has a lot of other things to attend to. We have no spare personnel, no range finder, no masts to look down from. No destroyer to-day will ever engage a cruiser, even of the lightest, by daylight, save at a very great disadvantage and with very great risk to herself.



A map showing the naval bases of Europe. England, with her strategic positions at Gibraltar, Portsmouth, Rosyth, Malta' and the Suez Canal, and her hitherto successful diplomacy at Constantinople, controlled the whole situation

"Have you ever noticed a dog rush in on a flock of sheep and scatter them? He goes for the nearest and barks, and goes so much faster than the flock that it bunches up with its companions. The dog then barks at another, and the sheep spread out fan-wise So all around in front of the dog there is a

France's latest dreadnaught, the *Coubert*

semicircle of sheep, and behind him none. That was much what we did at seven A. M. on the 28th. The sheep were the German torpedo craft, who fell back just on the limits of the range and tried to lure us within the fire of the Heligoland forts; but a cruiser came out and engaged our *Arethusa*. They had a real heart-to-heart talk while we looked on, and a few of us tried to shoot at the enemy, too, though it was beyond our distance.

"We were getting nearer and nearer Heligoland all the time. There was a thick mist, and I expected every minute to find the forts on the island bombarding us. So the *Arethusa* presently drew off, after landing at least one good shell on the enemy. The enemy gave every bit as good as he got there. We then reformed, but a strong destroyer belonging to the submarines got chased and the *Arethusa* and *Fearless* went back to look after her, and we presently heard a hot action astern. So the captain in command of the flotilla turned us around, and we went back to help, but they had driven the enemy off, and on our arrival told us to form up on the *Arethusa*.

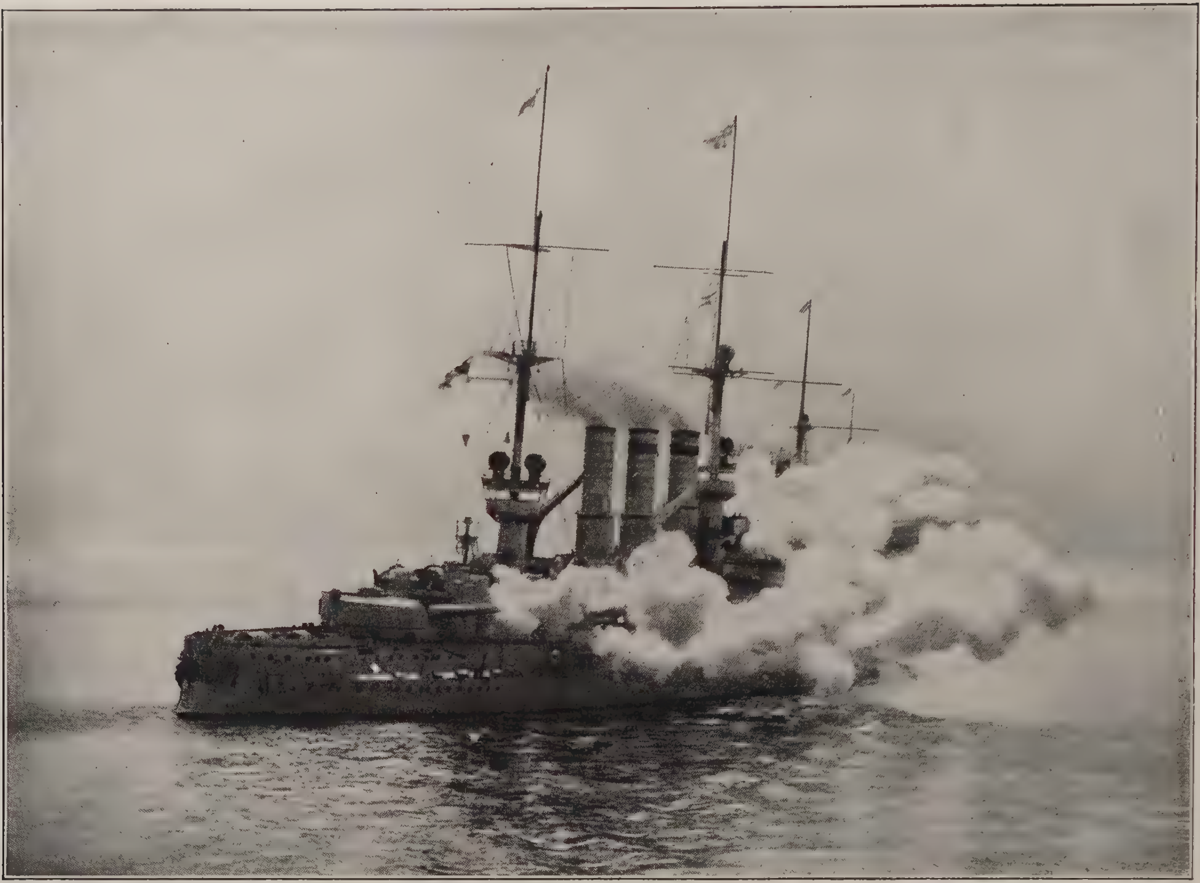
Two British "Dick Deadeyes"

The British flagship *Iron Duke* with aeroplane hovering above

"When we had partly formed and were very bunched together, a fine target, suddenly out of the everywhere arrived five or six shells, not 150 yards away. We gazed at whence they came, and again five or six stabs of fire pierced the mist, and we made out a four-funneled cruiser of the *Breslau* class. Those five stabs were her guns going off. We waited fifteen seconds, and shots and the noise of guns arrived pretty well simultaneously, fifty yards away. Her next salvo went over us, and I personally ducked as they whirred overhead like a covey of fast partridges. You would suppose the captain had done this sort of thing all his life. He went full spead ahead at once at the first salvo to string the bunch out and thus offer less target, and the commodore from the *Arethusa* made a signal to us to attack with torpedoes.

"So we swung around at right angles and charged full speed at the enemy, like a hussar attack. We got away at the start magnificently and led the field, so all the enemy's firing was aimed at us for the next ten minutes. When we got so close that the débris of their shells fell on board we

Types of British bluejackets



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One of the German dreadnaughts firing a broadside

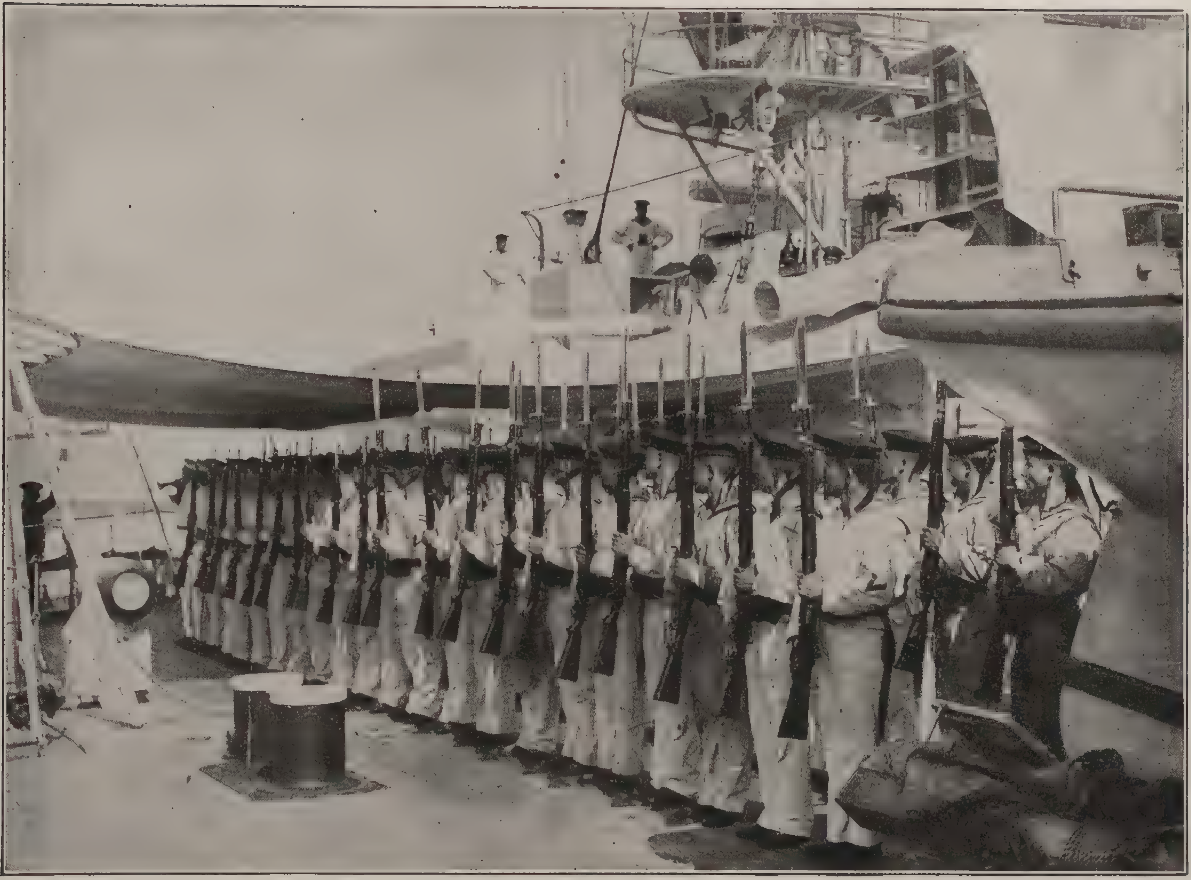
altered our course and so threw them out in their reckoning of our speed, and they had all their work to do over again. Humanly speaking, the captain, by twisting and turning at the psychological moment, saved us; actually, I feel that we were in God's keeping those days.

"After ten minutes we got near enough to fire our torpedo, and then turned back to the *Arethusa*. Next our follower arrived just where we had been and fired his torpedo, and, of course, the enemy fired at him instead of at us; what a blest relief! After the destroyers came the *Fearless*, and she stayed on the scene. Soon we found that she was engaging a three-funneler, the *Mainz*; so off we started again, now for the *Mainz*, the situation being that the crippled *Arethusa* was too tubby to do anything but be defended by us, her children.

"Scarcely, however, had we started when from out the mist and across our front, in furious pursuit, came the first cruiser squadron —the town class, *Birmingham*, etc.—each unit a match for three *Mainzes;* and as we looked and reduced speed they opened fire, and the clear "bang-bang!" of their guns was just a cooling drink. To see a real big four-funneler spouting flame—which flame denoted shells starting, and those shells not at us, but for us—was the most cheerful thing possible.

"Once we were in safety I hated it. We had just been having our own imaginations stimulated on the subject of shells striking; now, a few minutes later, to see another ship, not three miles away, reduced to a piteous mass of unrecognizability, wreathed in black fumes from which flared out angry spouts of fire, like Vesuvius in eruption, as an unending stream of hundred-pound shells burst on board it, just pointed the moral and showed us what might have been.

"The *Mainz* was immensely gallant. The last I saw of her, absolutely wrecked alow and aloft, her whole midships a fuming inferno, she had one gun forward and one aft still spitting forth fury and defiance like a



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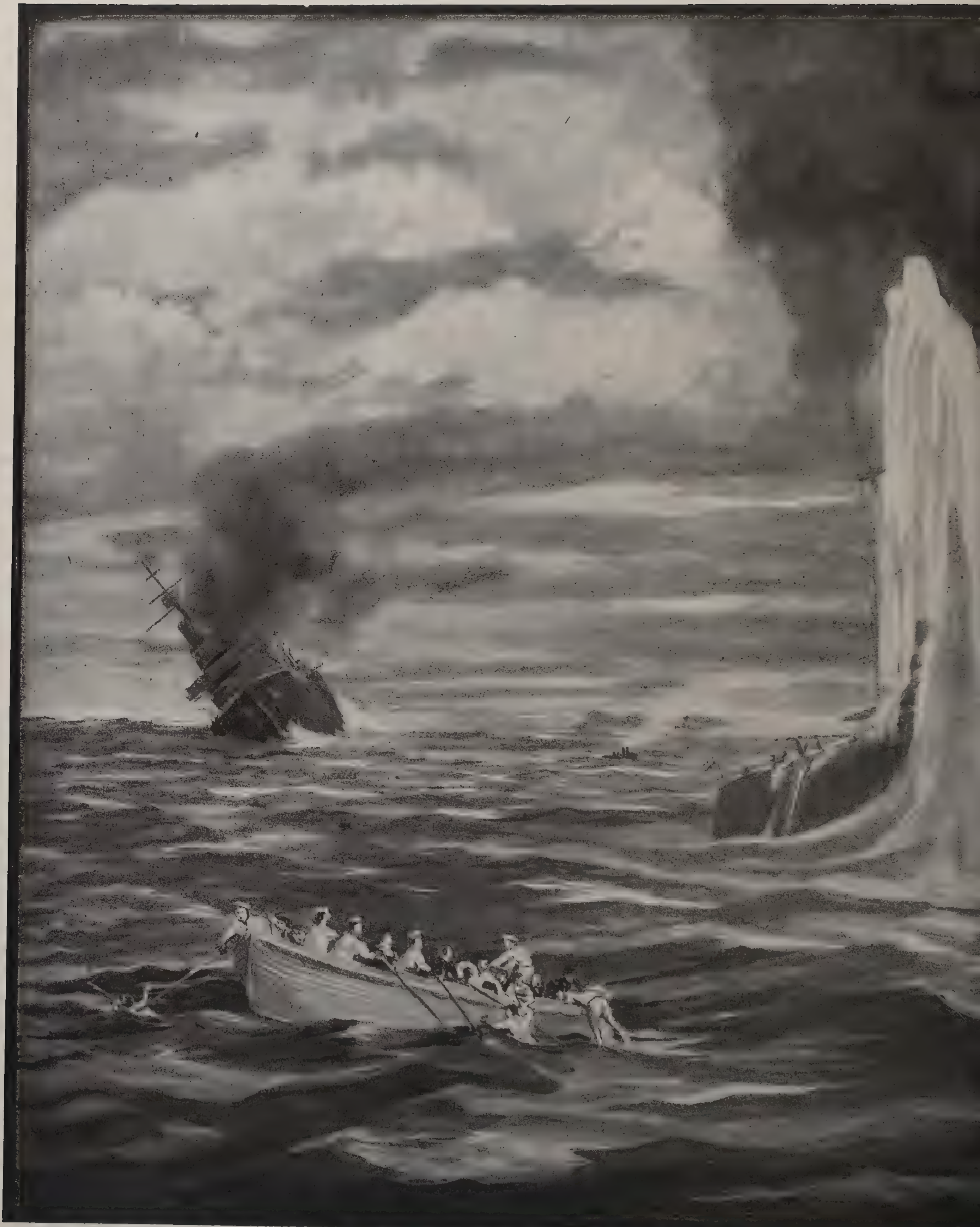
German sailors on board the battleship *Holtke*

wildcat mad with wounds.

"Our own four-funnel friend recommenced at this juncture with a couple of salvos, but rather half-heartedly, and we really did not care a d——, for there, straight ahead of us, in lordly procession, like elephants walking through a pack of dogs, came the *Lion*, *Queen Mary*, *Invincible* and *New Zealand*, our battle cruisers, great and grim and uncouth as some antediluvian monsters. How solid they looked! How utterly earthquaking! We pointed out our latest aggressor to them, whom they could not see from where they were. They passed down the field of battle, with the little destroyers at their left, and destroyers on their right, and we went west, while they went east. Just a little later we heard the thunder of their guns for a space, and then all was silence, and we knew that was all.

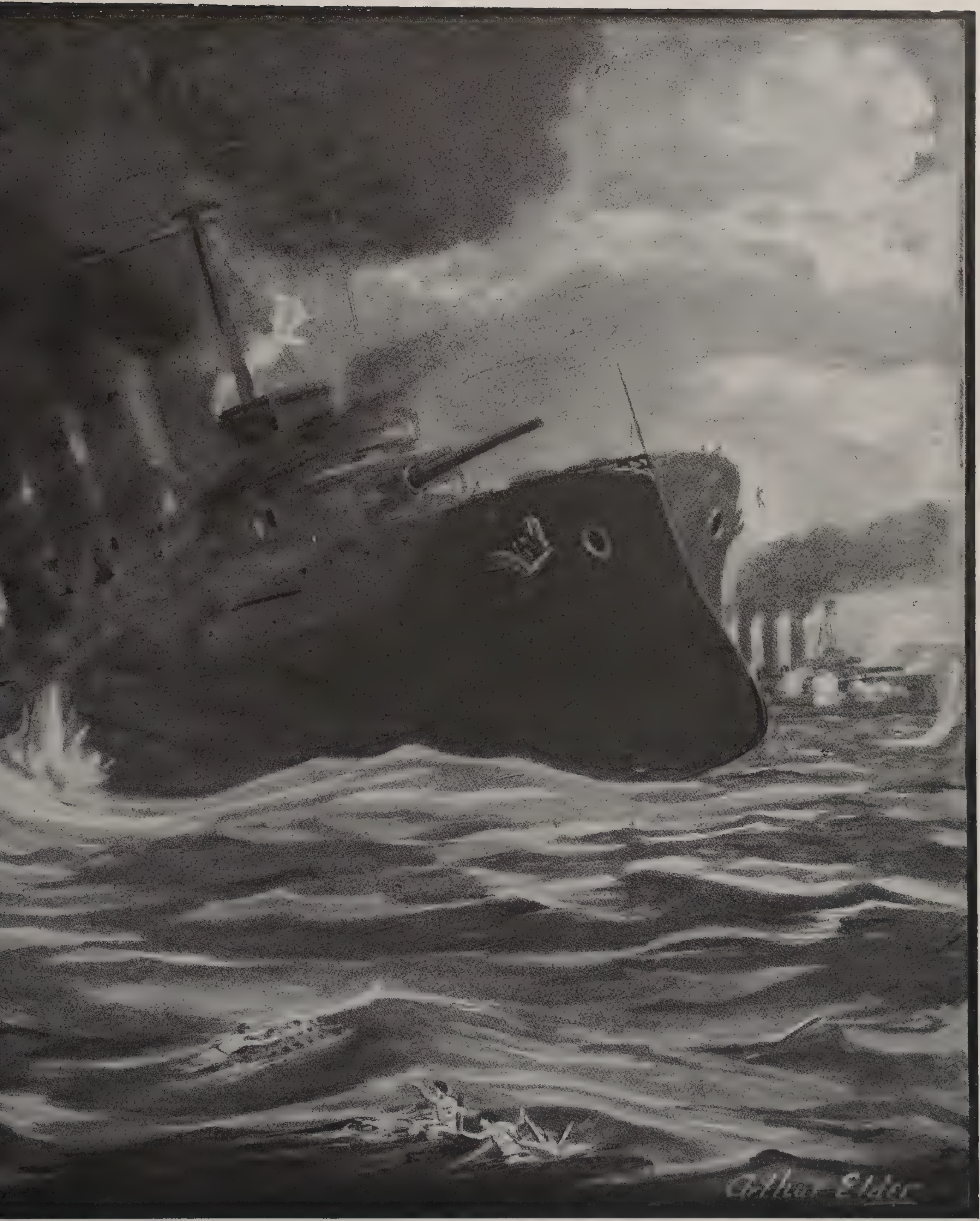
"Then occurred the most romantic, dramatic and piquant episode that modern war can ever show. The *Defender*, having sunk an enemy, lowered a whaler to pick up her swimming survivors. Before the whaler got back an enemy's cruiser came up and chased the *Defender*, and thus she abandoned her whaler. Imagine their feeling, alone in an open boat, without food, twenty-five miles from the nearest land, and that land the enemy's fortress, with nothing but fog and foes around them. Suddenly a swirl alongside, and up, if you please, pops His Britannic Majesty's submarine *E*-4, opens his conning-tower, taken them all on board, shuts up again, dives, and brings them home, 250 miles. Is not that magnificent? No novel would dare face the critics with an episode like that to it, except perhaps Jules Verne's; and all true."

Great was the enthusiasm aroused in London by this triumph. In the early days of war the people are not judicial in their estimates of victory. When the captain of a Spanish steamer in 1898, all unaware of the existence of war, took pains to bring his ship close to Admiral Sampson's fleet in order that, as he explained, he might "salute all



THE SINKING OF THREE BRITISH

The *Aboukir* (at the left) was hit first, after which the *Hogue* (in foreground) was torpedoed so fatally as to sink within twenty minutes.
havoc wrought in the two sinking ships, was so appalled that he almost retired without attempting the destruction of the *Cressy*. His se



S BY THE GERMAN SUBMARINE U–9
le the *Cressy's* boats were on their way to rescue the *Aboukir's* crew. Lieutenant Weddigen, commanding the submarine, when he saw the
mmand is said to have reminded Weddigen, "You know we have four navies fighting us," whereupon the third fatal torpedo was launched

The British submarine *A*-II, just awash

these beautiful warships" and was captured for his courtesy, all American journalism rushed out "extras" to tell of this first victory on the seas. Nor was London more discriminating. The battle of Heligoland was exploited in the press, as that of Trafalgar could never have been for lack of newspapers. But as a matter of fact, the Germans had no chance against the odds, and the main peril braved by the British was of floating mines, none of which were in fact encountered. The chief losses to the Germans were the cruisers *Koln* and *Mainz* with four 12-inch guns and a crew of 379 each; the light cruiser *Ariadne*, with four 10-inch guns and a complement of 275 men, and two destroyers.

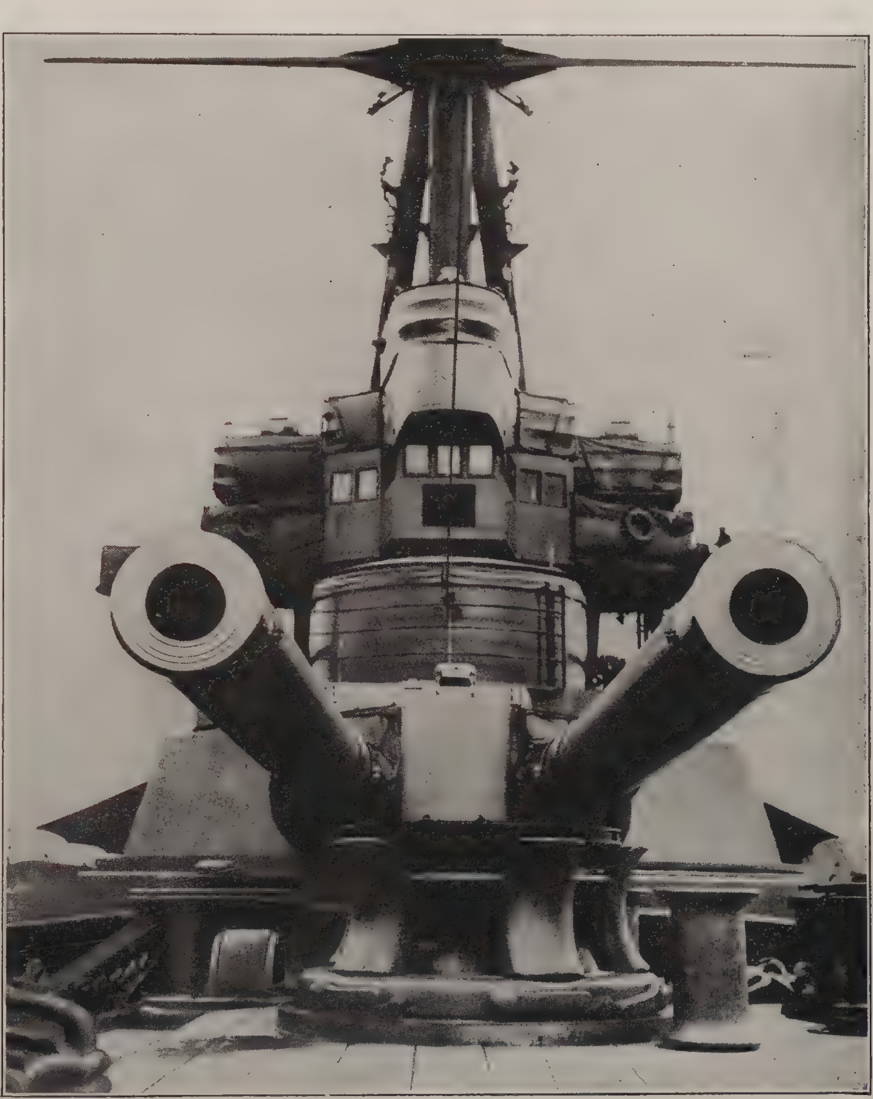
The Germans were not long in getting revenge. On the morning of September 22nd three British cruisers, the *Aboukir*, *Cressy*, and *Hogue* were patrolling the North Sea not

The ration of grog

far from the Hook of Holland. They were all three cruisers of the same class; 12,000 tons each, with a 6-inch armor belt amidships, with a main battery of two 9.2 inch guns, and twelve 6-inch, and a complement of 755 men each. Well within the range of action of the German submarine and torpedo boats, their officers may well be supposed to have been all vigilance. At such a time a warship is all eyes. From every point of vantage lookouts scan the horizon and the surrounding seas with powerful glasses, and every man on board joins in the watch, knowing well that any relaxation of vigilance may cost him his life.

Nevertheless, from none of these ships was a warning cry raised until a German submarine had slipped up to within a mile, fired her torpedo and sent the *Aboukir* to her destruction. Gallantly, but, as the event showed, rashly, her sister cruisers rushed to the aid of the stricken ship, but were themselves torpedoed by the same unseen enemy and sent to the bottom. Its deadly work completed, itself too small to be of aid in rescuing any of the survivors, the German submarine *U*–9, Captain Otto Weddigen, with 26 men aboard, slipped away as secretly as it had stolen up and reached its base at Wilhelmshaven in safety.

At the moment this was the most notable achievement in the history of submarine warfare. Only the vaguest details of the exploit were permitted to leak out, the German War Office not being anxious for any intelligence to be made public that might interfere with the success of subsequent raids of the same sort, while the British Admiralty was not desirous of giving any additional publicity to so disquieting an illustration of the helplessness of even armored ships before the sinister submarine. An American newspaper, the New York *World*, secured and published the following description of the exploit from Captain Weddigen himself. After telling of his voyage, the duration of which he conceals—on the surface except when vessels were sighted—he says that when eighteen miles northwest of the Hook of Holland he sighted through his periscope three British cruisers.



The big guns of a British battleship

"I submerged completely and laid my course so as to bring up in the centre of the trio, which held a sort of triangular formation.

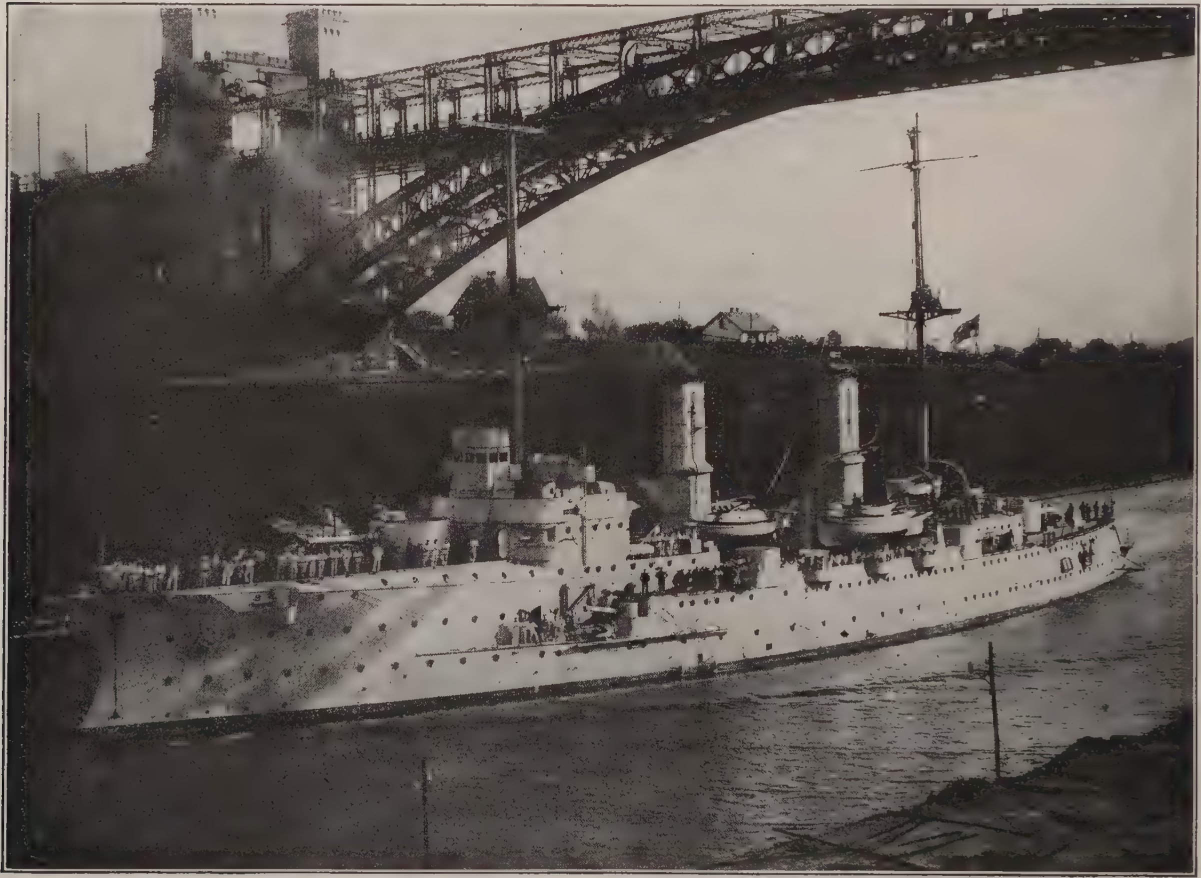
I could see their gray black sides riding high over the water.

"When I first sighted them they were near enough for torpedo work, but I wanted to make my aim sure, so I went down and in on them. I had taken the position of the three ships before submerging and I succeeded in getting another flash through my periscope before I began action. I soon reached what I regarded as a good shooting point.

[The officer is not permitted to give this distance, but it is understood to have been considerably less than a mile, although the German torpedoes have an effective range of four miles.]

"Then I loosed one of my torpedoes at the middle ship. I was then about twelve feet under water and got the shot off in good shape, my men handling the boat as if she had been a skiff. I climbed to the surface to get a sight through my tube of the effect, and discovered that the shot had gone straight and true, striking the ship, which I learned later was the *Aboukir*, under one of her magazines, which in exploding helped the torpedo's work of destruction.

"There was a fountain of water, a burst of smoke, a flash of fire and part of the cruiser rose in the air. Then I heard a roar and felt reverberations sent through the water by the detonation. She had been broken apart and sank in a few minutes. The *Aboukir* had been stricken in a vital spot and by an unseen force that made the blow all the greater.



The German schoolship *Venita* under Lowensauer Bridge at Kiel

"Her crew were brave, and even with death staring them in the face kept to their posts, ready to handle their useless guns, for I submerged at once. But I stayed on top long enough to see the other cruisers, which I learned were the *Cressy* and *Hogue*, turn and steam full speed to their dying sister, whose plight they could not understand, unless it had been due to an accident.

"The ships came on a mission of inquiry and rescue, for many of the *Aboukir's* crew were now in the water; the order having been given "Each man for himself."

"But soon the other two English cruisers learned what had brought about the destruction so suddenly.

"As I reached my torpedo depth I sent a second charge at the nearer of the oncoming vessels, which was the *Hogue.* The English were playing my game, for I had scarcely to move out of my position, which was a great aid, since it helped to keep me from detection.

"On board my little boat the spirit of the German navy was to be seen in its best form. With enthusiasm every man held himself in check and gave attention to the work in hand.

"The attack on the *Hogue* went true. But this time I did not have the advantageous aid of having the torpedo detonate under the magazine, so for twenty minutes the *Hogue* lay wounded and helpless on the surface before she heaved, half turned over and sank.

"By this time, the third cruiser knew, of course, that the enemy was upon her and she sought as best she could to defend herself. She loosed her torpedo defense batteries on both starboard and port, and stood her ground as if more anxious to help the many sailors who were in the water than to save herself. In common with the method of defending herself against a submarine attack, she steamed in a zig-zag course, and this made it necessary for me to hold my torpedoes until I could lay a true course for them, which also made it necessary for me to get nearer to the *Cressy.* I had come to the surface for a view and saw how wildly the fire was being sent from the ship. Small wonder that was when they did not know where to shoot, although one shot went unpleasantly near us.

"When I got within suitable range I sent away my third attack. This time I sent a second torpedo after the first to make the strike doubly certain. My crew were aiming like sharpshooters and both torpedoes went to their bullseye. My luck was with me again, for the enemy was made useless and at once began sinking by her head. Then she car-

A British super-dreadnaught leaving port

Count Zeppelin, at the left, with Colonel Schmiedcke and Professor Heigesell

eened far over, but all the while her men stayed at the guns looking for their invisible foe. They were brave and true to their country's sea traditions. Then she eventually suffered a boiler explosion and completely turned turtle. With her keel uppermost she floated until the air got out from under her and then she sank with a loud sound, as if from a creature in pain.

"The whole affair had taken less than one hour from the time of shooting off the first torpedo until the *Cressy* went to the bottom. Not one of the three had been able to use any of its big guns. I knew the wireless of the three cruisers had been calling for aid. I was still quite able to defend myself, but I knew that news of the disaster would call many English submarines and torpedo boat destroyers, so, having done my appointed work, I set my course for home.

"My surmise was right, for before I got very far some British cruisers and destroyers were on the spot, and the destroyers took up the chase. I kept under water most of the way, but managed to get off a wireless to the German fleet that I was heading homeward and being pursued. I hoped to entice the enemy, by allowing them now and then a glimpse of me, into the zone in which they might be exposed to capture or destruction by German warships, but although their destroyers saw me plainly at dusk on the 22nd and made a final effort to stop me, they abandoned the attempt, as it was taking them too far from safety and needlessly exposing them to attack from our fleet.

"How much they feared our submarines and how wide was the agitation caused by good little *U*–9 is shown by the English reports that a whole flotilla of German submarines had attacked the cruisers, and that this flotilla had approached under cover of the flag of Holland.

"These reports were absolutely untrue. *U*–9 was the only submarine on deck, and she flew the flag she still flies—the German naval ensign—which I hope to keep forever as a glorious memento and as an inspiration for devotion to the fatherland.

"I reached the home port on the afternoon of the 23rd, and on the 24th went to Wilhelmshaven to find that news of my effort had become public. My wife, dry eyed when I went away, met me with tears. Then I learned that my little vessel and her brave crew had won the plaudit of the Kaiser, who conferred upon each of my co-workers the Iron Cross of the second class, and upon me the Iron Cross of the first and second class."

Over 1,200 men went down with the three cruisers—done to their death by a handful of but 26. Thirty-six thousand tons of modern steel warships, packed with heavy guns and equipped with all the latest devices for maritime warfare, were destroyed in an hour by a pigmy craft of 450 tons. What wonder that men the world over began to predict the abandonment even of the dreadnaughts, for all their weight of armor on their sides will avail them not a whit against attack from below. As the iron-clad sides of the *Merrimac*, and the revolving turret of the little *Monitor* relegated to the scrap-heap the "wooden walls of England," so the submarine, and its scarcely less sinister coadjutor, the airship, may put an end to the $12,000,000 floating forts of steel which the powers have been building.

One immediate result of this action, which seemed rather to destroy the element of chivalry in naval warfare, was the issuance of a rule by the Admiralty that henceforward, when one ship of a squadron should be torpedoed by a submarine, the others, instead of rushing to her aid, should turn craven sterns upon her and flee in all directions for safety. Not glorious this, perhaps, though sane and vividly illustrative of the irresistible menace and terrifying threat of the submarine.

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Repairing French aeroplanes on the field

Meanwhile lesser naval actions and losses were reported from all parts of the world. In far-off Zanzibar the British cruiser *Pegasus* was put out of action by the German *Koenigsberg*. In the Baltic the German cruiser *Augsberg* went down before a Russian submarine. Three Austrian cruisers and two torpedo boats met fate at the hands of the French in the Adriatic, though in the main the inactivity of the French navy in the first three months of the war was such as to occasion biting criticism from naval experts. Beyond a rather languid bombardment of the Austrian port of Cattaro, the French men-of-war showed but little activity.

Nor, in the main, did the Russian navy figure more largely in the war news, though, as that branch of the Russian armed service had never recovered from the blow dealt to it in the Russo-Japanese war, little had been expected of it. Early in October the Russian navy narrowly escaped such a disaster as had befallen England in the loss of the *Aboukir* and her sister ships. Two Russian cruisers, the *Pallada* and the *Bayan* were arresting some suspected Dutch ships in the Baltic when they were attacked by German submarines. Though the submarines were detected, and subjected to a fierce fire, they succeeded in launching their torpedoes against the *Pallada*, which sank, carrying down practically her whole crew of 568 men.

Again early in October the deadly submarine tore the vitals out of the British cruiser *Hawke*, sending her to the bottom in eight minutes with 475 men out of her complement of 544. With admirable discipline the ship's crew set about launching the boats when the explosion first rent the ship's hull, but she

The British cruiser *Hogue,* sunk by a German submarine

heeled so far to port that the boats on that side were crushed under the ship, while those on the starboard side swung inboard and were useless. The few men saved were picked up clinging to wreckage. The mystery of a submarine attack is illustrated by the narrative of a stoker who, being blown from his post by a sudden blast, thought only that a boiler had exploded. He at once found the interior of the ship in flames and, hearing the clear notes of a bugle rising above the din, made his way to the open deck where he found the officers on the bridge giving orders "as calmly as if we were on fleet parade, and the orders were as calmly obeyed." But the ship sank so rapidly that the order "Every man for himself," was given and in less than ten minutes the *Hawke* had vanished. Her sister ship, the *Theseus,* was near by, but in obedience to the Admiralty's orders, fled after being narrowly missed by a torpedo. Such of the *Hawke's* men as were saved were picked up by stray fishing boats.

With the destruction of this ship, October 15th, 1914, the record of losses to the British navy amounted to seven cruisers with a tonnage of 48,370, and crews numbering 3,397, of whom 2,298 were lost—a frightful percentage, illustrating the deadliness of submarine attack. So far as known, only one of the submarines that did this deadly work was destroyed, and that one not at the time of action but by being caught napping later. The losses were, of course, not all to the British, for during the same period four German cruisers, two destroyers, one torpedo boat, three submarines and eight merchant ships armed as com-

Last view of the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* merce destroyers were sunk. None the less, the record in the North Sea appalled and embittered the British public and caused a redoubling of the demand that "the rats be dug out of their holes."

But if the record of actual armed combat told heavily against the British, the service of that navy in sweeping the seas of German commerce was most efficiently performed. As if by magic the German flag disappeared from the ocean, while neutral ports, like New York, harbored fleets of great German liners laid up for safety for the period of the war. Recognizing their peril, comparatively few German ships put to sea after the declaration of war, but of these a report from the British Admiralty declared 133 were captured by British warships before October 15th.

The British cruiser *Aboukir*, sunk by a German submarine

Nevertheless, in this matter of harassing an enemy's merchant vessels the Germans showed themselves peculiarly shrewd and elusive. Two cruisers, the *Emden* a 24-knot ship with ten 4-inch guns, and a complement of 361 men, and the *Karlsruhe*, with twelve 4-inch guns, 373 men and a speed of 28 knots, were thorns in the British flesh. At one time, according to the British Admiralty, British, French, Japanese, and Russian warships were hunting these cruisers, which somehow managed to keep the ocean, renew their stocks of coal, and sink and burn British ships in every one of the Seven Seas. By British admission the *Emden* had sunk 20 British merchantmen, and the *Karlsruhe* thirteen by the 15th of October and their careers were still to endure. Like the famous Confederate cruiser *Alabama*, these ships were vagrants on the high seas,

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The German cruiser *Mainz*, sinking

barred from their home ports and allowed scant courtesy in the ports of neutrals. With seventy armed ships of the Allies on their tracks, the German commanders showed superhuman cunning in escaping detection so long.

Mlle. Valentine Ducisg

Mlle. Mathilde Moisant

Mme. Niel

VOLUNTEERS FOR THE FRENCH AËRIAL SERVICE

Mlle. Marvingh

But the inevitable end came to the *Emden* November 10th, when she was overhauled by the Australian cruiser *Sidney*, nearly double her size, and carrying eight 6-inch guns to the *Emden's* ten 4-inch guns. The battle was but short—a running one so far as the German ship was concerned. After two of her smokestacks had been shot away and the flames were sweeping her fore and aft, she was driven ashore and burned. Of her crew of 300 men, more than half were lost. But her commander, Captain Von Muller, escaped to become a hero among naval men of every service.

The career of the *Emden* had been adventurous. In all she captured and destroyed thirty-one vessels, sending several others home as transports for prisoners taken. Late in October she had astonished the world by rigging up a fourth smokestack to disguise her identity, and slipping into the Harbor of Penang under a Japanese flag. Once past the guns of the British fort which guarded the entrance, she torpedoed a French destroyer and the Russian cruiser *Jempchut*, and turning about steamed safely out of the harbor. For a time her depredations in the Indian Ocean and Straits of Malacca perilized British shipping and made the rates of insurance almost prohibitive.

At the beginning the same halt was apparent in the war in the sky as there had been in the war on the sea. Ever since the Wright brothers, Americans, taught mankind to fly in machines heavier than air—as contrasted with the balloon type of flying machine—the world had been all agog for a battle in the air. It is a curious, and not a pleasing commentary upon the civilization of the twentieth century, that all humanity took it for granted that the first and chief employment of the aeroplane in its varied form was to be in making more thorough, systematic, and efficient the art of killing men by wholesale. The governments of Europe, being particularly interested in that art, took up the American invention with interest and developed it to such an extent that 'planes were constructed capable of carrying a pilot and a gunner with a machine gun and ample ammunition, all carried in an armored car. Bombs and steel arrows were to be dropped from these aircraft, which themselves were devised to be launched from the deck of a warship, to rise from or to slide along the surface of the water, to be neatly disjointed and carried in sections on motor cars. The Russian Skihorsky machine can carry sixteen passengers, or a load of artillery and ammunition weighing a ton, besides 800 pounds of ammunition. Many are equipped with searchlights and wireless apparatus. A new American invention, applying the gyroscope to the aeroplane, increasing its stability and making it in the inventor's words, "fool proof," so relieves the burden of watchfulness from the pilot that he can be part of the fighting or observing crew. Indeed, as the war progressed it appeared that the limit of development of aircraft had not yet been imagined. In style and name they were as various as the nations at war, and their numbers reached into the hundreds for each nation, though precise figures were carefully concealed. Each nation continued busily building to make up losses in action.

Dirigibles, too, were brought to a high degree of perfection, Germany with her famous Zeppelins leading the world in the development of this form of aircraft. France and England had their own dirigibles, elongated gasbags lacking the rigidity which Count Zeppelin made the characteristic quality of the craft bearing his name. But these nations were early convinced of the inferiority of the great gasbag to the more mobile, swift

A remarkable view from an airship, near Baden Baden

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German submarine *U*-9, which sunk the three British cruisers *Aboukir*, *Hogue*, and *Cressy* in the North Sea

and elusive aeroplane, which is to it as the torpedo boat is to the battleship.

The Zeppelin, terrifying as its appearance is, and superior as it is in carrying capacity and range of action to the heavier-than-air craft, has its serious limitations. To begin with, it is utterly dependent for shelter upon huge, specially constructed sheds, or hangars, when not aloft. Anchored without this protection it is helpless before even a moderate gale, incapable of being so secured as not to be dashed against surrounding objects. This makes it necessary for every Zeppelin trip or raid to be so planned that the great craft may make its way back to its shelter, or find another prepared for it before its supply of fuel, or of supporting gas, gives out. To this end Germany prepared Zeppelin bases at various points in her territory particularly at Cuxhaven and Kiel, and further built sectional hangars to be transported with the army and erected wherever a new base seemed necessary. Great ingenuity was employed in designing these hangars. Some were put upon monster turn-tables—usually 500 feet or more in length—that they might be so turned that the aircraft emerging should be sheltered from the wind. Their great size made them fair targets for bombs from hostile aeroplanes, and accordingly some were so built as to sink into pits, bringing their roofs level with the ground thus making them almost indistinguishable from above. Any successful effort to destroy a group of these hangars would have practically put the ships attached to them out of service. Appreciating this, English aviators did indeed make a dash over Cologne and dropped some bombs on the hangars there, but without serious effect.

Indeed the first three months of the war passed away without either aeroplane or dirigible proving itself to be of any particular value as an engine of offense. It was believed that the Germans were saving and increasing their fleet of Zeppelins for a prodigious raid on the English fleet and on London. Early in the struggle they sent "Taubes," as their best flier of the aeroplane type was called, over Paris and dropped a few bombs, but without valuable result. A few inoffensive citizens were killed, but it is matter of grave doubt whether more were not slain by the fusillade of shots fired from every part of the city at the aircraft—with entire indifference as to where the shots would fall—than by the bombs dropped from the skies. A Paris journalist remarked that when the first bombs were dropped the people ran in panic from the scene of the explosion—later they ran with curiosity toward it. And all the time the great Eiffel Tower rose 1000 feet in the air, its base covering acres of ground, and on its crest the wireless, snapping out government messages to the far-off Russian allies. Yet the bomb-throwing aeroplanes missed it in all these months.

As for the Zeppelins in the early days of the war, it is probable that the Germans regretted their use of them. For one flying over Antwerp, at a time when that city was not besieged, and when under the rules of civilized warfare it was exempt from bombardment, dropped bombs which killed some wounded soldiers in a hospital, and a mother and two children in bed. The neutral world already stood aghast at the reports of German atrocities in Belgium—many of them grossly exaggerated and even wholly without foundation—and this wanton slaughter did infinitely more damage to its perpetrators than to the Belgians. It occurred at a moment when Germany was seeking with great assiduity and extraordinary cleverness the good opinion of that part of the world at peace. The great intellectual element in Germany, and its representatives in other lands, notably in the United States, acting as a unit in defense of the Fatherland, had been with voice and pen defending the German position that the war had been forced upon the Kaiser, and had marshalled evidence and argument to prove that the atrocities in Belgium were either fabrications, or were sporadic instances of individual barbarism against which no military authority can guard when hundreds of thousands of men are mustered and imbued with the war spirit. There was much in the plea of intellectual Germany, but its effect was sadly shattered by the Zeppelin raids which could not be explained away as being without authority.

The French type of hydroaeroplane

It is probable that the verdict of mankind will be that the offensive operations of air craft, except against fortifications or war vessels, are ineffective and should be prohibited. It may have pleased the imagination of the Germans to think of London and Paris as living in hourly terror of attack from above, with streets darkened at night and searchlights nervously sweeping the sky, but the French and British forces in the field did not fight with a grain less of determination for that.

Nor did the world have an opportunity to read of the realization of Tennyson's dream of "the nations' airy navies, grappling in the heavenly blue."

Some individual conflicts between daring aviators there were, but nothing like a battle of aërial navies. In a Berlin paper a German aviator told of his part in one such duel, with a sprightliness that gives a fair idea of what such a conflict might have been:

"At Paris! My flying companion shouted something into my face. Although the noise of the motor drowned it out. I believed that I nevertheless understood what he meant. I glanced at the benzine indicator. I had sufficient fuel. Then I held a direct course to the south, and after a period of about half an hour we saw ahead of us in the gray distance—far, far below, the gray, immeasurable sea of stone that was the chief city of France. At a speed of 100 kilometers an hour we rushed toward it. It became clearer and plainer. The chain of forts, St. Denis, Montmartre, stood out; from the haze there raised itself the filigree framework of the Eiffel Tower. And now—now we hover over the mellow panorama of Paris.

"Paris! The major pointed below with his finger, then turned slowly to me, raised himself from his seat, and—yodelled at the top of his voice! I saw it, although the motor, which sang its song incessantly, overwhelmed the sound. And I? I went absolutely out of my little head with joy, and cut the maddest capers and caracoles in the air with my trusty biplane. There lay the white church of Sacre Coeur; there the Gare du Nord, from which the French thought to leave for across the Rhine; there Notre Dame, there the old 'Boul Mich,' the Boulevard St. Michel in the Latin Quarter, where I bohemianized so long as an art student, and over which I now flew as a conqueror. Unprotected beneath me lay the heart of the enemy, the proud glittering Babel of the Seine. The thought of everything hateful, always attached to the great city, was swallowed up; an emotion of possession, of power alone remained. And doubly joyful we felt ourselves. Doubly conquerors! In a great circle I swept over the sea of houses. In the streets raised itself a murmuring of the people, whom the bold "German bird" astonished, who cannot understand how the Germans are turning the French discoveries to their own service more cleverly and advantageously than the French themselves.

"For nearly an hour we had been flying in swoops and had been shot at vainly from here and there below us, when there approached in extremely rapid flight from the direction of Juvisy a French monoplane. Since it was much faster than my biplane, I must turn and seek to escape, while the Major made ready my rifle and reached for his revolver. The monoplane came steadily closer and closer; I sought to reach an altitude of 2,000 meters in order to reach the protecting clouds, but my

England's warships and latest types of aeroplanes and dirigible pursuer, on whom we constantly kept an eye, climbed more rapidly than we, and came always closer and closer. And suddenly I saw at a distance of only about 500 meters still a second biplane, attempting to block my way.

"Now it was time to act. In an instant my companion had grasped the situation. I darted at the flier before us; then a turn—the Major raised the rifle to his cheek. Once, twice, thrice, he fired. Then the hostile machine, now beside us, and hardly a hundred meters away, quivered and then fell like a stone. Our other pursuer had in the meantime reached a position almost over us, and was shooting at us with revolvers. One bullet struck in the body close beside the fuel controller. Then, however, impenetrable mist enfolded us protectingly, and the clouds separated us from the enemy, the sound of whose motor grew ever more distant.

"When we came out again from the sea of clouds it was toward seven o'clock. In order to get our position we descended, but suddenly there began to burst before us and behind us and beside us roaring shrapnel shells. I found myself still always over hostile positions and exposed to French artillery. 'The devil to pay again.' Ever madder grew the fire. I noticed that the machine received blow after blow, but held cold-bloodedly to my course; at the time it did not come into my mind at all that these little pointed pieces of steel meant death and destruction. Something in mankind remains untouched by knowledge and logic.

"There—suddenly before me, a yellow-white burst of flame! The machine bounds upward; at the same time the Major shrinks together, blood runs from his shoulder, the wiring of one of the wings is shattered. To be sure, the motor still booms and thunders as before, but the propeller fails. An exploding grenade had knocked it to pieces, torn one of the wings to shreds, and smashed the Major's shoulder. Steeply my machine sinks to the ground. By calling up all my power, I succeed in getting the machine into a gliding flight, and I throw the biplane down into the tops of the forest trees. Crashing break the branches and tree crowns. I strike heavily, and know no more what goes on around me."

Sir John R. Jellicoe

But as scouts the aeroplanes have revolutionized warfare. Rising high above serious danger of fire from below, capable of a speed exceeding 100 miles an hour, equipped as they may be with suspended searchlights, making the field below bright in the darkest night, capable of travelling a hundred miles along the most extended battleline and bringing back in three or four hours accurate reports of the enemy's dispositions and movements, they have practically eliminated the elements of uncertainty and surprise from war. They are of the utmost advantage too in locating masked batteries, and in indicating ranges. An aviator hovering over a masked battery, and himself perfectly visible from his own lines miles away, would throw out from his car handfuls of black power which would indicate to the distant gunners, the precise location of the battery their shells must find. Or one of the newer and longer aeroplanes equipped with wireless apparatus could report from behind and above the enemy's lines the movements he was there observing, and enable his own commander to meet and check them. What in the old days of war was done by the cavalry screen, and the advancing line of skirmishers, will henceforward be accomplished by the "birdmen." With all the armies engaged during this war, the sky above is dotted with these aërial observers. Men in the trenches found something uncanny in the way that the silent appearance of one of these craft above them, and the soft floating in the air of a few handfuls of black powder thrown from the car, would be instantly followed by shells bursting among them which, before, had shrieked harmlessly overhead. And the repeated failures of the efforts of either side to outflank the other were due wholly to perfect information of all movements furnished by the airmen.

The student of military strategy may find an interesting speculation in considering how much more speedily the Army of the Potomac or the Army of Northern Virginia would have reached Richmond in our own Civil War had "Stonewall" Jackson's raids around its flanks to the rear, by the Shenandoah Valley, been swiftly reported by the silent spies of the sky.

It was made apparent however that in aeroplane scouting, as in most things, experience counts. Early in the war the French aviator Pegoud said:

"From an aeroplane one sees—but one does not always know what it is that one sees. The airman may see that the enemy is in possession of territory, but the work of developing in what strength it is held must still be carried out by cavalry or motor scouts."

That condition did not long persist however. The aërial observers developed remarkable skill in estimating forces, and fixing the character of the troops from the vague outlines visible from an elevation of half a mile or more. They became so expert that the exact number of regiments in a marching column, almost the precise number of guns in an advancing battery would be ticked off by wireless by an aviator twenty miles from his headquarters and far within the enemy's lines. Three thousand feet was the ordinary height prescribed for an observation flight by both English and French regulations, with an additional one thousand feet if artillery fire is encountered. At the former elevation a trained observer could distinguish between cavalry and artillery, and very readily between infantry and either other branch. As a guide for range-finding the aeroplanes were

Peace and war

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“WATCHFUL WAITING” ON THE DECK OF A GERMAN BATTLE CRUISER most efficient. One incident was reported from Soissons, Sept. 17, thus:

"Last night an air scout located a train filled with German soldiers, and the pilot dropped a torch to indicate the range. Our artillery blew the train to pieces within a few minutes."

Aircraft are swiftly built. Even the giant Zeppelins require but three or four months to construct, while in well equipped factories aeroplanes can be turned out in a fortnight. All the chief belligerents were busy building throughout the war. At the outset, however, their comparative strength in aircraft was indicated by this estimate from a reliable source:

France: aeroplanes, 1,200 military, 500 added during the period of mobilization by acquisition of private machines and output of factories. Dirigibles, 12 of close to 400 feet in length; 14 of less than 300 feet in length; 5 privately owned, or 31 altogether.

Germany: aeroplanes, 600 military, 400 added during the period of mobilization by acquisition and output of factories. Dirigibles, 12 Zeppelins of from 350 to 490 feet in length; 23 dirigibles of other types, including those privately owned.

Russia: aeroplanes, 800 military, 150 added during the period of mobilization. Dirigibles 16 of different types, but mostly under 250 feet in length.

England: 200 navy seaplanes; 300 army aeroplanes; 300 added during the period of mobilization. Dirigibles, 15, mostly new, up-to-date machines acquired in the last twelve months.

Austria: aeroplanes, 350, of which all but 100 were acquired at the beginning of the war. Dirigibles, 8, mostly less than 300 feet long.

Belgium: aeroplanes, 40, and 40 acquired at the beginning of hostilities. Dirigibles, 2.

Servia: aeroplanes, 40, dirigibles, none.

These forces were divided in each country in units composed of between one and six squadrons of eight aeroplanes each and one or two dirigibles and were stationed at aerodromes near military centres.

Armored car of a British airship

The Army of the Dead

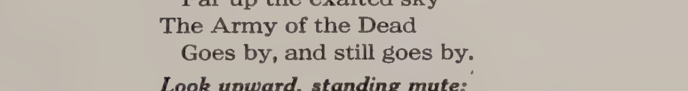
By BARRY PAIN

I dreamed that overhead
  I saw in twilight grey
The Army of the Dead
  Marching upon its way,
So still and passionless
  With faces so serene,
That scarcely could one guess
  Such men in war had been.

No mark or hurt they bore,
  Nor smoke nor bloody stain;
Nor suffered any more
  Famine, fatigue or pain;
Nor any lust of hate
  Now lingered in their eyes—
Who have fulfilled their fate,
  Have lost all enmities.

A new and greater pride
  So quenched the pride of race
That foes marched side by side
  Who once fought face to face.
That ghostly army's plan
  Knows but one race, one rod—
All nations there are man
  And the one King is God!

No longer on their ears
  The bugle's summons falls;
Beyond these tangled spheres
  The Archangel's trumpet calls;
And by that trumpet led
  Far up the exalted sky
The Army of the Dead
  Goes by, and still goes by.
Look upward, standing mute;
  Salute!



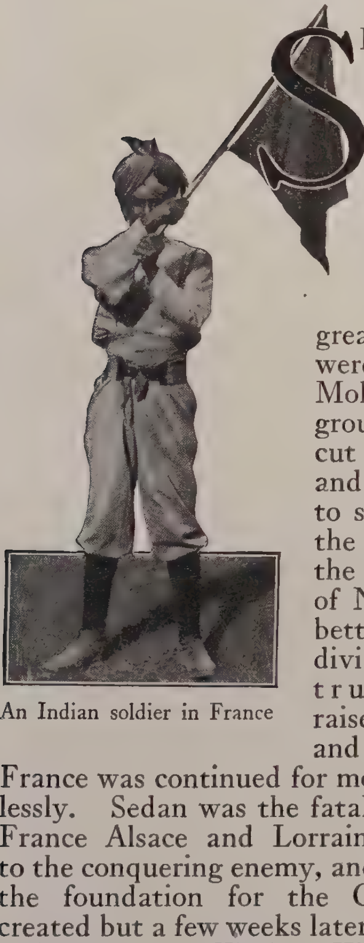
From the painting by I. B. Hazelton

FRENCH FIELD ARTILLERY STOPPING A CHARGE OF DEATH'S HEAD HUSSARS NEAR AUBERIVE

THE NATIONS AT WAR

CHAPTER VI

THE CHECK ON SEDAN DAY—THE FRENCH DELIVER THEIR COUNTER STROKE—VON KLUCK'S ARMY ENDANGERED—THE BATTLEFIELD NEAR MEAUX—BATTLE OF THE MARNE—FIGHTING ALL ALONG THE LINE—THE GERMAN RETREAT TO THE AISNE



An Indian soldier in France

SEPTEMBER first is remembered in Berlin with exultation, in Paris with dire sorrow, as "Sedan Day." On that day, in 1870, Napoleon III and the last great French army were trapped by Von Moltke on the battle ground of Sedan, cut sorely to pieces, and finally compelled to surrender. With the army went down the Imperial throne of Napoleon. Gambetta, with an individual initiative truly marvelous, raised a new army and the fight for France was continued for months—but hopelessly. Sedan was the fatal stroke. It cost France Alsace and Lorraine, opened Paris to the conquering enemy, and fairly furnished the foundation for the German Empire, created but a few weeks later by the crowning at Versailles of William King of Prussia as Emperor of Germany.

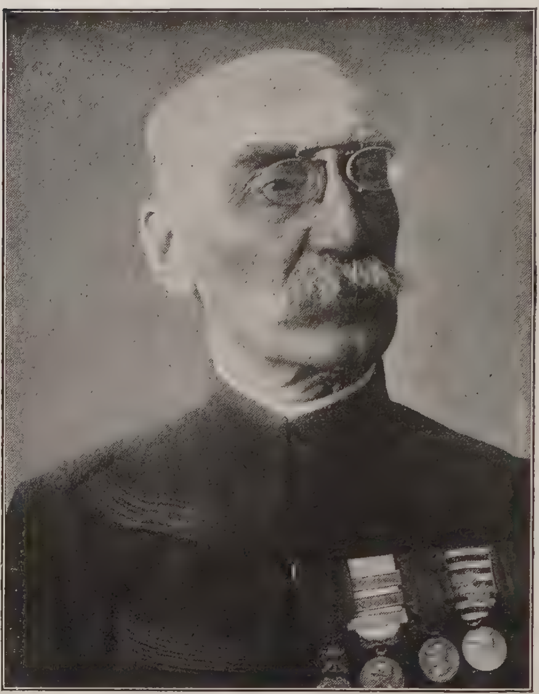
Forty-four years later all Germany prayed for some new triumph on Sedan Day, and all France feared it. For the German army after a month of seemingly unopposed progress through Belgium and France had come to the very gates of Paris. Its extreme left, under General von Kluck was within thirty miles of the French capital, German aeroplanes were daily flying over the menaced city, the population was in a panic, the French Government had fled to Bordeaux and German officers were gaily making appointments to meet each other at the Café de la Paix.

To the world indeed it seemed that nothing could stop the torrent of Teutons. But shrewd military observers noticed that the invaders had taken much ground indeed, but no armies. They had reduced fortresses which had been expected to hold out for weeks, but neither the French nor the continually increasing English army had accepted decisive battle, and together were not merely as strong as at the outbreak of the war, but actually stronger in the immediate German front. For France had recalled to the west the troops which political generals had sent to Alsace-Lorraine, while England was rushing troops daily to the reënforcement of Sir John French.

The Germans were relatively weaker before Paris than they had been before Liège. Their enormous losses, indeed, had been made good by new troops forwarded from home, and the uninterrupted succession of victories had stimulated the enthusiasm and ambition of the soldiers to the highest point. The army had come to think itself invincible, which was the next best thing to being so.

But the soldiers did not know, as did the General Board of Strategy in Berlin and Von Kluck peering through his glasses toward Paris, that the Russians in East Prussia and Galicia were making such menacing progress that two German army corps and one Austrian had to be withdrawn even before the battle of Mons and sent to the eastern frontier. This for the moment produced no apparent effect upon the current of the fighting for, though the Allies and the Germans were then credited with precisely the same forces in the western field, namely twenty-one army corps each, the Germans, being on the offensive, could better concentrate their forces and did accordingly outnumber the Allies on each actual battlefield. But the Russians continued to make headway and again Von Kluck was called upon, this time for five more corps. He was then at the point of his nearest approach to Paris—about thirty miles—and the reports of his aërial scouts told him that the Allies had been largely reënforced. They did, indeed, at this moment have twenty-three army corps to his fifteen. Moreover the Germans were operating in an enemy's country. Their whole line back to their base on German soil was through country filled with a sullen people, enraged by the devastation of their country, infuriated by the destruction of their homes. The Belgian army, often beaten, but still unsubdued, was at Antwerp under its gallant King, ready at a moment to swoop down upon the German rear, and requiring a large force to hold it in check. The great fortress of Maubeuge had been enveloped but not captured. With an enemy exceeding in numbers his own force confronting him, and a hostile country with at least one organized and not puny army behind him, Von Kluck found himself at the very gates of Paris but with the force that should deliver the final crushing blow largely spent.

Hitherto he had forced the Allies back mile after mile by steadily extending his right around their left flank. The tactics have been compared to those of Grant beating back Lee through the Wilderness upon Richmond.



General Gallieni, defender of Paris

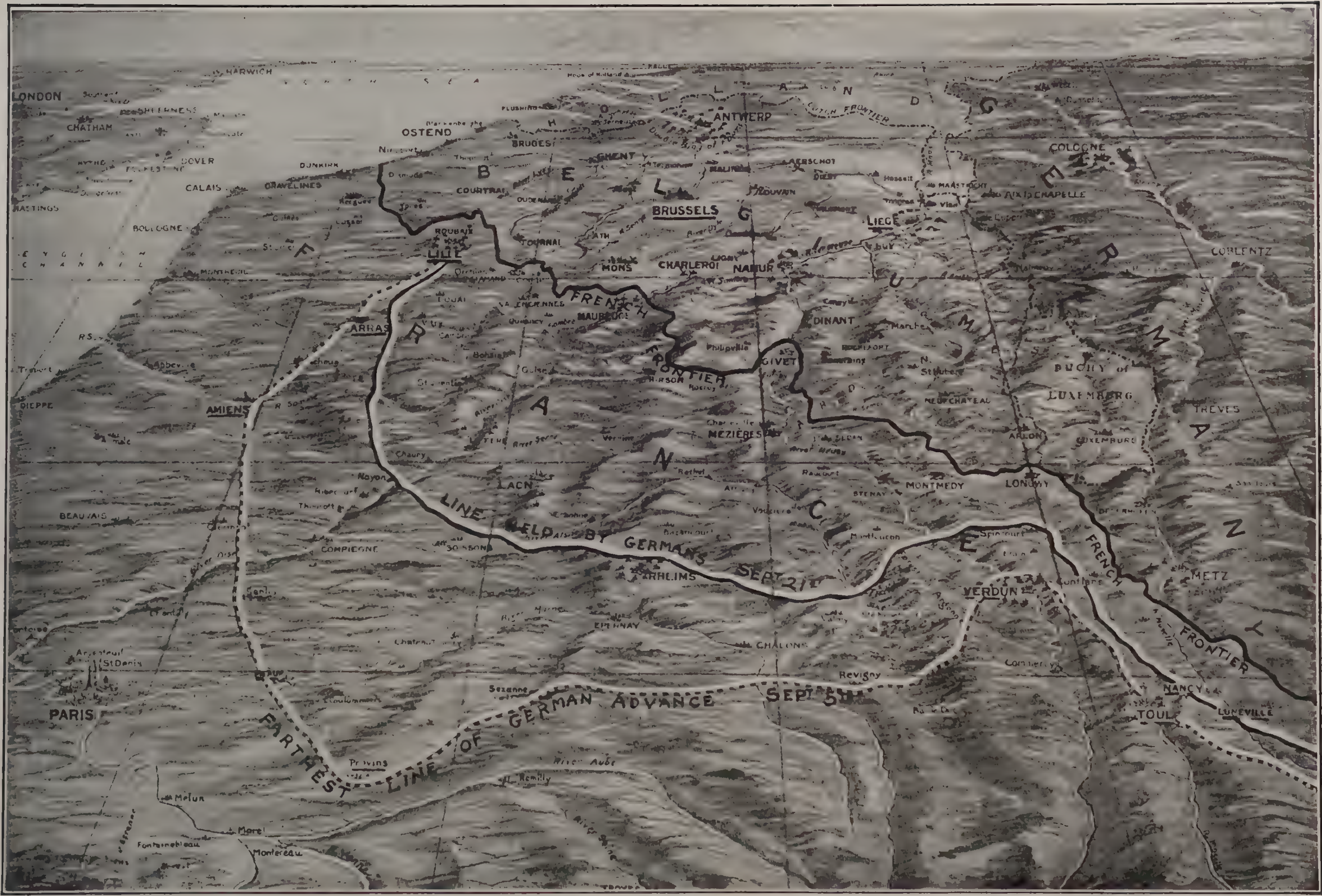
General von Kluck, on the right, leading the attack on Paris

But the situation differed in that Grant had practically unlimited reserve forces behind him while Lee had none. In France Von Kluck was coming to the end of possible reënforcements while England was just beginning to get her army into the field. Even at that, it will be remembered, Grant failed and had to shift the position of his army altogether. So too, Von Kluck failed, and, from being the assailant, was for a time put on the defensive and forced steadily backward over the ground his soldiers had so gallantly taken.

In fact, however, the failure to take Paris, though cruel to the hopes of the Germans, was not the dire disaster the world thought. In 1870 the battle of Sedan which annihilated the French army, and not the subsequent fall of its capital, was the real death stroke to French resistance. In 1914 Paris in the hands of the Germans would have been a bitter spectacle to the French but would not have ended the war. The conquerors, no doubt, would have flayed the gay capital of pleasure alive, exacting a ransom that would have paid most of the cost of the French campaign. The indemnity of $40,000,000 levied upon little Brussels for defending the neutrality which Germany had guaranteed sufficiently indicated what would have happened to Paris. But nevertheless the French and English armies would still have been in existence, with all of southern and eastern France to draw upon for supplies and with the British fleet still controlling the Channel. It is entirely conceivable that the Germans might have found it harder to get out of Paris than it was to get in. It may have been recognition of this fact that led Von Kluck, on September 1st, to discontinue his reaching around the Allies' left flank, withdraw his own right wing to the east of Paris and obviously abandon for the moment any attempt either to rush that city or to take it by siege.

In the original plan of the German General

Food for the passing column



By special arrangement with the London Graphic. Corrected for The Independent by Arthur Elder

The receding line of the German invaders showing the nearest approach to Paris. The intersecting lines form squares of fifty miles to a side

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Horses and gunners of a German battery

Staff, six weeks had been allowed for crushing France and taking Paris. The adversaries were now about to enter upon the fifth week of the war. The line upon which they confronted each other extended from Senlis, north and a little east of Paris, south of the Marne River to the great fortress of Verdun then stoutly resisting the German attack, on past the Woevre plateau to the Vosges. At the right flank of this line were the great barrier forts of Toul, Epinal and Belfort upon which the French had relied to keep the Germans out of their country, and which the Germans had avoided by their march through Luxembourg and Belgium.

When after the long retreat the French in their turn began to advance, their left wing, made up largely of the Army of Paris raised especially for the defense of that city and still comparatively fresh, pushed its way to the north and west.

If one consider the position of the German troops along this line of nearly 160 miles they occupied the following positions, counting from the east (or their left flank) to the

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Comfort in a "bomb-proof"

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A French soldier firing his last cartridge through a hole made by a German shell at Rheims

west. First came the army of the Crown Prince advancing through the Argonne and already beginning the long struggle for the reduction of Verdun. Then the Prince of Wurtemburg, resting on Rheims; next the army of General von Buelow extending west of Rheims, and touching at its western end the army of Von Kluck which had thus far had the heaviest fighting, and won the proudest laurels.

Opposed to Von Kluck was the army of Paris, fresh troops in the main which had been held in reserve for the last desperate defense of the threatened city. The English, who had so long and stubbornly contested the German advance, had now been shifted from the extreme right of the German line, many of their troops passing through Paris to their new position. Beyond this command of Sir John French extended the main line of the French army—Generals Pau, Desperey, de Langle, Foch, and Sarrall, all under the supreme command of General Joffre. More than two million men, armed to the teeth, drilled to the highest point of efficiency, equipped with every imaginable device for the prosecution of bloody and successful war, and animated on either side by motives of the highest patriotism, believing themselves fighting for their homes, their countries and the very continuance of civilization, confronted each other along this far flung battle-line.

The country in which these colossal armies were thus aligned included some of the fairest spots in

The end of a spy

France. The harvest still stood in the fields, for the peasants were all in the army and none save women were left for the harvesting. The villages, trim and neat as are all the little hamlets of France, were swept of all men, but the women and children left behind looked wide-eyed out upon the scene of sudden martial invasion, and were soon swallowed up in the red torrent of war.

Anticipating for a moment the story of the battle, we may judge of the condition in which the clash of the infuriated armies left this fair countryside by these passages from the story of an American woman—Leonora Raines in the New York *Sun*—who visited the battlefield near Meaux a few days later:

"Trees all along the way were down on the ground, brought so from shells. Some trees had round holes in them, as though chiselled. The ground, too, was full of holes. Places in the trenches at the side of the road showed elevations where soldiers had been newly buried. They were not interred, but the earth from the dirt wall to the side thrown over them. After the first hard rain the carcasses will be quite visible.

"One place was passed where many men and horses had been burned the day before. There were marks at every side where fighting had been carried on. We went on to the meadow and came across red-stained underclothing, shoes, and quantities of socks, evidently new. Everything in the way of caskets and caps had been collected since the battle by peasants and vandals who have been coming here on bicycles since Sunday. Newly dug graves everywhere. In fact, there was no one to dig graves till two days ago, and the odors were still in the air. Pulled up under a clump of trees lay a German soldier, dead five days. His head was resting against the tree, his thick wavy blond hair making a halo. Some one had covered the feet with hay, but the ghastly wound in the stomach was visible. The buttons had been cut from the coat by some one who would have used his time more humanely

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Ghouls convicted of robbing the dead, on their way to execution

Burning the dead on the battlefield

by helping to bury the body than by robbing it.

"There was hay on every vacant field, used by the men to sleep on. All sorts of empty cans, bottles of wine and champagne, and all sorts of clothing, from trousers to gloves. One was marked "Schneider, 1899, Corporal." It was of chamois, clean and well made. In fact, everything left on that frightful field was in good order, and, judging from names, German. The battle was fought in squads, judging from the condition of the earth and the buried. The English were concealed to the right behind the forest trees two miles away, but were not called into service there. Like the Battle of Gettysburg, that of Meaux must have covered several miles. It lasted for six days and nights. Places were shown us by the peasants where either French or German had hidden behind clumps of trees or bushes to fire on the enemy. We saw deep dents in the ground made by the cannon, as though the earth had been dug up and then washed down. Some fields had not been touched at all, while others were flat and blighted.

"Coming into the highroad again we walked to Varreddes, a village that looks like a family group of houses. The windows were shut, but the doors not locked, for soldiers had slept here during the conflict, and straw was seen everywhere on the floor. One or two houses in the village had been destroyed, otherwise things were in good condition. The battlefield continued

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The return cargo

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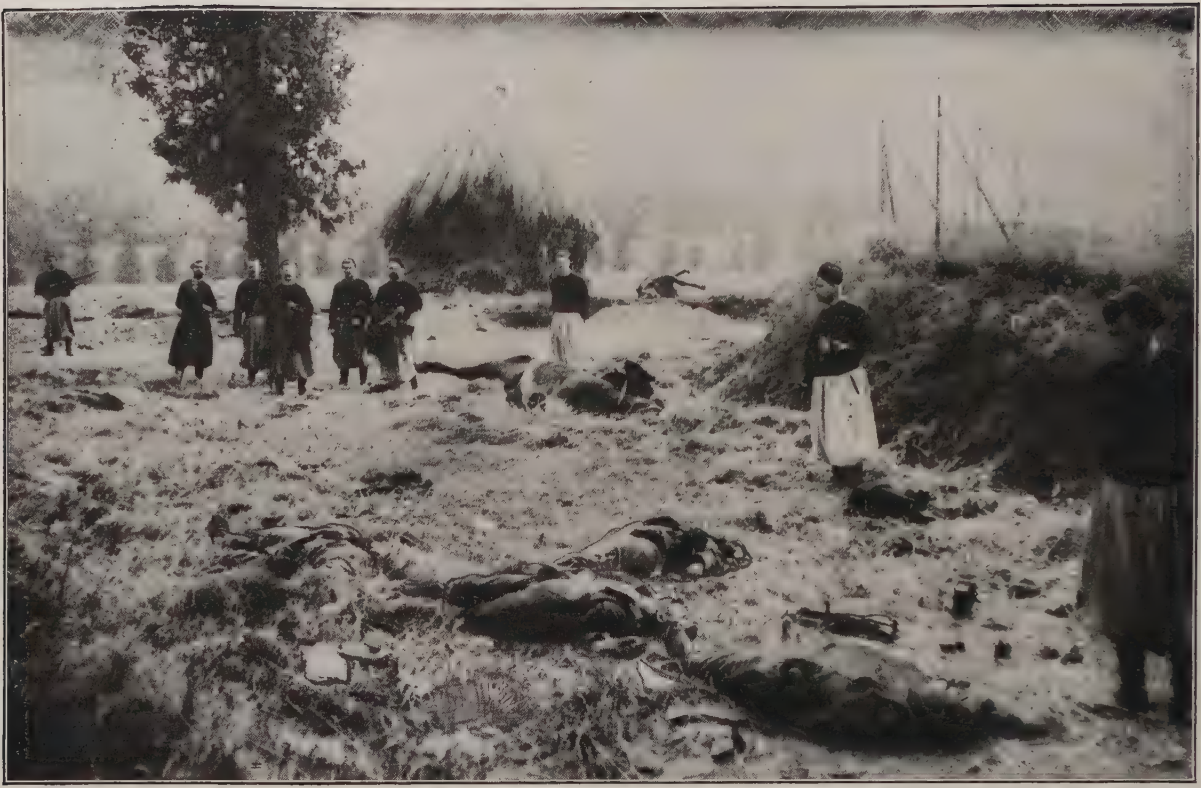
Bringing in the wounded at the Battle of the Marne



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French Zouaves burying dead Germans

along to the right and left of the road on elevations. To the left in the forest it was highly significant that there were unburied dead there. We came across a party of Moors, fine men called "Senagalese." Most of them were lying on their faces, but one with head thrown back had his hand over the cruel wound in his neck, as though pressing it to stop the flow of blood. His head was wrapped in what may have been a handkerchief, so he was already wounded before starting in to renew the struggle. These men are said to be the fiercest of fighters. They think nothing of their own safety, going recklessly into the thickest of the shot. Several thousand bodies were said

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The heavy harvest of death

Photograph by Paul Thompson

Dead German soldiers left behind in a retreat

to have been on the next hill, but we decided not to walk that way.

"It was now drawing on to afternoon, and having seen enough of the battlefield, we started on our journey back. At this side of Jermijny-Leveque we saw from afar what appeared to be officers' automobiles. They came near with alarming rapidity. I say this, for so far we had escaped all inquiry, though prepared to show necessary papers that we were not German spies. With so many officers and dignitaries, some among them were sure to ask what two foreign women were doing there, and though inquiries would be satisfying, still being detained and perhaps suffering discomfort

Photograph by Paul Thompson

Too long unburied

French nuns in the service of the Red Cross

would be an experience not desired just then."

The battle began on the sixth with a fierce attempt by the army of Paris to turn the right flank of General von Kluck, who by the fury of its onslaught was forced to withdraw his line to the north and east so that as the fighting progressed the German line, which had so long been facing south toward Paris, was swung at a complete angle and faced west toward the Channel. Along the whole line of battle the attack of the Allies soon became desperate, save in the centre about Verdun where the offensive was still pushed by the Army of the Crown Prince—that boyish soldier whom Germans charged with being more militaristic than the Kaiser himself.

The vital importance of the struggle was recognized by French and German commanders alike. Two orders issued within twenty-four hours of each other by two hostile commanders afford striking illustration of this fact.

From a point near to Paris General Joffre, on September 6th thus addressed his troops:

"At the moment when a battle is being engaged on the result of which rests the welfare of our country, it is important to remind all that it is no longer time to look behind. All efforts must be employed to attack and drive back the enemy. A force which cannot advance any further shall, no matter at what cost, retain the conquered ground and be killed on the spot rather than fall back. All efforts must be employed to attack and drive back the enemy."

Far away at Vitry-la-France, almost at the other end of the embattled line, Lieutenant-General Von Tschepe uttered this proclamation:

"The end aimed at by our long and painful marches has been reached. The main French forces have been compelled to accept battle after continually falling back. The great decision is unquestionably near at hand. To-morrow, therefore, the whole forces of the German army, as well as those of our army corps, must be engaged all along the line from Paris to Verdun in order to save the welfare and honor of Germany. I expect that every officer and soldier, notwithstanding the battles and heroisms of the last few days, will do his full duty and until his last breath. Every thing depends upon the result of the day to-morrow."

The fighting was fiercest, the plan of battle most readily comprehended on the westward

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The Orient in the European war

end of the two lines where Von Kluck confronted the Army of Paris, and the English under Sir John French. The former army, gathered under the eye of General Gallieni, commandant of Paris, numbered 500,000 men. It had been saved for the last desperate defense of the imperilled capital. In it were the famous "Foreign Legion" of gentleman adventurers of every nation; the Turcos from Northern Africa, Apaches from the heights of Montmartre, and not a few Americans who had volunteered in Paris to serve the France they loved so well. It was in temper a fighting army—just the corps for the duty then at hand.

When Von Kluck finally determined that there was no likelihood of his taking Paris in a rush—and there are picturesque stories of the unwelcome knowledge being forced upon him just as he was celebrating his "victory" in champagne—he at once recognized the need of a change in tactics. Instead of besieging the capital he determined to pierce the French army, separating its left wing, including the British, from the right, which was based on the forts at Verdun and Toul.

To this end all parts of the German line were stripped and forces concentrated at a point between Sezanne and Vitry where the great drive was to be made. Upon the army corps commanded by General Von Buelow fell the burden of making the main assault. But to reënforce that command Von Kluck withdrew portions of his force from the line confronting the French at Paris. They, quick to discover the fact, advanced by their left flank, reaching beyond the German right and threatening to get into their enemies' rear. This advance menaced the whole German army, and as day by day the French kept pushing forward by the left, Von Kluck withdrew his right until the whole position of his army was changed. After four days of this strategy the German general found his right wing enclosed in a sort of a monster V, with the angle to the west made up of the garrison of Paris, and that to the east, of the combined French and British armies. If the two arms of this monstrous nut-cracker should close together, Von Kluck would be caught between and ground to powder. On September 7th they did in fact attack at the same moment and for a time it appeared that the fate of Von Kluck's force was sealed. Only by savage fighting did he win clear.

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A redoubt of water pipes

Had the army of the Crown Prince on the German left been successful, or had its savage effort to pierce the French centre been sufficiently menacing to distract altogether the attention of General Joffre from the weakened condition of the German right, with its ex-

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French infantry blocking a road

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Tommy Atkins in action

posed flank, the German grand strategy might have won out. But there the fortune of war was against the Germans. General Von Kluck took a chance on the Crown Prince's being able to keep the French busy on their centre, and fairly invited a flank

Photograph by Paul Thompson

One of the Belgian trenches

A MOMENT'S RESPITE I

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PROVISED BELGIAN FORT

attack. General Joffre took a chance on the Allied Armies' being able to resist the Crown Prince at the centre, and delivered the flank attack. Joffre more wisely estimated the chances of war and won.

The country about the Marne in which for a week or more 2,000,000 men swayed back and forth, charging madly and repelling charges with steel, ravaging the woods and villages with a storm of shells and shrapnel, was one of the fairest parts of France. Its fertile fields now trampled into crimson mire were dotted by scores of trim little villages that now exist only as clusters of ruined homes with their tenants driven none knows where.

The forces engaged during the seven days' struggle exceeded 2,000,000, the Allies being credited with 1,500,000 men, the Germans with 900,000, though the superior ability of the latter to concentrate their forces at the point of attack nullified to some extent this discrepancy. More than in any prior struggle between the warring armies this battle was decided by superior strategy rather than by force of numbers, or more desperate fighting on the one side or the other. In his official report General French made it clear that for three days the apparent retirement upon Paris of the Allied force had been in fact a ruse, designed by him, in conference with General Joffre, to draw the Germans into a more untenable position. In fact Von Kluck detected the stratagem before his enemies were quite ready for the joint attack with which they intended to open a decisive battle, and his columns were in full retreat on the 6th before the French attack was delivered. By the 9th the Germans were forced back across the Marne. From the moment that the army of Paris began to swing to the north and east enveloping Von Kluck's left and menacing his communications there was left for him but one hope—that the Crown Prince could pierce the French centre near Sezanne. But the French saw this as a menace, as clearly as the Germans saw it as a hope, and their centre stood like a Holland dike against the onrush of the German tide. Soon instead of the French centre it was the German centre that was imperilled, for the retirement of

Indian soldiers in France, cooking cakes in oil

Von Kluck left its left flank exposed. By the 10th of September the whole German army was in retreat from the ground it had won with such dash and daring, and the form of its retreat on the extreme left where Von Kluck commanded was very like a rout, with cannon and munitions of war abandoned, and whole regiments cut off and captured. Four days of hard fighting that followed turned the fortunes of war against the Germans, who had already exulted in the prospect of feasting on the fleshpots of Paris. In this report of the operations culminating that day General French said:

"Although I deeply regret to have to report heavy losses in killed and wounded throughout these operations, I do not think they have been excessive in view of the magnitude of the great fight and the demoralization and loss in killed and wounded, which are known to have been caused the enemy by the vigor and severity of our pursuit."

An English correspondent, George Renwick, following the army in the rear—the ignoble position to which in this war all war correspondents were relegated—gathered from wounded soldiers left behind some narratives illustrative of the fighting which they had seen. It must be remembered, however, that the individual soldier's knowledge of a general battle ranging along a front of one hundred miles or more is but fragmentary. Mr. Renwick's narrative in part, follows:

"Let me here give a short description, provided by an officer wounded in the fighting, of the struggle which took place on the river Marne.

"'We were in our positions early on Friday, September 4th,' he said, 'but we did not take part in the fighting on that day. During the whole of Friday and Saturday we had nothing to do but to listen to the sound of firing which was not far distant and to speculate as to the result. Late in the evening the order came instructing us to retreat, but in the course of our retirement during the night that order was countermanded, and we advanced once more, taking up a strong position on sloping ground facing the river.

"'Early on Sunday Germans approached

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Turcos on the march at Soissons

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Malines—the tower of the Cathedral and the *Gildhuis* of the Archers

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The wreck of a church near Meaux

in considerable numbers, with the apparent intention of outflanking us, for they poured in on our extreme left. "Hold the position," was the order we received, and I can tell you it was just the order we wished, for how they swarmed toward our position! Wave after wave approached, turned, slowed down, and fell away before the hurricane of lead with which we greeted them.

"'God, but they were brave!

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The deserted village of Choisy

One can't deny them that tribute. But their artillery for once did not seem to be as effective as usual, and their fire was strangely erratic.

"'German soldiers, by the way, do not aim at all at times. They came near enough to allow us to see through our glasses the curious methods of the German riflemen. They do not put their rifles to their shoulders and take aim. They put the butt of the rifles under their arms and

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A wrecked street in Rheims

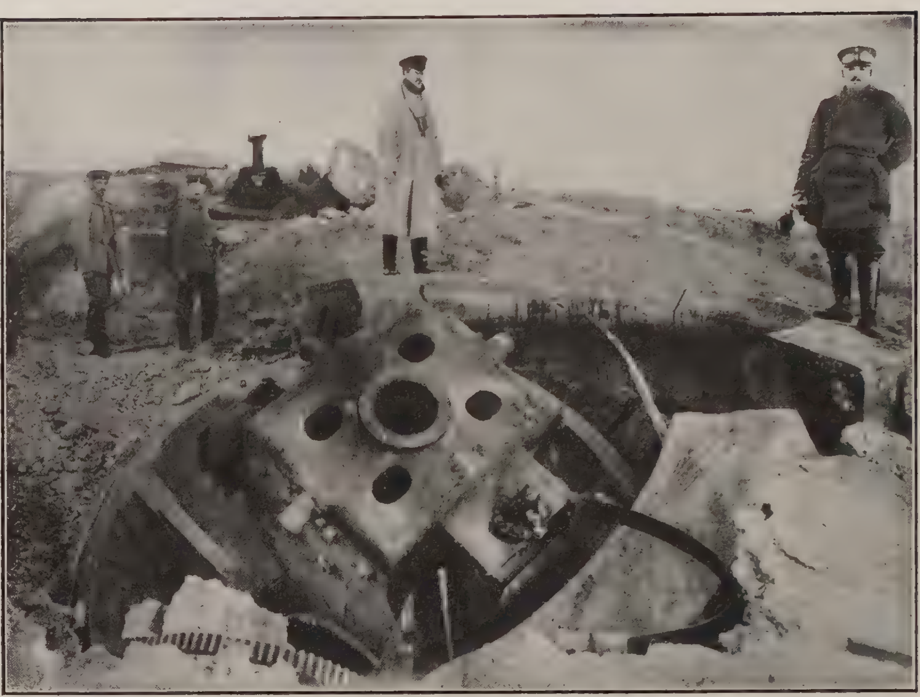
simply fire away, trusting to the effectiveness of volleys.

"'In the evening we received reënforcements from the direction of Meaux, and as darkness fell we had pushed back for the time being the forces which had been thrown against us.'

"Another officer, who was also wounded in the fighting somewhat further from the extreme left near La Ferte-Gaucher, told me that the general engagement there was an extremely hot one. It went on with varying results during the whole of Sunday night, but the most severe fighting took place on Monday morning.

"'Then,' he said, 'the enemy's resistance collapsed in a strangely sudden manner. Just as we began to advance I was knocked down, but I am told we advanced something like twenty miles, driving an enemy before us which did not put up even a show of fight. They seldom turned even to treat us to a volley. It looked as though they had suddenly run completely out of ammunition.'

"Another soldier was able to take up the story. In the course of their hurried retreat the Germans left the ground simply littered with dead and wounded, though they could be seen carrying off many of the latter. A German detachment was cut off and the advancing forces took ten



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What the howitzers did to a Namur turret

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Wreckage at Namur—hitherto considered practically impregnable guns and several hundred prisoners. Some of the prisoners confirmed the statement that the enemy were very short of ammunition, and added that they were compelled to husband their rations.

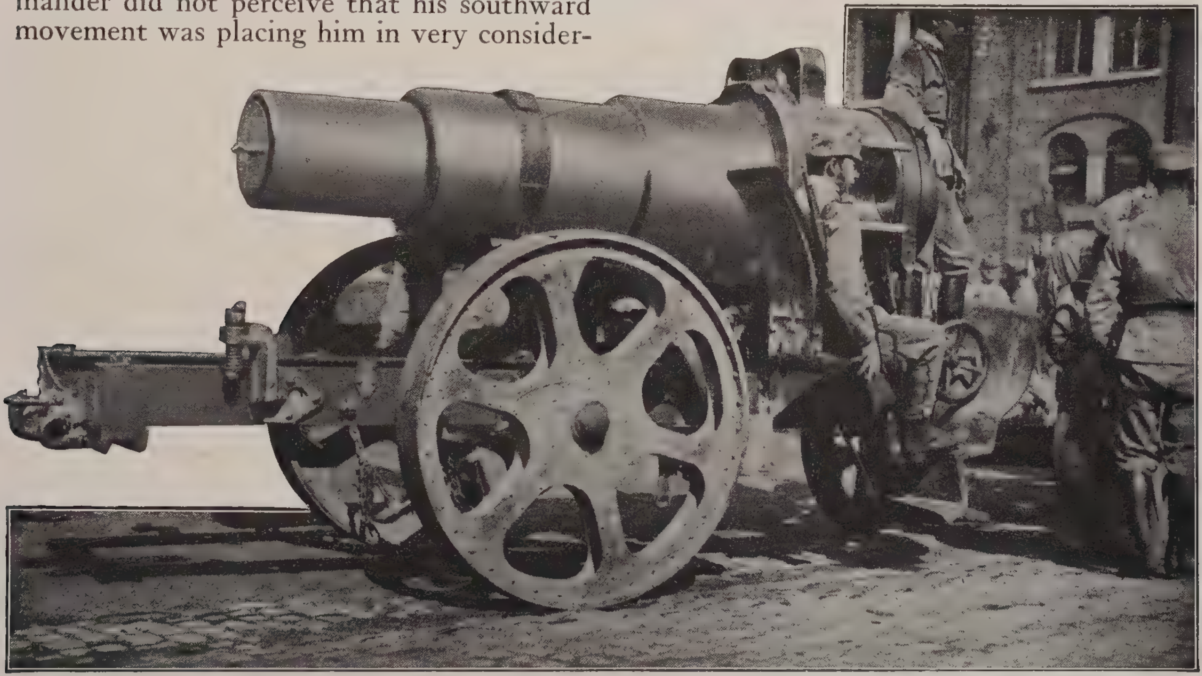
"The German losses must everywhere have been exceedingly heavy. An infantry officer wounded near Meaux on the 8th told me two German army corps were in action during that day and on the 7th, and that in one trench alone he counted 600 dead. Even on Tuesday, it would appear, the German commander did not perceive that his southward movement was placing him in very considerable danger. On that day the battle changed with dramatic swiftness. The Allies assumed a vigorous offensive at the very point at which the German General had supposed them not to be strong enough to make his southern advance dangerous.

"Here the British were in great strength, and for the first time in the war, on anything like a large scale, they showed the Germans what a British frontal attack was like. 'They shelled us with their big guns,' said a Frenchman who took part with the French force aiding the British, 'but the fire was not very effective, and then we moved forward. It was a sight to see. There was almost too much "élan" at times in our moves forward, and some severe losses were experienced at times, I noticed, by the troops neglecting to make trenches and contenting themselves with what proved to be ineffective cover. But nothing could stay the steady advance.

"'At one little village we got right home with the bayonet, and we could see that we were driving dead-tired men in front of us. At times, however, they rallied with an effort.

"'Beyond the village they had made trenches, and it required a costly charge to clear them out. We had to advance over barbed wire, and as we did so it was terrible to see how one's comrades fell. We reached the trenches and cleared them. Then came ten minutes or so of unopposed advance, and then another fusillade, followed by a quarter of an hour of unceasing slaughter.

"'"On again, but that's where I got a shot in my foot. We kept straight on, I know."'



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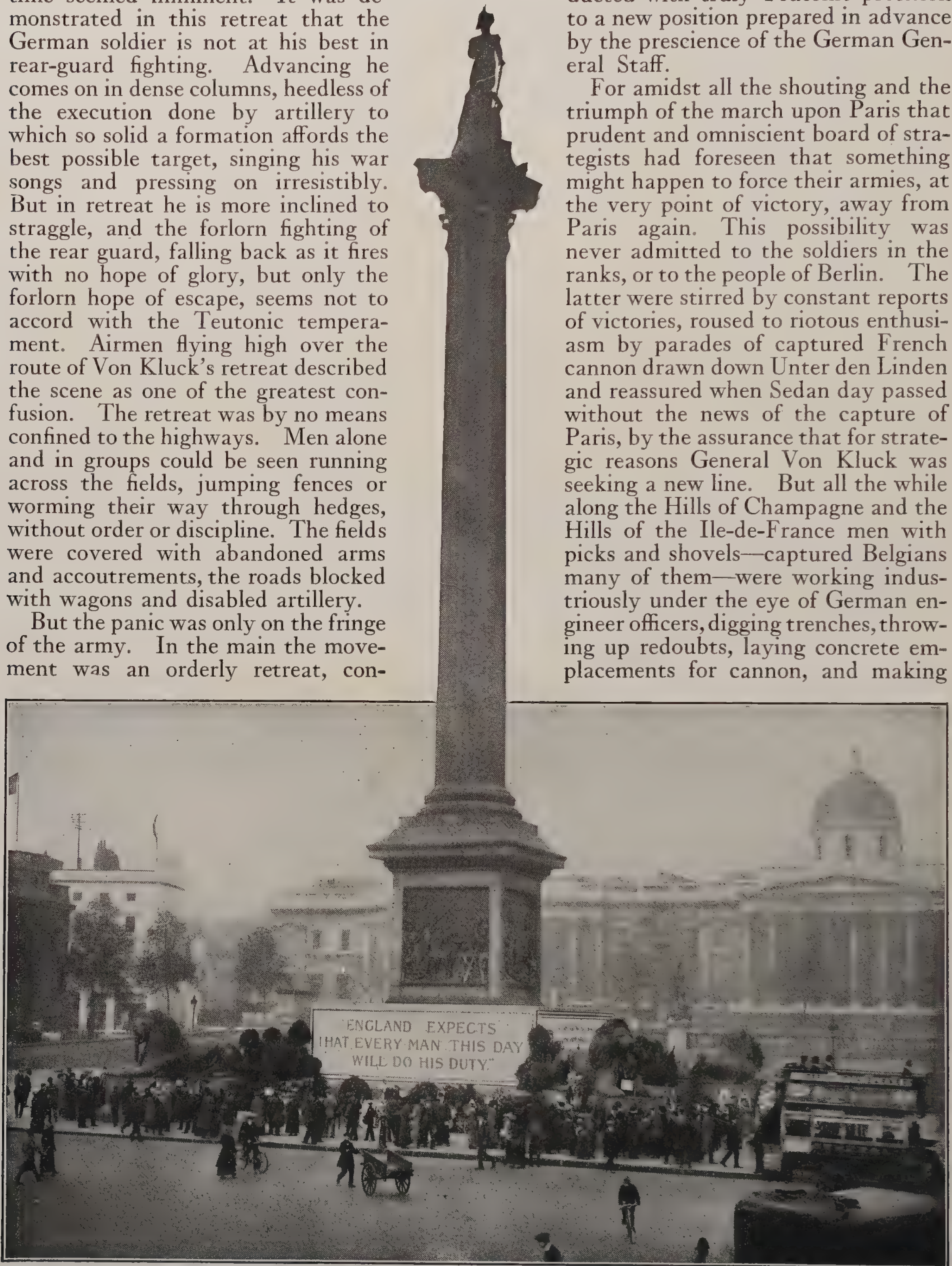
One of Germany's "Busy Berthas"

In ultimate history it is not improbable that the fame of Von Kluck will rest quite as securely on his successful retreat from the Marne as upon his almost unopposed march upon Paris. The former was by far the more difficult test of his generalship. Caught between the hammer and anvil, outnumbered, with the morale of his army sorely suffering by the sudden transition from enthusiastic advance to precipitate retreat, he yet saved his army from the destruction which for a time seemed imminent. It was demonstrated in this retreat that the German soldier is not at his best in rear-guard fighting. Advancing he comes on in dense columns, heedless of the execution done by artillery to which so solid a formation affords the best possible target, singing his war songs and pressing on irresistibly. But in retreat he is more inclined to straggle, and the forlorn fighting of the rear guard, falling back as it fires with no hope of glory, but only the forlorn hope of escape, seems not to accord with the Teutonic temperament. Airmen flying high over the route of Von Kluck's retreat described the scene as one of the greatest confusion. The retreat was by no means confined to the highways. Men alone and in groups could be seen running across the fields, jumping fences or worming their way through hedges, without order or discipline. The fields were covered with abandoned arms and accoutrements, the roads blocked with wagons and disabled artillery.

But the panic was only on the fringe of the army. In the main the movement was an orderly retreat, conducted with truly Teutonic precision to a new position prepared in advance by the prescience of the German General Staff.

For amidst all the shouting and the triumph of the march upon Paris that prudent and omniscient board of strategists had foreseen that something might happen to force their armies, at the very point of victory, away from Paris again. This possibility was never admitted to the soldiers in the ranks, or to the people of Berlin. The latter were stirred by constant reports of victories, roused to riotous enthusiasm by parades of captured French cannon drawn down Unter den Linden and reassured when Sedan day passed without the news of the capture of Paris, by the assurance that for strategic reasons General Von Kluck was seeking a new line. But all the while along the Hills of Champagne and the Hills of the Ile-de-France men with picks and shovels—captured Belgians many of them—were working industriously under the eye of German engineer officers, digging trenches, throwing up redoubts, laying concrete emplacements for cannon, and making



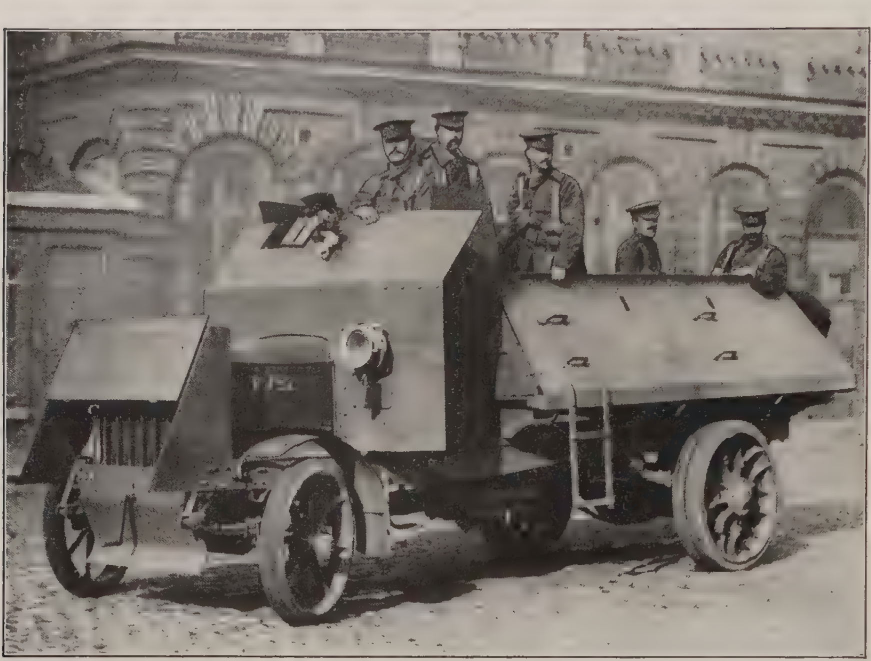
Nelson's Column, Trafalgar Square, London, on the anniversary of Trafalgar all arrangements for a line of defense at which the retreating Germans could make a stand against their now triumphant enemy.

This line, indeed was one originally designed by the French for their second line of defense against an invading foe. From LaFere to Rheims stretched a line of French fortresses which, when the hour of trial arrived, proved of no avail, the Germans cutting in between the most westerly and the Channel, thus turning the allied flank and forcing the abandonment of the forts without defense. At Laon and La Fere the German artillery now held the very ground once occupied by the French forts, now dismantled. At Rheims the invaders were driven from and through the town back to the heights beyond, whence their heavy artillery, brought to France for the reduction of Paris, poured upon the cathedral city, and upon the cathedral itself, that deluge of shot and shell which brought ruin upon one of the noblest monuments of Gothic art in Europe, and roused the art loving world to an agony of fruitless protest.

Premature honors in Berlin—busts of General Von Hindenberg and the Crown Prince, both of whom later met reverses

The new line thus formed was at an average distance from Paris of about eighty miles. When the German fighting men, scarred and exhausted after the retreat of five days, threw themselves into the trenches and faced again the foe that only a few days earlier they had thought to be beaten, they looked back over a territory of sixty miles, extending from near the Channel almost to the eastern boundary of France, which they had won in a rush, but from which they had been fairly driven. They had lost heavily in men and guns. Driving rains and swampy country along the right of the German line took toll of the heavy artillery which the invaders had been rushing on to Paris, and which they could not withdraw with sufficient speed in the face of the advancing French. Amiens, Nancy, Luneville, all considerable towns, they had had to abandon after a brief occupation. The story of that mad rush for shelter is well told by J. L. Garvin, one of the

Turpin, the inventor of the deadly turpinite shell



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A type of British armored car

most capable of the English correspondents, though it is well to qualify his description by reference to the fact that his viewpoint is strictly British:

"For several days the Allies had followed hard on the heels of the enemy in a drive of the broadest scale yet known in the war," writes Mr. Garvin, "The Germans as they went shed prisoners, accoutrements, stores, and, above all, guns. The French captured the whole artillery of a corps and found masses of ammunition thrown into the water. Stragglers and strong detachments came out of the woods to surrender at the sight of our troops who had crossed the Marne on Wednesday, September 9, near Chateau Thierry. The French centre was crossing the next day at Epernay and elsewhere, rejoicing to be closing again on Rheims

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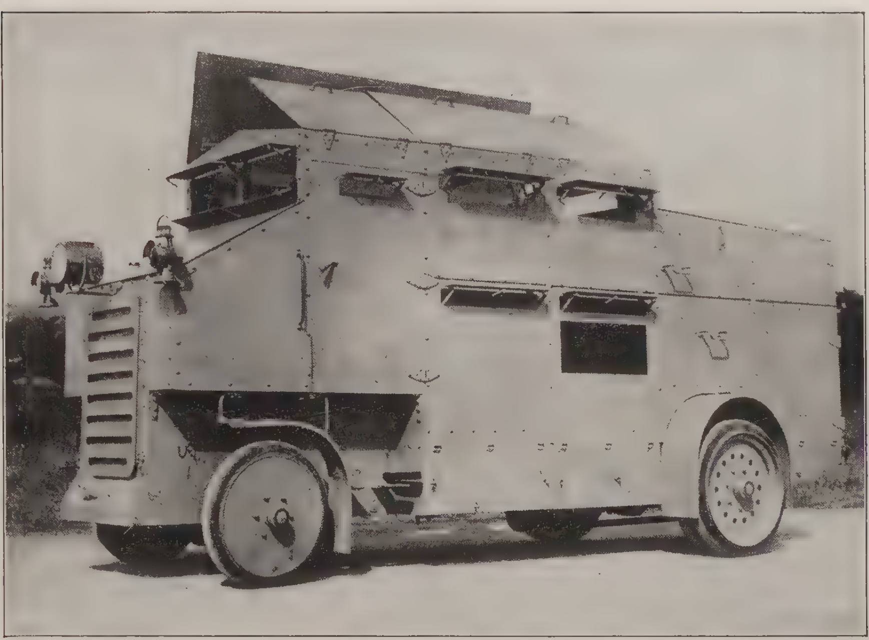
A German motor convoy destroyed by French Dragoons in the Forest of Villiers-Cotteret whose capture had counted for so much in the German calculations.

"On Friday, September 11, the weather broke, and rain fell in torrents that day, and afterward the summer was over, the chill of autumn was in the air and at night there were clammy bivouacs. More serious it was that in this region the rivers and streams in all their courses were swollen, and up hill or down hill it was slower going for guns and transport. Nearly all bridges were down. Those which had escaped in the former movement when the French were in retreat were being now destroyed by the Germans. In these circumstances the pursuit proper had spent itself by Saturday, when Soissons was reached—another ancient city identified with the beginnings of French monarchy.



A minor British fortress propelled by gasolene

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A Belgian armored train in action

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German prisoners digging trenches under the surveillance of British soldiers at Aldershot, England

"Generals Von Kluck and Von Buelow were in front along the broad course of the Aisne with other Germans, forming up in such dispositions as we shall see. In spite of grievous losses and damage suffered the invaders in this rush backward, breaking the

Belgian prisoners building trenches outside of Brussels under the direction of their German captors spell of their prestige since Sedan, and perhaps shattering at last the delusions of their own conceit, the retreating forces had never degenerated into a routed rabble, and their armies, with good management and discipline, had kept in firm touch with each other.

"East along the barrier fortresses and among the forests of the Argonne the army of the Crown Prince had been in the most danger, and there seemed at one moment a faint chance that it might be cut off from the rest. This force had made a desperate effort to break the barrier chain at its weakest point by battering Fort Troyon, a position isolated on one side and standing some ten miles south of Verdun on a ridge above the Meuse. The French, however, after the recapture of Vitry-le-François and Revigny, farther east and south of the Argonne, pushed on vigorously in the latter region from height to height and from forest to forest, driving the Germans before them. Troyon was relieved and Verdun was passed.

"Before a new battle line could be fully formed, however, the Allies had gained more ground and the advantage in a way that makes one of the finest chapters of the war. The British army was not yet to be denied. It had already car-

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British soldiers seeking a point of vantage

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A train of wounded fell with this bridge

Photothek, Berlin

A German soldier's grave in Poland

ried its marches over five rivers, but the Aisne was a more serious obstacle. At Soissons on Saturday a week ago the enemy was found posted in force on both sides of the Aisne, and it fell to our task, apparently, to force passages along a distance of about fifteen miles. The river flows out of the forests of Argonne and passes midway between the great cathedral cities and fortresses of Rheims and Laon, washes Soissons and joins the Oise at Compiègne. It was swollen by rains, and all the bridges, with a single odd exception were gone.

"Old stone bridges which had stood for centuries had vanished at last. New iron bridges, we suppose, showed above water the shattered and twisted skeletons of their former selves. According to General Sir John French's report, issued by the press bureau, of ten bridges that had crossed that section of the river before our front, nine had been demolished. Down the river from Soissons to Compiègne the French on our left had a similar task.

"Then began one of the heroic combats of

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Wreck of a Red Cross train and the Mary Bridge across the Marne

the war. Again and again at some points pontoons were shattered; again and again the engineers returned under fire to their work, cool, quick, and steady. The enemy's heavy howitzers in well hidden emplacements again played their novel and effective part in war artillery. Duels thundered from height to height with a roar almost as continuous as the rifle fire until the whole of the rival lines seemed to be marked out by bursting shells. The German fire was slowly mastered, despite their intrenched infantry and machine guns; passage after passage was carried in their teeth. At one point some of our men go over by a little viaduct missed by Germans which carries a canal over the stream near Soissons.

"The French infantry got across like schoolboys by swarming in Indian file over the single remaining girder of the railway bridge. By sunset on that loud Sabbath the British army had forced all passages before it, and by the next morning the Allies' pontoon stretched from bank to bank at last at all necessary points down the fifty miles of river between Compiègne and Barry-au-Bac, north of

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A father visits his son's grave

Rheims. That same day Amiens and Rheims were both recovered by the French—after the invaders in the latter city had threatened to burn the place and hang its chief citizens in case of the slightest infraction of the German orders that the civil population must be as quiet as slaves.

"But the Germans had made the best of their respite. They were fighting no rear-guard action to cover further retreat. They had made the best use of their time. They had gone back to the tactics of Wallenstein against Gustavus, and upon another front, strong by nature, and made more formidable every hour by night and day labor. They were standing at bay along the whole line from the Somme to the Meuse and to Metz.

"These dispositions were made and improved with excellent judgment, with five armies striking straight across the north of France, and in closer touch toward Metz with the Sixth Army of the Crown Prince of Bavaria, hitherto almost separated from the rest by the fortress barrier.

"The Germans, if they could win, would be in the best position to resume their advance. While they maintain themselves where they are and look well to the rear, they have the best means of supplying. If they lose they have the best means of retreat, always supposing that General Joffre is not preparing a surprise more effective than General Von Kluck's fatal dash for the Seine.

"The German line, as we may gather, starts from the marshes of the Somme, near Peronne and Saint-Quentin, then across the Oise. It stretches behind Lette over a high ridge in front of the fortress of La Fère, which so conspicuously dominates the flats, with their popular fringed water courses, spreading far and wide behind the latter venerable city and its cathedral-crowned rock. The Germans are posted on rolling ground overlooking the courses of the Aisne and the Vesle. From within sight of the tower of Rheims the invaders' front is continued over gradually rising ground to a still higher country between the Aisne and the Meuse."

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Turcos picking over a collection of German equipment captured at Neufontier

THE GLORY THAT WAS RHEIMS

While the right wing of the German army was thus forced far back to its new line, the more eastern line maintained more nearly the advanced position it had won. For a time the fighting was fiercest about Vitry, and there it seemed that the Crown Prince's army was to be beaten back, and the German centre pierced. Had this advantage been gained by the French, nothing could have saved the wing commanded by Von Kluck. The Crown Prince, however, held his ground stubbornly. On that part of the line the most notable change in the German position was that the forces which had enveloped the historic fortress of Verdun, so that news of its capture had been daily expected—was indeed falsely reported more than once—were forced back to the north. Toul, too, was wrested from German occupation, and Nancy was swept clear of the Kaiser's troops which however fortified themselves strongly just north of the town. At only one point along the French eastern frontier was there a break in the line of defence; that was at St. Mihiel, and from that point too, the Germans were destined to be driven.

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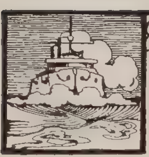
The German attack on Soissons. The smoke on the left indicates French artillery answering the German shell which is shown bursting. The river is the Aisne

In the main however the great and striking gains of the Allies were made in the west, where the retreat of the Germans at points extended over sixty miles. While the English and French were strongly pressing the foe in front, the sorely shattered Belgian Army was harassing him on the flank and rear, reoccupying Bruges, Ghent and Courtai and even menacing Brussels. When Von Kluck's and Von Buelow's armies finally dropped, torn and exhausted, into the trenches prepared for them on the heights beyond Rheims, on the hill crests along the Aisne they found a shelter sorely needed, for disaster was very close upon them. Nor were they given time to recuperate, for almost without appreciable interval the Battle of the Marne was succeeded by the even longer and fiercer Battle of the Aisne, which was destined to be no more decisive than the operations that led up to it.



The Call to the Colors

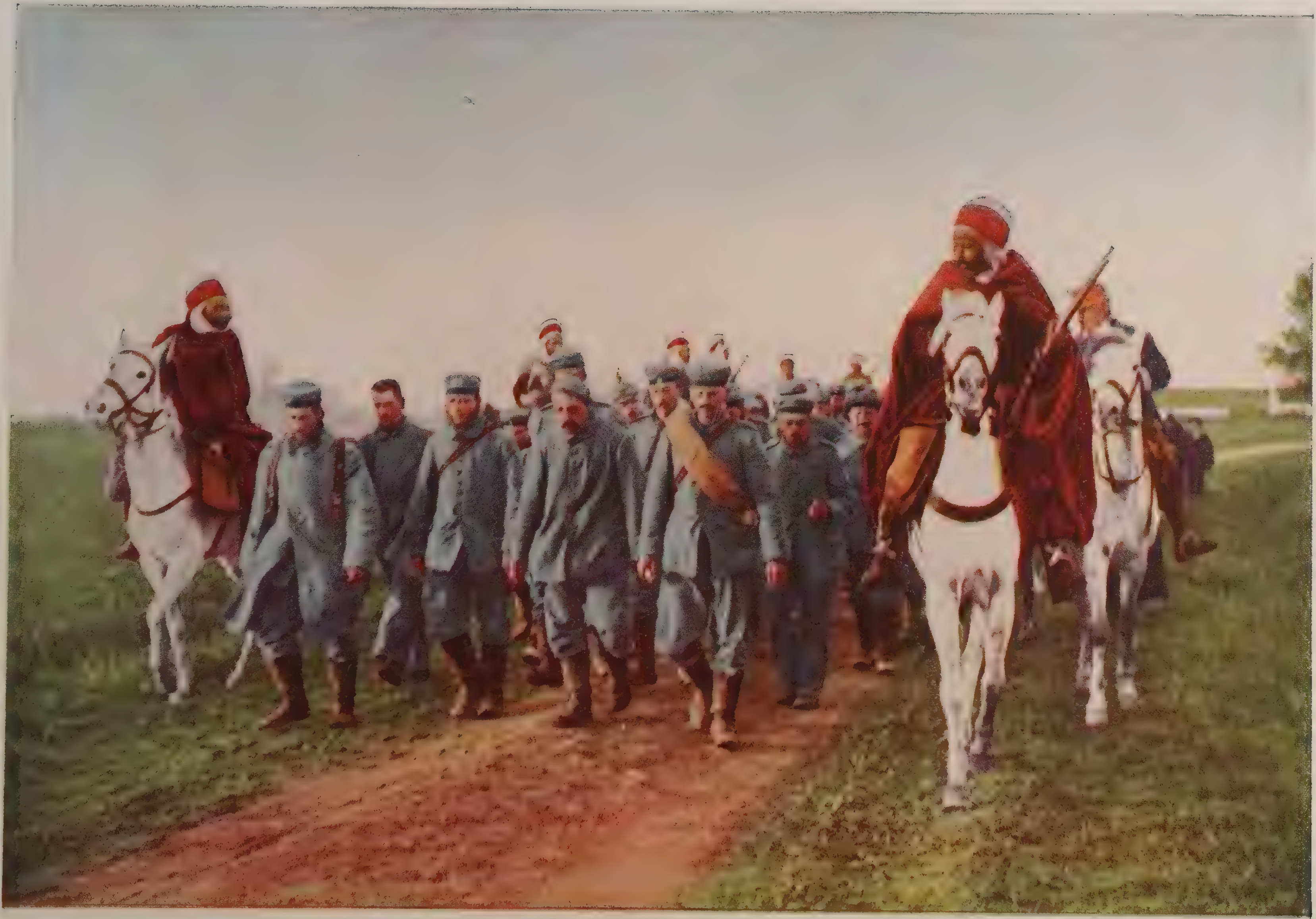
By Sara Beaumont Kennedy

Like the seeds of wind-flowers, lightly blown
On vagrant, gipsying breeze,
They are scattered wide throughout our land—
Aliens from over the seas.
They came from the crowded fatherlands
To share in our broader sphere,
And they built their nests and reared their broods
Through many a changing year.

But a vibrant cry comes unaware
From over the crested wave—
The voice of the warring motherlands
Calling their children to save:
"On our grain-grown fields War plants its guns
And lights its torch on the crag;
We need you, sons in the Other Lands,
Come back and fight for the flag!"

And deep in each listener's heart there stirs
A memory that has slept
'Neath blush of blossom and pallor of snows
While the years have onward crept;
And he sees in a flash his native hut,
Where the foeman's banners float—
And he's German again, or French, or Slav
At thrill of a bugle-note!

For a man may wander across the world
And dwell 'neath a stranger's sky,
But the call of the blood will cleave all space
When it comes in a battle-cry;
And the nest he built and the brood he reared
Are left to an alien flag
While he turns him home, with his soul aflame,
To die for a silken rag.



GERMAN PRISONERS IN CHARGE OF FRENCH AFRICAN TROOPS

A scene on the Nieuport Road in Belgium. The German soldiers were made prisoners at Dixmude and were being brought back by a troup of Spahis

THE NATIONS AT WAR

CHAPTER VII

BATTLE OF THE AISNE — THE GENERAL PLAN OF BATTLE — POSITIONS OF THE ARMIES — MENACE TO THE GERMAN RIGHT — EXPERIENCES OF EYE WITNESSES — BOMBARDMENT OF RHEIMS

Viceroy's body guard

THE grand strategy which made up the nine weeks of fighting that came to be called the Battle of the Aisne—though geographically it might be just as well termed the Battle of the Oise or of the Somme—may be most readily understood by study of the map printed on page 223.

The battle line as indicated on the map was that taken up by the invaders after the retreat from the environs of Paris, and their defeat on the Marne, and held by them, with trifling deviations, for more than two months. By comparing this line with the German positions as indicated in the maps on pages 83 and 186, the reader will see that in Eastern France there had been but little change in the positions held by the Kaiser's armies. Almost at the very first they had passed the frontier on the east and come up against the line of fortresses at Verdun, Toul, Epinal, and Belfort and there stopped. At one time the German line had indeed passed to the south and west of Verdun and Toul, leaving those fortresses invested but not captured. Then the invaders had been pushed back again until, at the opening of the Battle of the Aisne, we see the fortress of Verdun once more well within the French lines. That it had not been reduced, as were the forts at Liège and Namur, was probably due to the fact that the Germans had none of the monster Krupp 42.6 centimeter howitzers on that part of the line. They had all been sent into Belgium. Accordingly Verdun survived all assaults and stoutly held the right flank of the French line.

There was fighting, of course, continuously between the armies in eastern France, but it was inconclusive. The menace to the Germans lay on their right flank in the neighborhood of Noyon. There it was the endeavor of the combined British and French forces to slip around the German end, as a player with the ball in a football game runs around the end of the opposing line when the centre rushes of his side find it impossible to break through.

So in the grand strategy, of which we shall later describe the details, we shall find the Allies first attacking fiercely the Germans along their front in their positions along the Aisne and to the eastward. Then, when they found that the Germans had stubbornly stopped the retreat they had begun at the Marne and were now too strongly entrenched to be driven further, the Allies began extending their left around the Germans' right and reaching out to the northward. Could this move have succeeded they would have got into the Germans' rear, cut their communications through Belgium and had a fair chance indeed of destroying Von Kluck's army at least.

To meet this attack the Germans extended Von Kluck's line and swung it back and northward until it formed almost a right-angle with the main line of the German armies. But this defense could not in itself be complete. By this time the Allies largely outnumbered the Germans, and to strip continually the centre and left of the latter line in order to send troops to meet the enveloping movement to the westward would have resulted in making the main line too thin to withstand a determined attack from the French troops at the centre. Accordingly a vigorous effort was made by the Germans to drive the French out of Rheims and to pierce their lines at about the point on the map marked V, where the Argonne forest, rugged and dense in places, though in the main not at all a forest according to our ideas, occupied much of the territory between Rheims and the fortress of Verdun. It is apparent that had the French line been broken at such a point the Germans would have gained a tremendous advantage, splitting the French army in twain, forcing its right wing to retire from Alsace and Lorraine, opening a new pathway to Paris, and compelling the Allies to cease their persistent attacks upon Von Kluck's right wing and retire to a new alignment. Accordingly for days the assault on that part of the French line was savage. Later we shall recount some of the incidents of that struggle at that point, but for the moment clearness in describing the strategy of the weeks from September 13th to October 4th, is best served by noting that all assaults on the French centre proved unavailing and the flanking effort against Von Kluck was not appreciably halted by them.

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The Kaiser's field chef preparing lunch at the front

East of Verdun the lines of the contending Allies turned sharply to the south, the French armies holding the fortress of Toul, Epinal and Belfort. Midway between Verdun and Toul is the little town of Beaumont, captured by the Germans September 19th. Along this line of barrier forts extending from Verdun to Toul, including the villages of St. Mihiel and Commercy and the Woevre

Plateau, the German assault was incessant during the last days of September. That was the eastern frontier of France, prepared for defense at the time when the French had not dreamed that in violation of neutrality the Germans would descend upon them through Belgium. Accordingly it was barred by forts of steel and concrete against which the German forces long dashed themselves in vain. The advantage to the invaders of success at that point was obvious. Once they were through that barrier Verdun would be isolated and could be starved into surrender. With Verdun fallen the quickest pathway from Germany into France would be opened, and the long, circuitous route through Belgium, which it now required not less than 150,000 men to guard, could be abandoned. Those men were sadly needed to extend Von Kluck's lines against the flanking movement of Sir John French. Accordingly the Crown Prince struck south against the French between the Argonne and Verdun, while Von Heeringen drove west between Verdun and Toul. Some successes were won by the invaders, who took some of the outlying forts, notably Beaumont—where several thousand men were taken—Camp de Romains and St. Mihiel. Berlin for a time claimed that success had been won all along the line, but in the end the invaders were beaten back and the French defenses on the eastern frontier remained intact.

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Emperor William and Count Von Moltke in the field

Summing up, then, the operations which were called the battle of the Aisne, extending from September 12th to October 4th, we find that they consist of Sir John French's

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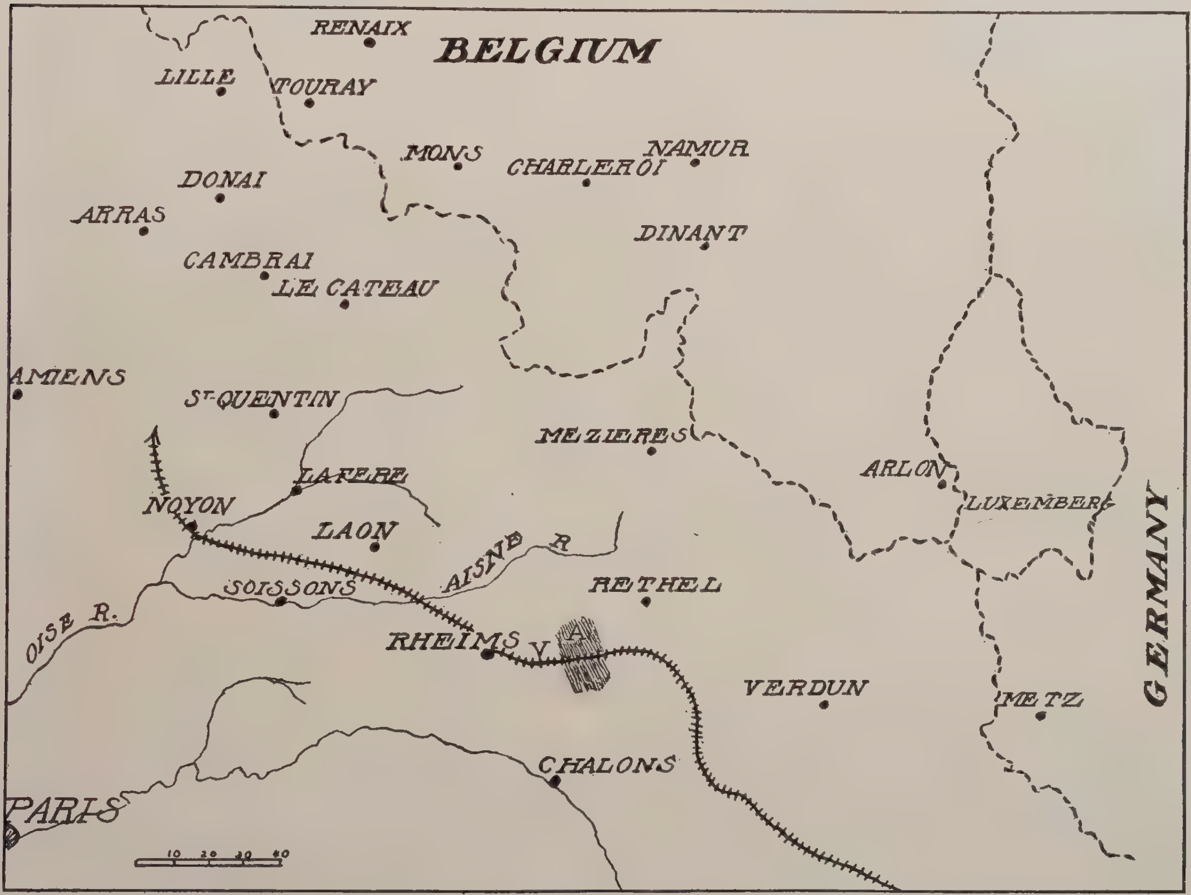
Malines under German occupation

attempt with the allied forces to turn Von Kluck's right, the attack by the Crown Prince on the French centre, sometimes called the Battle of the Argonne, and the attack by Von Herringen on the French right, known variously as the Battle of the Woevre, or the Battle of the Moselle. English, French, and Germans alike failed in all their offensive efforts and the end of the grand strategy of both armies was a deadlock—a drawn battle. For months the long curved line across France remained so little changed that it is almost impossible to depict the different positions on a map, while a gain of a few hundred metres by either side was triumphantly announced as a victorious advance.

Such ground as was won, however, was taken by the Allies under Generals French and Joffre in their northward movement for the purpose of flanking Von Kluck. This purpose they did not in fact accomplish, but the effort deserves some extended description here, changing as it did the fronts of both armies, and resulting, not in victory or defeat, but merely in the devastation of one of the most populous and beautiful sections of western Europe.



A. Forest of Argonne. *V.* Point at which Germans under Crown Prince tried to pierce the French centre.
┼┼┼┼┼┼┼┼┼┼┼┼ Line maintained during main battle of the Aisne—arrow head shows direction of flanking movement which ultimately extended beyond Arras. All territory north and east of this line held by the Germans.

When the retreating Germans finally reached the positions prepared for them and, on September 12th, faced about, General French thought for a time that it was still a mere matter of crushing their rear-guard, and that Von Kluck's main army was still in retreat beyond that shield. There followed four days of fruitless hammering on the part of the line in the neighborhood of Soissons, where the British and French crossed the Aisne on pontoon bridges constructed under heavy fire. In his report General French complimented one regiment for having crossed the river "in single file under considerable shell fire, by means of a broken girder of a bridge which was not

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Canadian troops in England

entirely submerged." The Germans now entrenched on the heights of Craonne, beyond the town, successfully resisted all efforts to dislodge them. The battle raged along the line from Soissons to Rheims, and as it was through that territory the River Aisne took its way, the battle received that name, though in its later days the fighting diverged far from that river's banks.

When by the aid of broken bridges hastily repaired, and pontoons, the British and French had crossed the river they found themselves on a level plain, rising gently as it receded from the river to a line of hills, the crests of which were crowned by German artillery on prepared emplacements, while on the rising slopes were lines of German rifle pits.

Belgian soldiers on guard in an ancient church near Louvain

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Turcos making their midday coffee in the field

Once ashore the advancing Allies promptly dug themselves in under heavy fire, while their artillery, still behind the Aisne, kept the German guns busy. Nor were the Germans content with mere resistance. Twice they left their trenches and poured down in solid columns, late at night, upon the French and English in vain efforts to dislodge them from the foothold they had won north of the river. On the night of the 14th heavy rain fell, making the lot of those in the trenches miserable in the extreme, and hampering the Allies in their efforts to bring up their artillery. General French in his report described the nature of the ground, its difficulties and the fighting thus:

"In order to convey some idea of the nature of the fighting, it may be said that

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Reinforcements crossing a river to join the French army along the greater part of our front the Germans have been driven back from the forward slopes on the north of the river. Their infantry are holding strong lines of trenches among and along the edges of the numerous woods which crown the slopes. These trenches are elaborately constructed and cleverly concealed.

"In many places there are wire entanglements and lengths of rabbit fence. Both woods and open are carefully aligned, so that they can be swept by rifle fire and machine guns, which are invisible from our side of the valley. The ground in front of the infantry trenches is also, as a rule, under cross fire, from the field artillery placed on neighboring features and under high angle fire from pieces placed well back behind the woods on top of the plateau.

"A feature of this action, as of the previous fighting, is the use by the enemy of their numerous heavy howitzers, with which they are able to direct long range fire all over the valley and right across it. Upon these they evidently place great reliance.

"Where our men are holding the forward edges of the high ground on the north side they are now strongly intrenched. They are well fed, and, in spite of the wet weather of the last week, are cheerful and confident.

"So far as the British are concerned, the greater part of this week has been passed in bombardment, in gaining ground by degrees and in beating back severe counter-attacks with heavy slaughter. Our casualties have been severe, but it is probable that those of the enemy are heavier."

In the course of this fighting the armies swept back and forth over the same ground, which was held alternately by each, and the same trenches inadequately held the dead of both. It may not have been of this precise battlefield, but it was of one somewhere along the long line of the Aisne that the American journalist Irvin S. Cobb wrote this ghastly reminiscence:

"As I recall now we had come through the gate of the schoolhouse to where the automobiles stood when a puff of wind, blowing to us from the left, which meant from across the battlefront, brought to our noses a certain smell which we all knew full well.

"'You get it, I see,' said the German officer who stood alongside me. 'It comes from three miles off, but you can get it five miles distant when the wind is strong. That'—and he waved his left arm toward it as though the stench had been a visible thing—'that explains why tobacco is so scarce with us among the staff back yonder in Laon. All the tobacco which can be spared is sent to the men in the front trenches. As long as they smoke and keep on smoking they can stand—that!

"'You see,' he went on painstakingly, 'the situation out there at Cerny is like this: The French and English, but mainly the

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Omar Khayyam at the front

English, held the ground first. We drove them back and they lost very heavily. In places their trenches were actually full of dead and dying men when we took those trenches.

"'You could have buried them merely by filling up the trenches with earth. And that old beet-sugar factory which you saw this noon when we were at General Von Zwehl's headquarters—it was crowded with badly wounded Englishmen.

"'At once they rallied and forced us back, and now it was our turn to lose heavily. That was nearly three weeks ago, and since then the ground over which we fought has been debatable ground, lying between our lines and the enemy's lines—a stretch four miles long and half a mile wide that is literally carpeted with bodies of dead men. They weren't all dead at first. For two days and nights our men in the earthworks heard the cries of those who still lived, and the sound of them almost drove them mad. There was no reaching the wounded, though, either from our lines or from the Allies' lines. Those who tried to reach them were themselves killed. Now there are only dead out there—thousands of dead, I think. And they have been there twenty days. Once in a while a shell strikes that old sugar mill or falls into one of those trenches. Then—well, then, it is worse for those who serve in the front lines.'

"'But in the name of God, man,' I said, 'why don't they call a truce—both sides—and put that horror underground?'

"He shrugged his shoulders.

"'War is different now,' he said. 'Truces are not the fashion.'"

There were villages occupied twice in a week by each of the warring hosts, villages in which the fighting was hand to hand in the streets, and on which, though within easy range, neither side dared to turn its artillery for fear of killing its own men. The plateau of Craonne was swept back and forth by changing lines that now sung the "Marseillaise" and then again cried aloud for "Deutschland! Deutschland!" Rheims was held by both enemies, and finally bombarded by the Germans with results that shocked the art loving world—but of that more hereafter.

Meanwhile Sir John French, leaving the fighting along the front mainly to his French Allies, who throughout the war fought with that dash and steadiness that the French

Belgium scouts' extemporized watch tower

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German shell shattering a house near Antwerp have ever shown in defense of "La Patrie," began that reach for the German flank, which for a time menaced the safety of Von Kluck's army, but was defeated by strategy which will win for the hard fighting German General the admiration of military students in ages to come. At the outset the Allied advance seemed to be crowned with success. Resistlessly flowing northward beyond Noyon, the British and French troops filed ever along the front of Von Kluck's line as he changed front from south to east and extended his alignment ever northward. But strive as he would the Allies were too many for him. Troops were being rushed upon him from Amiens, from Paris and central France—new troops, some of them, Indians, Africans, and Colonials coming over from England. Small parties of the Allies did indeed get around Von Kluck's end. They took Peronne, entered St. Quentin, and seriously menaced Von Kluck's rear and his communications. It was at this time that reports were spread over the world that Von Kluck had been cut off and forced to surrender. It was at this time, too, that General von Moltke, chief of the German General Staff disappeared from the scene of active operations and there was a persistent rumor that he had been displaced by the Kaiser in a fit of rage over the check to his armies' progress in France. In the end it was shown that only a severe attack of illness had compelled the retirement of the son of the great strategist who had fought successfully the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.

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Some helpless Belgian charges upon Holland

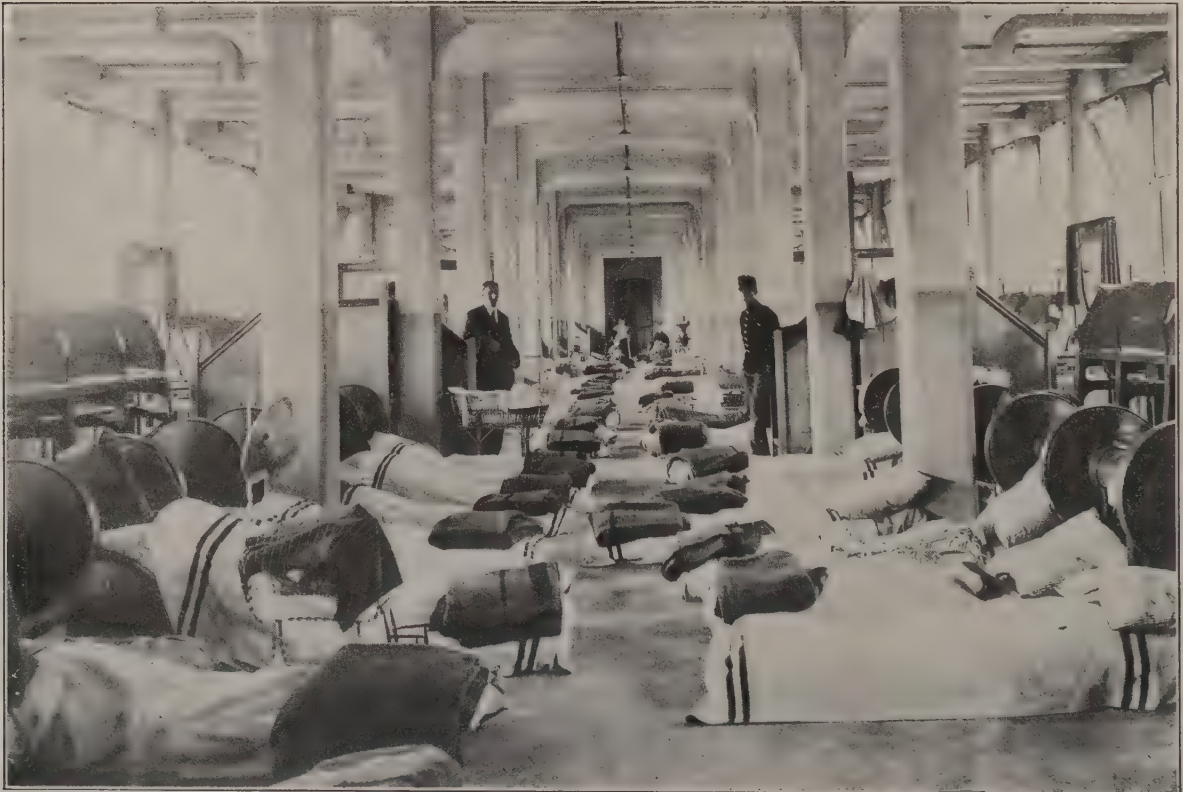
By this time barely seventy yards of debatable ground divided the two armies along a front extending over one hundred and forty miles. The Germans, being on the defensive, had so perfected their trenches that they were almost proof against artillery. Transverse bulkheads intercepted any enfilading fire, while heavy roofs of timbers covered with earth checked the storm of shrapnel from exploding shells overhead. But life in the trenches was miserable enough at best. In the earlier days of the engage-

The German Crown Prince

ment pouring rains turned them into half-filled ditches, in which the defenders stood up to their knees in water and could not lie down without soaking their entire bodies or even drowning. Later cold weather added to their misery. Cracked ice is a poor cushion even for unwounded men and the trenches were full of it.

Alfred Stead, the well known English journalist published in *The Independent* a sketch of the life of Tommy Atkins in the trenches, some extracts from which will give an idea of the private's experiences in the Battle of the Aisne:

"Then there are the more serious continuous trenches, which are often the outcome of the preliminary work, if the troops have to dig themselves in pending nightfall. These are not much shelter against shell fire or shrapnel, but the palatial trenches are those which now line the banks of many French rivers, permanent trenches six feet deep, half covered in, practically bomb proof, with a ledge on which a wearied man can sleep. In some of the German trenches, prepared beforehand, there were rooms for



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The Asscher diamond cutting works at Amsterdam turned into dormitories for the refugees the officers dug out, and furnished with pillaged furniture; even a candelabra was hanging from the ceiling.

"An infantry attack by the enemy is a godsend; the word passed down by the observers that the German infantry is on the move, is like the declaration of war in the barracks of an Irish regiment. Wild excitement fills the trench—all the emotions of days of shelling are to be released. Careful aim is taken—'when you really have a chance, it would be a crime to miss it,'—and bets are made as to the number of soldiers brought down.

"There is no animus; it is just relief. Often when the Germans used to advance in close formation and be mowed down again and again, there was actual pity for them in the trenches. 'I suppose we *must* let them have it again,' remarked a first-class shot at his loophole, as the shattered Germans came on again, game but terribly cut about. And they did 'let them have it,' for that is the only way to finish this war.

"Bayonet charges are rare and only the

Guards at a wayside shrine

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Seeking Divine aid and human rest

Nurses carrying a wounded sailor

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envied few really get this chance. A bayonet charge is the only real survival of old hand to hand warfare, in which the real joy of fighting comes to the surface. The rest of modern warfare is just digging yourself in, being shelled, and night marching in order to outflank the enemy. Much of the time the infantry are protecting the guns, and get the full benefit of shell fire because the guns always attract guns. And sometimes when the opposing trenches have crept nearer and nearer and an attack with the bayonet is possible, they find, as a Scottish Borderer said, 'there are not enough of them left to make the charge.'

"The French troops and especially the Africans, are much more restive in the trenches. Many times a Zouave regiment or Senegalese troops have taken matters in their own hands after a few hours' shelling and 'gone for' the enemy, only to suffer terrible losses.

'It is more pleasant than long marches' writes a private in his diary of life in the trenches. 'One would finish by becoming accustomed to this existence if the corpses of men and horses did not smell so badly, and if the flies did not multiply so rapidly. . . . We could not sleep because we were too wet, but plenty are worse off than we. . . . All night long there are shells every ten minutes, so that no sleep is possible. When it rains in torrents we can have no fire. Afterward we cook tea and tinned food with rainwater . . . sometimes on our knees for hours. . . . Very grateful for rum served out at night; nothing warms so well and we need it. . . . At 800 to 1,000 yards we can see the heavy works hiding the

German lines. . . . . To-day I had my first shot, a German in a tree. I made no mistake.'

"And so it goes. There is no repining, some grumbling, but not much.

"It is astonishing how little fear there is, how fatalistic everyone becomes under fire. Bravery has become a habit; nobody thinks to be agitated at shells and bullets. Friends and pals are killed close by and there is not much more comment than 'Bill's gone.'

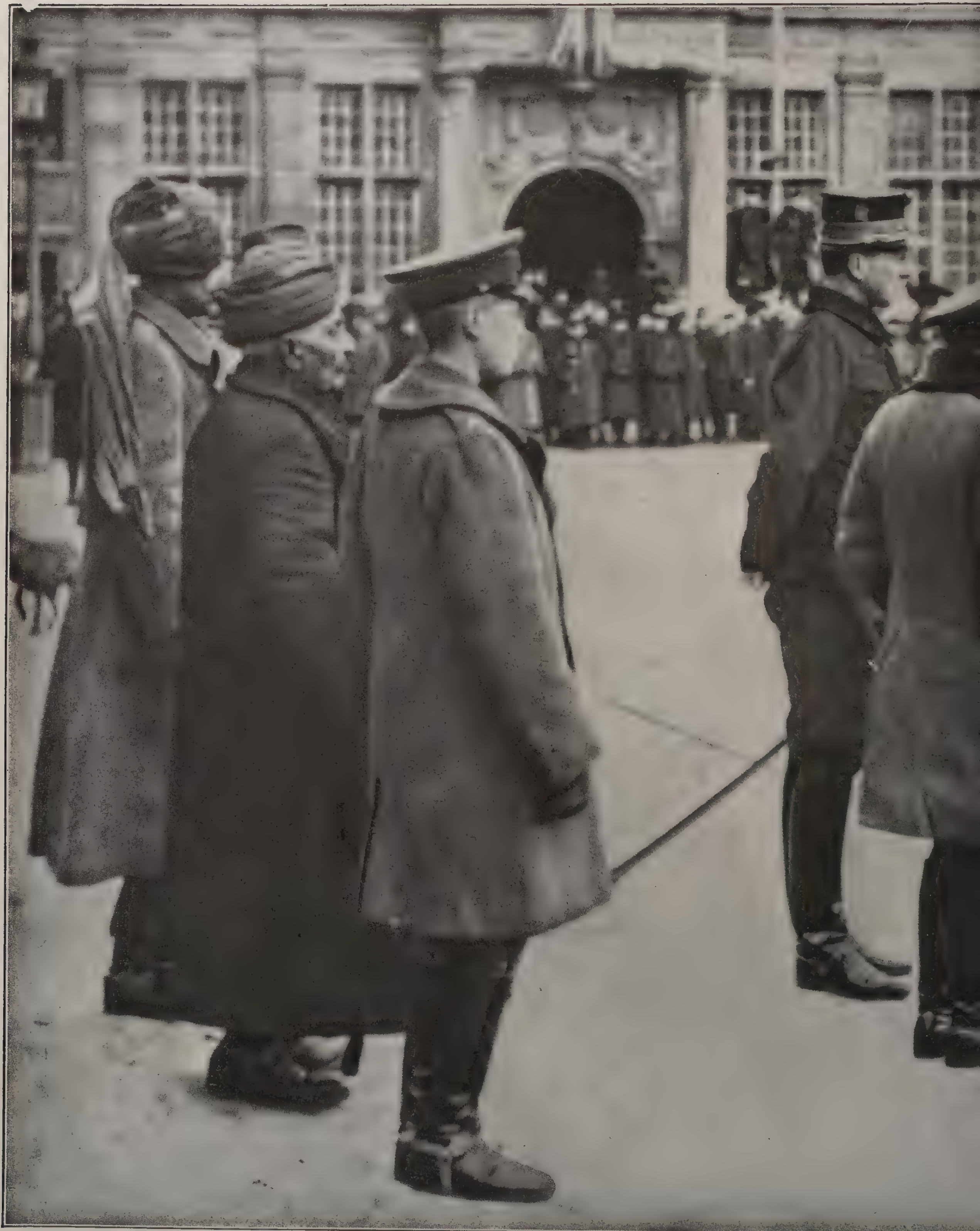
"'The only time when anyone can be afraid,' said another man, 'is when we are far off from the Germans. When we are near we are too busy and too keen to fight.'

"Dead bodies call for small comment among those in a firing line; only those in curious attitudes are remarked. . . . There are so many and since the beginning of the war there have always been so many."

As month after month wore away the men in the dismal trenches began trying to make them more livable. They abandoned the idea that their burrows were mere places of brief halt between changes of position and accepted their condemnation to long periods of life after the fashion of moles. The French, being nearest home, fared best in the effort to ease the hard conditions of life. Vaudeville companies came out from Paris to give entertainments in the trenches. Pianos and phonographs were installed. Some trenches were enlarged, roofed over and decorated until they resembled fairly comfortable apartments. Even the week end, dear to Londoners, had its recognition. So close were London and Paris that a three day furlough enabled soldiers to taste their joys and return refreshed to duty. But under all the gaiety was the lurking dread that any moment a shell might drop through the roof and end human joys and sorrows at a flash.

The ingenuity manifested by inventors of shells to meet and overcome every possible defensive work was little short of marvelous. One shell bursting high in air flings its fragments and the bullets with which it is packed straight down. This is effective against unroofed trenches. When a shell of another type bursts its charge is thrown forward and downward, flying thus directly in the faces of an advancing enemy. A third

A captured German scout



ROYALT

For the first time in 170 years a reigning monarch of England has gone to the front with his troops engaged in war. This p
to right: the Maharajah of Bikanir, Sir Pertab

FRONT

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King George and King Albert along with other high officials of the allied armies reviewing Belgian troops at Furnes. From lef
Prince of Wales, King Albert and King George

type of shell was discharged from howitzers and rose high in the air dropping almost perpendicularly behind any intervening defensive wall, and hurling its charge of bullets in every direction.

The men who launch these flying engines of death seldom see those against whom they are directed, while those upon whom the avalanche falls are utterly ignorant of the spot whence it proceeds. War is robbed of the excitement and glamour of personal conflict, when soldiers spend the day firing shells over a ridge that shuts out all view of the target, and fixing their range and directions by mathematical formulæ delivered by an officer who might be a college professor demonstrating a geometrical theorem. After days of such service a charge is a welcome relaxation. But the charge leaves behind ghastly evidence of what war, fought in the old way with steel opposed to shrapnel, means.

Luigi Barzini, an Italian correspondent of the *New York American* tells of the scene in the wake of one such fierce assault:

"I climb from the hollow in which Barcy nestles and reach the edge of the plain crisscrossed by German trenches.

"A terrible yet sublime spectacle is presented. The vast plain is littered with corpses. Hundreds and hundreds of bodies lie on the ground as far as the eye can reach. Hundreds of them all fell in one direction, like grass cut by a scythe. Death had overtaken them in the furious rush of an assault. All lie with limbs extended and faces forward.

"There is potent, moving significance in this uniform attitude of the dead. It relates, reveals, describes.

"It is here that an impetuous, yelling, overwhelming assault had taken place. In the immobility of death there is irresistible eloquence. The bodies are all pointing toward the enemy, heads foremost. A single thought, a single desire, a single impulse

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Indian cavalry on the fighting front

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German dead on the battlefield of the Marne

united these men in the last moment of life.

"There is still an expression of violence and impetuous dash in this fallen throng. Taken singly, they are horrible. Taken altogether, these bodies seem to have indescribable and fabulous life, and if at the sight of this slaughter one feels a wave of emotion, it is not caused by pity, but by enthusiasm.

"I think of the Japanese legend of heroes who never die; when their bodies fall the multitude of their souls continues the assault. Something of such deaths, something invisible and prodigious, must have happened here. Possibly they were fresh troops. The uniforms seem to be new. Blue coats with the skirts turned back disclose the red of the traditional trousers which is seen afar by the enemy—a vivacious color, an imprudent and gay cue.

"The national symbol of red must have formed a flaming, trembling line across the plain at the moment of assault. Nearly all the dead lie with their faces on or in the ground, having been hit in the head or breast, and they all have those strange, inhuman, grotesque, sinister attitudes to which they were condemned by death on the battlefield.

"Some of the wounded have had time to settle themselves and quietly await the end. They appear to be sleeping.

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Their wintry resting places

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How the trenches are crowded

"In front of or under each corpse is a rifle which escaped from the grasp of a falling man or was clutched in his hand when death came so suddenly as to make every muscle rigid. Long bayonets have furrowed the earth.

"The assault began at a distance of 700 or 800 yards from the first line of German trenches. It is possible to follow its course and reconstruct it. Insensible to losses, yelling masses of Frenchmen advanced at double under an infernal fire.

"German shrapnel had kindled piles of straw, the remains of which were still smoking, but the German artillery fire must have been reduced to silence almost immediately. At five hundred yards from the trenches there are no more corpses. The enemy had fled.

"One crosses this empty space and meets the dead again, but here they are all Germans. Along the edges of Chambray road, the whole episode of the hand-to-hand struggle is narrated by corpses.

"An isolated group of Germans had made a rampart of the roadside and remained there firing. They could not retire and held out as long as they could. The last of the dead Frenchmen are three yards from this spot and then the assault passed on. Pierced by bayonets every German fell with his back against the improvised parapets.

"The twisted bayonets and broken rifles that remain here speak of a swift, fierce and desperate combat. The Germans fell in small squads. A group of corpses lie around the body of an officer.

"The retreat was protected by the successive sacrifice of little companies.

"How the dead resemble each other! They can only be distinguished by their uniforms. On the ground French and Germans are the same. Racial characteristics vanish beneath the cruel mask of death. The expression of the face is the same.

"In the eternal truce of death there is a species of fraternity between fallen enemies.

"Each German corpse has a knapsack on its back. It is irreproachable, as though

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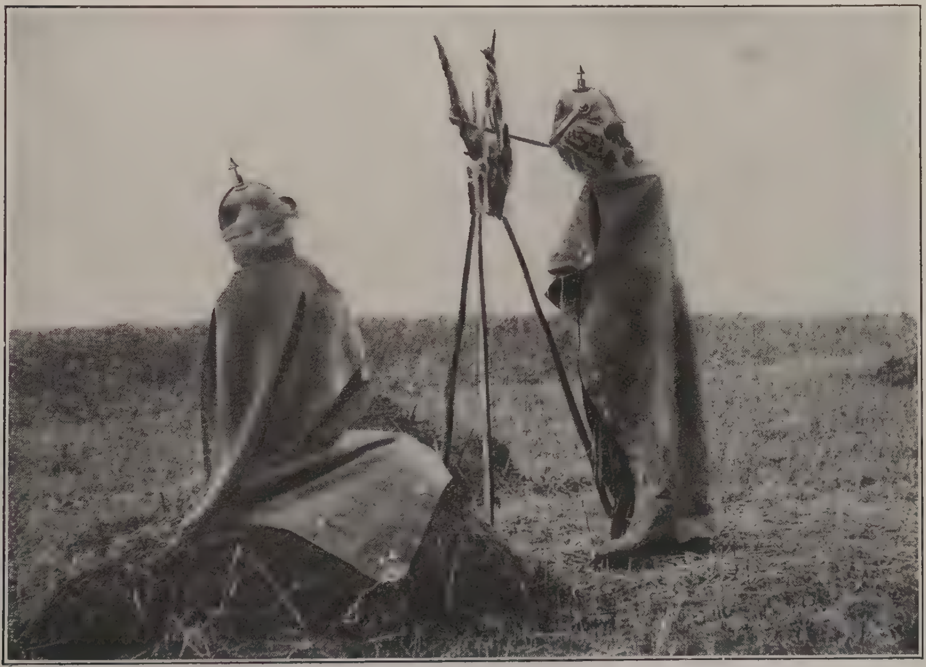
French advance under fire

prepared for review. Nothing is disarranged. Cartridge belts, scabbards, equipment of all kinds, rolled overcoats, tent canvas—everything is neatly folded, laced, and buckled. All seem to form an integral part of the body. Even the spiked helmet remains on the head.

"Nothing creates the impression of a routed army. If the French corpses reveal the irresistible fury of the assault, the German dead display order and discipline. The German army is beaten, but not routed. It retired quickly, but methodically, not resisting attacks. It withdrew with fury, but not in confusion. It disengaged itself.

"Besides material it abandoned also its wounded, but with them it left behind whole sections of its hospital corps to look after them. The French make prisoners of the wounded and of their nurses, doctors and dispensors, who maintain their rank and authority, and all these form a little German organization which continues to act automatically in the midst of the French army, isolated



German dummies placed in the fields to deceive French scouts

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Ruins of a fifteenth century marketplace at Ypres

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British artillery in action

and imperturbable, with its rigid salutes and imperious commands, just as if nothing had happened."

It was during this savage battle the end of which never came, but which merged itself insensibly into the equally fierce fighting in Flanders, that all endeavors to dispose of the dead in sanitary or seemly manner were necessarily abandoned. Even to bury them like cattle in great trenches was too heavy a task, and the shallow covering of soil soon betrayed what lay below. Thousands were burned on the battlefield. Hundreds tied together, in bundles of four dead bodies, were stacked on trucks like so much fire-wood and sent to the rear to be decently interred. But more were left where they died to gradually mingle with the soil from which they had sprung.

The wounded too, in this incessant fighting lay often where they fell until death brought relief. At Soissons, where the tenacious defense of some deep and rambling stone quarries by the Germans held the Allies long in check, the wounded lay for two days and nights between the opposing lines, each in a pit scooped out by his hands if the strength

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French troops marching into the village of Capy in Picardy

remained, lying helpless, agonized while the shrapnel still swept the field and, by night, the cold white rays of the searchlights played incessantly over the scene of agony and of death.

From no source can so true and convincing an idea of the experience and sentiments of the ordinary soldier be obtained than from "letters home" written in the trenches. Unfortunately in this war an immense number of letters, written by accomplished fictionists and falsely put forth as actual letters from combatants were published, making the historian cautious about giving currency to any. But the following letter touching in its pathos and affection, Sir John French himself incorporated in his report of September 18th, vouching for its having been taken from the body of a German soldier on the battlefield near Soissons:

"My Dear Wife: I have just been living through days that defy imagination. I should never have thought that men could stand it. Not a second has passed but my life has been in danger, and yet not a hair of my head has been hurt.

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Shell of a 42 C, M, gun filled with good things to eat

"It was horrible; it was ghastly, but I have been saved for you and for our happiness, and I take heart again, although I am still terribly unnerved. God grant that I may see you again soon and that this horror may soon be over.

"None of us can do any more; human strength is at an end. I will try to tell you about it. On September 5th the enemy were reported to be taking up a position near St. Prix, southeast of Paris. The 10th Corps, which had made an astonishingly rapid advance, of course, was attacked

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Seine River barges used as hospitals

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Algerians who fought at Arras

on Sunday. Steep slopes led up to the heights, which were held in considerable force.

"With our weak detachments of the 74th and 91st regiments we reached the crest and came under a terrible artillery fire that mowed us down. However, we entered St. Prix. Hardly had we done so than we were met with shell fire and a violent fusillade from the enemy's infantry. Our colonel was badly wounded; he is the third we have had. Fourteen men were killed around me. We got away in a lull with-

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Captured spy with French escort

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Belgian refugees from Antwerp

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The burden of the Red Cross nurses

out being hit.

"The 7th, 8th, and 9th of September we were constantly under shell and shrapnel fire and suffered terrible loss. I was in a house which was hit several times. The fear of death, of agony which is in every heart, and naturally so, is a terrible feeling. How often I have thought of you, my darling, and what I suffered in that terrible battle which extended along a front of many miles near Montmirail, you cannot possibly imagine.

"Our heavy artillery was being used for the siege of Maubeuge. We wanted it badly, as the enemy had theirs in force and kept up a furious bombardment. For four days I was under artillery fire. It was like hell, but a thousand times worse.

"On the night of the 9th the order was given to retreat, as it would have been madness to attempt to hold our position with our few men, and we should have risked a terrible defeat the next day. The first and third armies had not been able to attack with us, as we had advanced too rapidly. Our morale was absolutely broken, and, in spite of unheard-of sacrifices, we had achieved nothing.

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London bus taken by the Germans

"I cannot understand how our army, after fighting three great battles and being terribly weakened, was sent against a position which the enemy had prepared for three weeks, but naturally I know nothing of the intentions of our chiefs; they say nothing.

"In a word, we retired toward Cormontreuil and Rheims by forced marches by day and night. We hear that three armies are going to get into line, intrench and rest and then start afresh our victorious march on Paris. It was not a defeat, only a strategic retreat. I have confidence in our chiefs and that everything will be successful.

"Our first battalion, which has fought with unparalleled bravery, is reduced from 1,200 to 194 men. These numbers speak for themselves."

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Not so gloomy though at war

No incident of the war, not even the "atrocities," of which so much was said during its early months, caused deeper regret or awakened more bitter resentment than the irreparable damage inflicted upon the cathedral of Notre Dame at Rheims. This ancient sanctuary, begun in the thirteenth century, was held by architects and antiquarians to be the most perfect and beautiful piece of Gothic construction in all Europe. Long the place of coronation for Kings of France, it was hallowed by historical associations, as well as by its sacred character. Housing a wealth of art treasures—most of which were happily removed before the bombardment—it was itself a jewel box as beautiful as the jewels it contained. Delicate carvings with which it was richly adorned, and priceless and irreplaceable stained glass made up its chief beauties, all of which were sacrificed to the God—or the Devil—of War.

It was on September 4th that the Germans first entered the city and by some curious chance, explained by them as a misunderstanding of orders, the town was bombarded by their own guns while they occupied it. Four shots then struck the Cathedral, doing, however, but little damage. But on September 14th the French entered the city. The Germans had retired and established their lines on hills to the north and west of the town, upon which they at once opened

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Tomb at Ramscapelle spared by war's tempest fire with the purpose of driving the French out. Then shots fell fast about the Cathedral, the huge mass of which towered above the low-lying roofs of the ancient Flemish town with such prominence as to make it a mark equally easy to hit or to avoid. The German shells hit it and hit it fast. Seemingly those in command of the assailing batteries had not foreseen how world-wide would be the resentment of their vandalism, for the excuses made later for the injury beyond repair done to the ancient pile had all the appearance of after thoughts. At first the explanation was that the Cathedral was struck by accident, but its colossal bulk made that difficult to understand if German marksmanship were as accurate as reported. The German Ambassador to Washington declared, "The attack on the Cathedral at Rheims was not wilful," and that "on the contrary orders were issued to spare the Cathedral by all means." Later however, an official dispatch from Berlin justified the attack, declaring it the fault of "the French who made Rheims a fortress."

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Excavation in which a Krupp gun had been. Water was let in to cover technical secrets

Mr. E. Ashmead Bartlett who visited the Cathedral shortly after the bombardment, gathered from eye-witnesses the material for a picturesque account of the disaster which he published in *Collier's Weekly*. After commenting upon the fact that the Cathedral had survived the supposedly barbarous wars of the Middle Ages only to be irreparably wrecked by exponents of twentieth century culture, he goes on to say:

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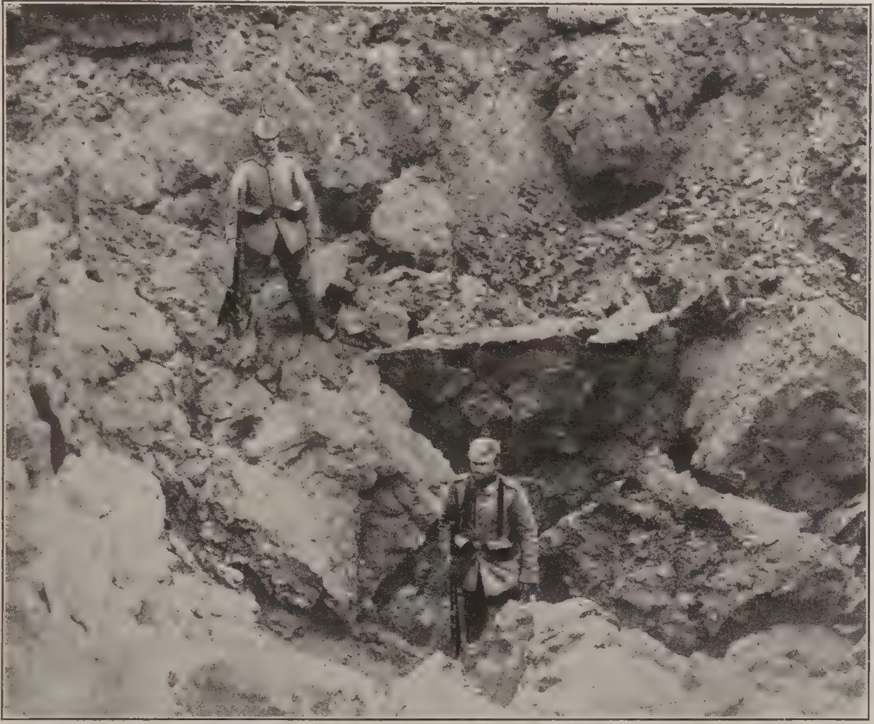
Last honors to the dead

"Our knock was answered by a priest, who, on seeing that we were English, at once allowed us to enter. The sacred father then told us in language that was not altogether priestly, when speaking of the soldiers whose guns were still thundering outside, of how the Germans had bombarded the Cathedral for two hours that morning, landing over fifty shells in its immediate neighborhood, but, luckily, the distance being very great, over eight kilometers, the solid stonework of the building had resisted the successive shocks of these six-inch howitzers, and how it was with that ancient and priceless glass which had suffered the most.



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What the 42 cm. guns did to an Antwerp fort

"'Monsieur, they respect nothing. We placed scores of them inside and hoisted the Red Cross on the spire in order to protect the Cathedral, and yet they fire at it all the same, and have killed their own soldiers. Pray, monsieur, make these facts known all over Europe and America.'

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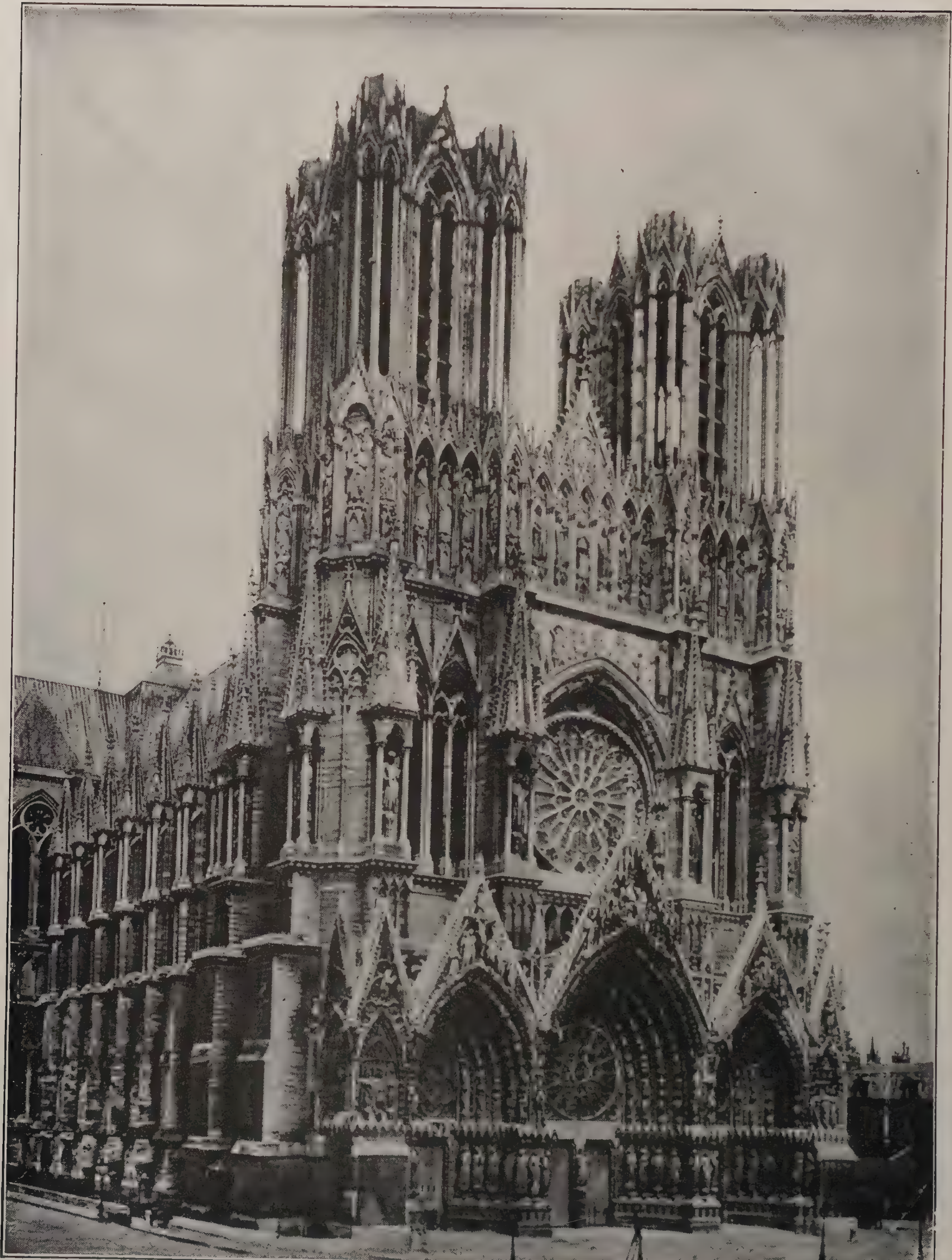
Foraging in Flanders—a doomed duck

"With these words he unlocked a wicket and conducted us toward the altar, close to which stands a small painted statue of Jeanne d'Arc. The east end of Notre Dame had up to this period suffered but little, and although some of the windows were damaged, they were not lost beyond repair. The light still shone through in rays of dark blue and red, broken here and there by streaks of pure light. Milton's description still applied to them:

The storied windows
richly dight,
Casting a dim religious
light.



Rheims Cathedral before it was shattered by German shell fire

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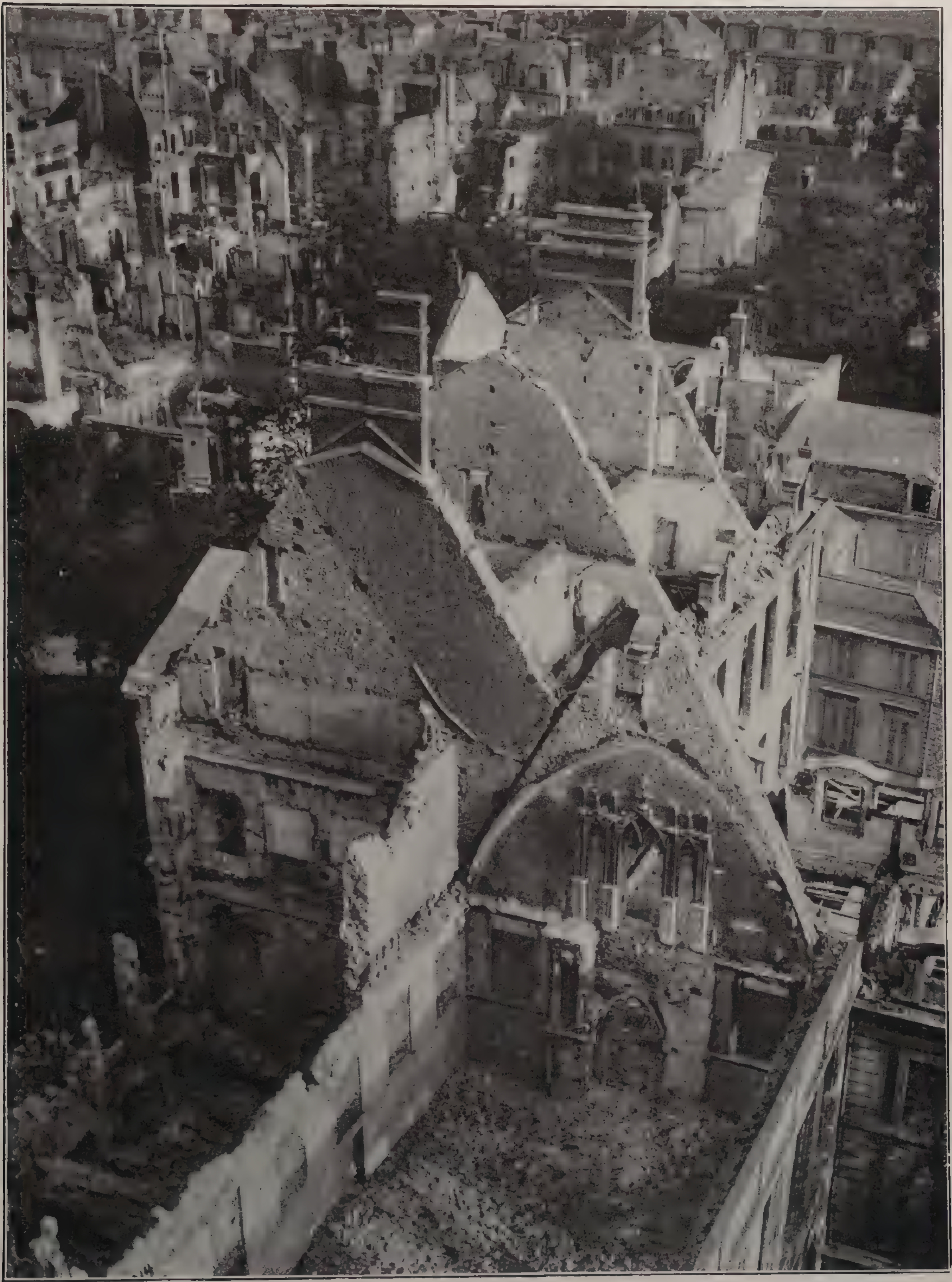

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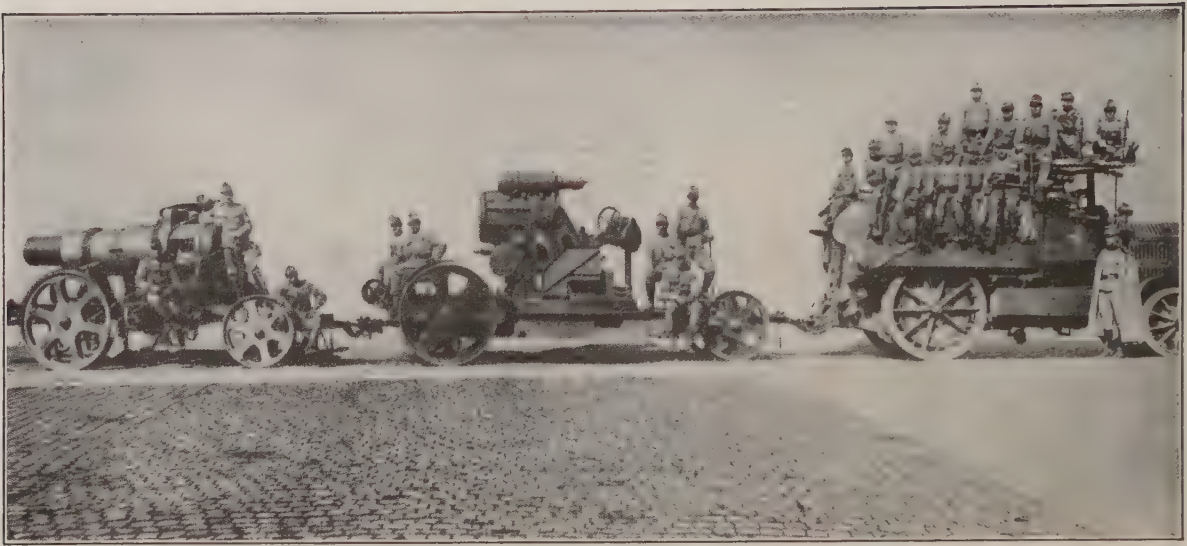
Ruined Rheims as seen from one of the Cathedral towers



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One of the two guns that set Antwerp in flames

"A great wave of sunshine lit up a somber picture of carnage and suffering at the western end, near the main entrance. Here, on piles of straw, lay the wounded Germans in all stages of suffering. Their round shaven heads, thin cheeks, and bluish-gray uniforms contrasted strangely with the somber black of the silent priests attending them, while in the background the red trousers of the French soldiers were just visible on the steps outside. Most of the wounded had dragged their straw behind the great Gothic pillars, as if seeking shelter from their own shells. The priest conducted us to one of the aisles beneath the window where the shell had entered that morning. A great pool of blood lay there, staining the column just as the blood of Thomas à Becket must have stained the altar of Canterbury seven centuries before.

"'That, monsieur, is the blood of the French gendarme who was killed at eleven this morning. But he did not go alone.' The priest pointed to two more recumbent figures, clad in the bluish gray of the Kaiser's legions. There they lay stiff and cold as the effigies around them. All three had perished by the same shell. Civilian doctors of Rheims moved among the wounded, who for the most part maintained an attitude of stoical indifference to everything around them. Food is scarce in the town, and meat almost unobtainable, but in the centre of the Cathedral transept lay the raw quarter of a slaughtered ox, a horrid touch of materialism amidst a scene otherwise lacking all sense of reality. We moved around collecting fragments of the precious glass which the Kaiser had so unexpectedly thrown within our reach. We were brought back to realities by hearing the unmistakable whistle of an approaching shell, followed by a deafening explosion, and more fragments of glass came tumbling from aloft. The weary, war-worn Teutons instinctively huddled closer to the Gothic arches."

If we accept October 4th as the closing day of the Battle of the Aisne, that conflict may be said to have raged incessantly for twenty-two days. Even at that the date of its termination is only arbitrarily fixed, for the fighting along the line from Rheims to the eastward continued for weeks thereafter, with the troops holding the same relative positions and seeking or defending the same strategic points. But at the date fixed Von Kluck, having definitely checked the Allies' effort to turn his right flank, made preparations for the attack upon Antwerp and the drive for the British Channel which resulted in the fiercest fighting of the war up to that time.

Defining thus the Battle of the Aisne, we find it the longest in point of time, with the most extended battle lines, and the heaviest forces engaged, of any battle recorded in history. Its magnitude in comparison with some of the other great battles of history is shown by this table, the figures in which are official so far as other battles, but necessarily

WAR IN THE AIR
A French armed biplane in pursuit of a German Taube aeroplane

estimates so far as they relate to the Battles of the Aisne and the Marne:

Battle of Aisne	22 days	*300,000
Mukden, 1905	20 days	150,000
Battle of Marne	7 days	*100,000
Liao Yang, 1904	9 days	39,000
Gettysburg, 1863	3 days	44,000
Leipsic, 1813	3 days	102,000

*Estimated.

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Bits of the wrecked Rheims Cathedral

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The rose window at Rheims

And yet when all is said and done this prodigious conflict ended only in a drawn battle. Tens of thousands of lives were sacrificed. Awful agony was inflicted upon innumerable wounded. The homes of five nations were invaded by the Angel of Death. Desolation was visited upon many of the most beautiful towns and villages of France and Belgium. A land that had been a Mecca for tourists and art lovers was turned into a ghastly wilderness repellant to all who could imagine the weight of human woe behind the physical scars. Historic shrines were obliterated. Triumphs of ancient art like the Rheims Cathedral were irretrievably ruined, though they had withstood the shock of centuries, and their stately grandeur had compelled the awed respect of savage tribes whose names we to-day use as symbols of all that is destructive and uncivilized. The fair fields were soaked with blood, and the bodies of men lay too thick for burial, while the cries of the wounded rang out night after night upon the unheeding air.

And withal the Battle of the Aisne was a drawn battle!

Summer in England, 1914

By Alice Meynell

On London fell a clearer light;
  Caressing pencils of the sun
Defined the distances, the white
  Houses transfigured, one by one,
The "long, unlovely street" impearled.
O what a sky has walked the world!

Most happy year! And out of town
  The hay was prosperous, and the wheat;
The silken harvest climbed the down;
  Moon after moon was heavenly sweet,
Stroking the bread within the sheaves,
Looking 'twixt apples and their leaves.

And while this rose made round her cup,
  The armies died convulsed; and when
This chaste young silver sun went up
  Softly, a thousand shattered men,
One wet corruption, heaped the plain,
After a league-long throb of pain.

Flower following tender flower; and birds,
  And berries; and benignant skies
Made thrive the serried flocks and herds—
  Yonder are men shot through the eyes,
And children crusht. Love, hide thy face
From man's unpardonable race.

A REPLY

Who said "No man hath greater love than this,
  To die to serve his friend"?
So these have loved us all unto the end.
Chide thou no more, O thou unsacrificed!
The soldier dying dies upon a kiss,
        The very kiss of Christ.

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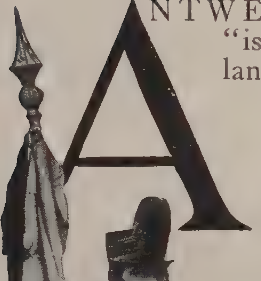
WOUNDED BELGIANS LEAVING THE FIRING LINE

THE NATIONS AT WAR

CHAPTER VIII

THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP—IMPORTANCE OF THE CITY—BRITISH RELIEF EXPEDITION—FUTILITY OF THE DEFENSE—THE BOMBARDMENT—SUFFERINGS OF THE FUGITIVES—GERMANS PRESS ON TO THE CHANNEL

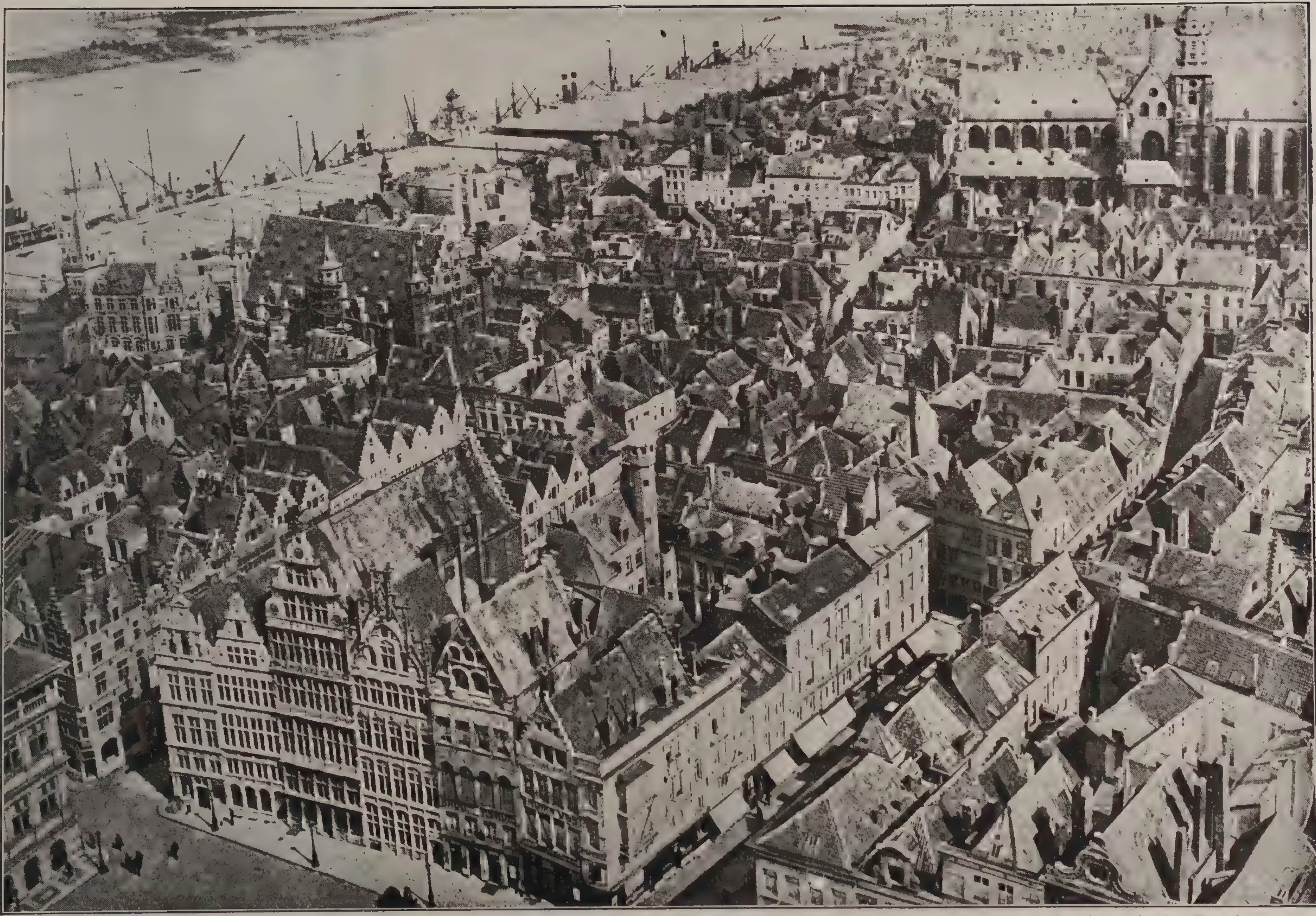


French standard-bearer of the Turcos

ANTWERP", said Napoleon once, "is a pistol aimed at England's heart." The metaphor is perhaps somewhat overwrought. Nevertheless the English have always taken it seriously and made it their business to keep the pistol in friendly hands, and, not trusting to that policy alone, to maintain some obstacle betwixt the muzzle of the weapon and themselves.

The menace of Antwerp to British interests proceeds from its position as a great seaport, connected by numerous lines of railroad with the interior countries of Europe and within striking distance of the British Channel coast. Only Rotterdam can compare with Antwerp in strategic importance in a continental attack upon England, and in Napoleon's day Rotterdam had not been developed as a great port. With Belgian neutrality respected, Antwerp was in no sense a menace to English defense. But whatever the assumption of horror among the English people because of the German invasion of that country in 1914, the statesmen of England long ago foresaw that Antwerp might fall into hands at once hostile and powerful. In addition to the neutrality of Belgium they defended the neutrality of Holland, and as the Scheldt River, over which the ships come and go to Antwerp, reaches the sea through the Netherlands, the neutral position of the Dutch was a second guaranty that Antwerp should not be used as a base for expeditions against the British Isles. Yet this second safeguard did not satisfy the British who of late years have suspected the Dutch of too friendly feelings for the Germans. Accordingly, when Holland proposed to erect formidable fortifications at the mouth of the Scheldt, Great Britain objected. Her government suspected that the eagerness of Dutch engineers to fortify the Scheldt while showing no anxiety to fortify their frontier on the German side, indicated a desire to keep the British out while letting the Germans in. So the water gate to Antwerp remained unfortified, and after the Germans occupied the city in October, 1914, nothing but respect for Dutch neutrality prevented the British from using their navy to make the city untenable. Whether the Germans would show equal respect for Dutch neutrality, or whether they would use Antwerp and the unfortified Scheldt as the point from which to launch their long threatened expedition against England, was a question that aroused much speculation during the last months of 1914.

It was not, however, primarily for any such



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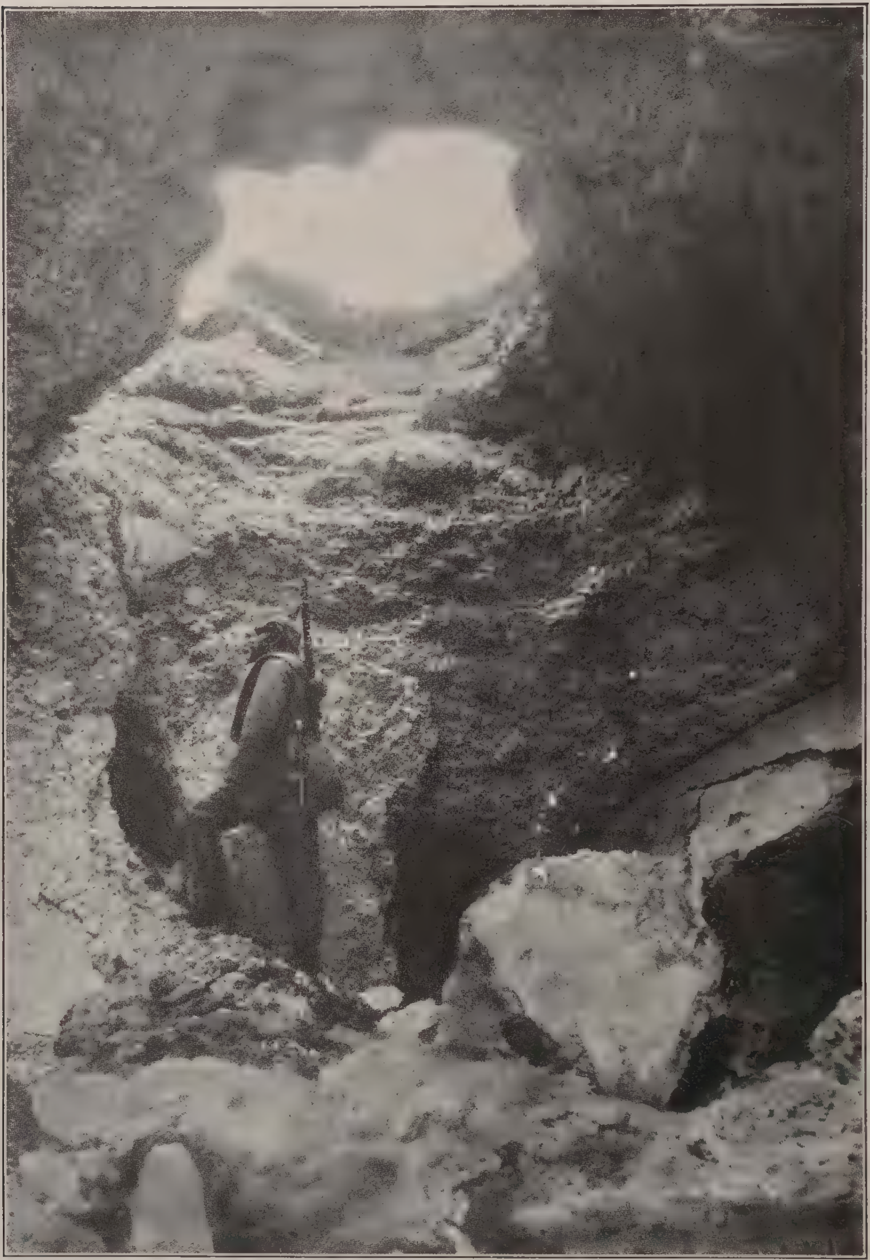
Bird's-eye view of Antwerp before the siege purpose that, while the fighting was still fierce along the Aisne, on the Craonne plateau and in the forest of Argonne, Von Kluck drew men and great guns from every part of his line that could be depleted safely, and fresh troops from Germany, and undertook the capture of Antwerp. The Belgian city, heavily fortified as it was, was a constant menace to his flank and rear. As a fortress it was second only to Paris, with communications open to the sea, so that only respect for the neutrality of Holland—to which the Germans could hardly appeal after their treatment of Belgium—stood in the way of its being continually supplied with fresh troops and munitions of war by the British. Its forts and camps furnished shelter for 150,000 men—though the Belgians had not nearly so many for that service—and by way of holding the garrison from breaking out the Germans had to keep not less than 150,000 investing it. These men Von Kluck needed on his battle line, but they could only be relieved by making Antwerp a German possession.

Accordingly, on the 29th of September, the attack was begun. There was no lessening of the vigor of the fighting on the main battle line. On the contrary, at the moment the German guns opened on Antwerp, the forces of the Kaiser were pushing back the Allies at Albert, fighting fiercely about Arras, and crossing the Wœvre plains near the still unsubdued fortress of Verdun. The French were kept so busily engaged that they could spare no men for the defense of their neighbors' most powerful fortress. Nor could the English on the left of the French battle line spare enough men to send an adequate relieving force. A hundred thousand would have been scarce enough, and no such force

An Antwerp outpost in action



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The effect of a German 42-cm. shell on a great mass of Belgian concrete

was obtainable. A small force of British marines and bluejackets, about 8,000 in all, with a number of naval guns were sent into the city, accompanied in a spirit of adventure by Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty. But this force, though it aroused the enthusiasm of the inhabitants of Antwerp was worse than useless. It aroused also the wrath of the Germans and caused a bombardment of Antwerp which might otherwise have been averted. But when "*les Anglais*" began rolling into town in great 'busses, commandeered from the Strand and Piccadilly and bearing the signs—cabalistic to the natives—"Shepherd's Bush," "Bank," "Wormwood Scrubs" and divers soap and tobacco advertisements, all Antwerp went wild with joy and forgot the low grumble of the German guns pounding away at the outer ring of forts.

But alas for Tommy Atkins! Of the 6,000 or 8,000 English soldiers and marines sent to Antwerp on this futile errand about 2,000 were disabled by the enemy's fire, and about 2,000 were forced over the line into Holland where, in accordance with international law, they were disarmed and interned for the period of the war. The remainder made their way back to England and were received with wild joy.

The outer ring of forts near Antwerp encircles the city at a distance of about twelve miles. They were designed by that master of fortification, Brialmont, and were of the type which was supposed to be impregnable until the Krupps produced their 42-centimeter howitzers which in gratitude the German soldiers called the "Busy Berthas." But even these heaviest guns were not brought into play against the Antwerp forts. Instead the attack was made with 28-centimeter (11.2 inch) howitzers, having a range of six miles and dropping a projectile weighing 750 pounds.

Even so it required but three days of hard pounding to so far silence the outer forts that

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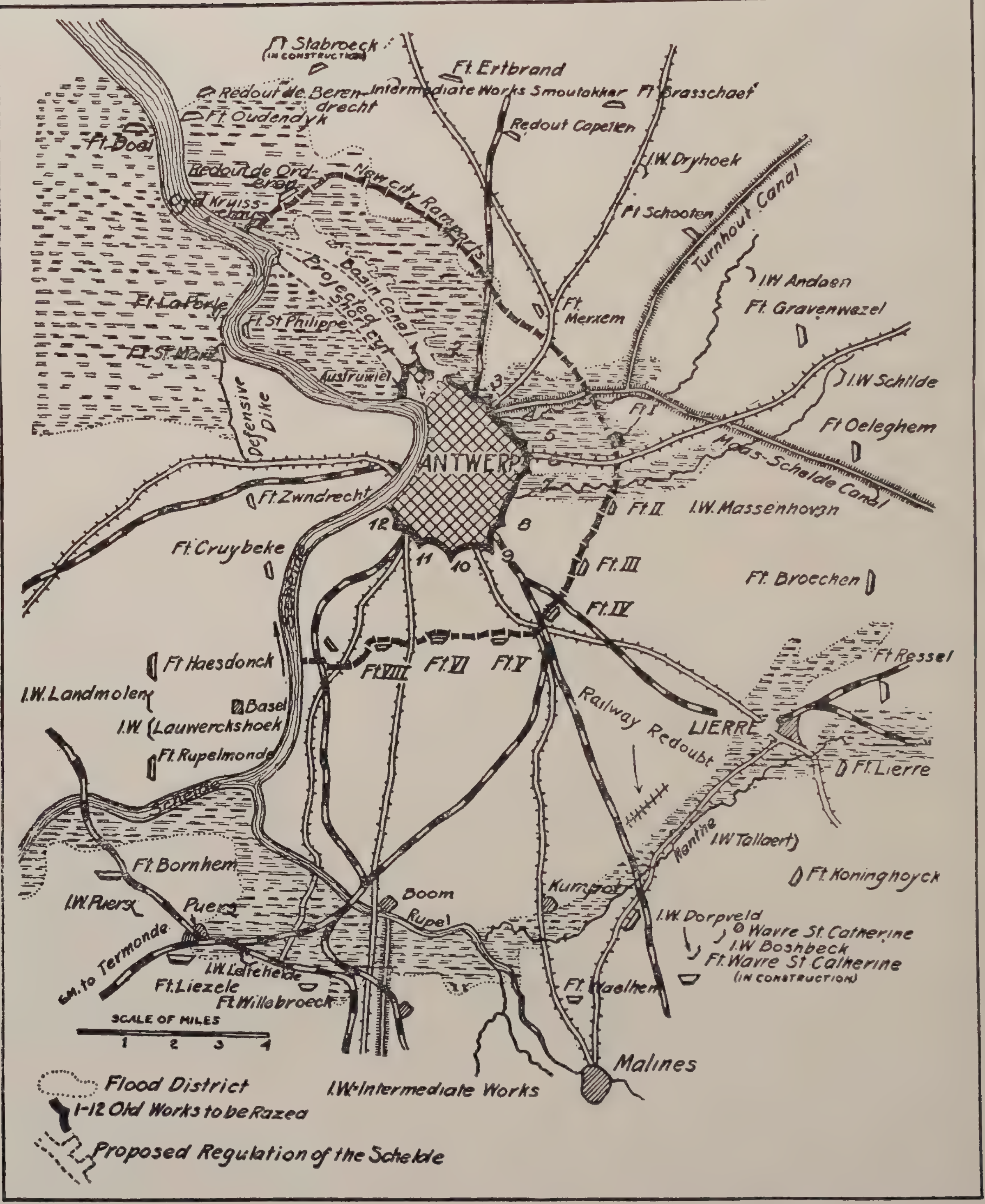
Antwerp house wrecked by a German shell

the Germans forced a wedge of infantry between them, and over the Belgians fighting desperately in the trenches between Lierre and Boom. The Nethe River was crossed on pontoon bridges laid under heavy fire. Before Boom a great section of country was inundated by the Belgians, who cut the dikes; ready to sacrifice their fields and their homes if they could but stay the progress of the invaders. But the latter were amphibious and fought knee deep in water, or advanced on hastily improvised rafts. Though they suffered heavily, the Germans pressed forward irresistibly and by October 2nd, only three days after the beginning of the attack, officials in Antwerp saw that the city's fate was sealed. The roar of the guns around the city grew steadily louder, and through the streets streamed an ever increasing flood of wounded making for the overcrowded hospitals. For a moment the arrival of the British gave a brief note of hope, but too many worn out soldiers were coming in from the trenches, telling the story of disaster all along the lines, in the face of an overwhelming force. Their forts were battered to pieces by guns which they could not answer because of their superior range. Their men, worn out with long vigilance and hard fighting, were falling fast in the trenches with none to take their places, while for every German slain two sprang forward to take up his work. Indeed when Antwerp fell 60,000 Germans unhurt and scarce begrimed by conflict marched in. Horses were exhausted and the gallant Belgian dogs that worked side by side with the men at the guns were nearly all slain. The hospitals were packed and the wounded overflowed into churches and public halls. All men saw that the city was lost, but still the Belgian army and their gallant king fought on.

The bombardment of the city was conducted by the Germans with intent to overawe, rather than to destroy. Their heaviest



Adapted from *Handbuch für Heer und Flotte*

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF ANTWERP

These defenses designed by Brialmont and extended by later engineers were supposed to be practically impregnable. The Germans made their attack from the south, first reducing with their big howitzers the forts of Waelhem and Wavre St. Catherine, later the Railway Redoubt, and finally Ports IV and VI

artillery was but seldom employed, reliance being put mainly upon the smaller mortars. The German officers declared, after their occupation of Antwerp, that they had sys-

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Baron de Brocqueville, Belgian Minister of War, in civilian garb

tematically avoided destroying great public works and historical edifices, while dropping their shells near enough to them to show how readily the marksmen might have swept these objects away had they chosen. This statement seemed to be substantiated in the case of the picturesque City Hall which stood intact though a building across the street was demolished, and great holes were torn in the street pavement before it by shells that fell about sixty feet short of the building itself. One shell went through a window of the Church of Our Lady—Antwerp's most beautiful edifice—but this was clearly a mischance, for thereafter the building was in no way molested. With characteristic German thoroughness the artillerists had been supplied with maps of the city and instructed to drop a few shells into each quarter by way of showing the inhabitants that the whole city was at the besiegers' mercy if they should choose to destroy it. As a result of this policy, when the bombardment ended it left Antwerp with patches of two or three houses destroyed in four separated quarters of the town, but with no such general sweeping destruction as that of Louvain or even Rheims, though in some quarters fire did much damage. Indeed, had not panic seized upon the inhabitants, impelling them to flee whither they knew not from a peril which none could define, there was no reason why the whole population might not have rested tranquilly in their homes awaiting the German occupation. For much of the suffering that ensued, the city government was directly responsible because of its unwise proclamation counselling a general flight. The bombardment itself lasted about thirty-six hours and the most authentic figures obtainable fix the number of casualties at less than 100. Probably many more met death by starvation or exhaustion in the frantic wish to escape from the incoming hordes of Germans whom they had been taught to look upon as barbarians mad with the lust for blood and pillage. When the Germans did come they brought with them law, order and a decent regard for the usages of civilization.

Indeed the story of Antwerp is one of repeated errors for which a heavy price was paid. The unprejudiced observer cannot even admit that the resistance of Antwerp was heroic. It was merely futile and ill-advised.

According to German reports, the main attack was led by the marine division, made up of sailors, and marines from Cuxhaven and

Kiel, the great naval rendezvous, and detachments of the *Landwehr* and *Landsturm*, both reserve formations, brought from Germany especially for this undertaking. They had looked for a harder resistance than they encountered, the General in command, Von Beseler, having expected the ring of forts to hold out at least eight days longer than it did. In passing it may be noted that the Belgians complained bitterly that their fortifications were weak because heavy guns, ordered long before from the Krupps, were held back by that firm when nobody else had any expectation of war. With the outer forts thus only half-armed, and the inner forts so near the city that the Germans could reduce it by bombardment without troubling to silence them, the Belgians quickly saw their case was hopeless.

The German attack was at first centred upon Forts Waelhem, Wavre, St. Catherine and the so-called Railway Redoubt. Here, as at Liège, the artillery fire proved irresistible. Single shots put the steel turrets of St. Catherine's out of action. In one the concrete embankment thought to be impregnable was pierced like cheese, and the steel turret overturned. Behind the embankment of Fort Waelhem a 12-inch shell exploded in the magazine. A heavy engine furnishing power for the whole fort was blown twenty yards, the steel turret was lifted from its base, and beneath the ruins of the fort sixty men were buried forever.

With Fort Waelhem seemingly silenced, a night attack was determined upon. Volunteers were called for and sailors, marines and pioneers made up the forlorn hope. A storming party equipped with life preservers—for it was necessary to swim the moat—steel nippers to cut away barbed wire, and hand grenades to fling among the defenders, crept forward in the black night. A heavy force was to follow when these gallant fellows had cleared the way. But the way was never cleared. When within 150 yards the fort, which they had thought dead, sprang into malignant life. Rifles, machine guns and howitzers loaded with the Belgian canister spat out so murderous a fire that the storming

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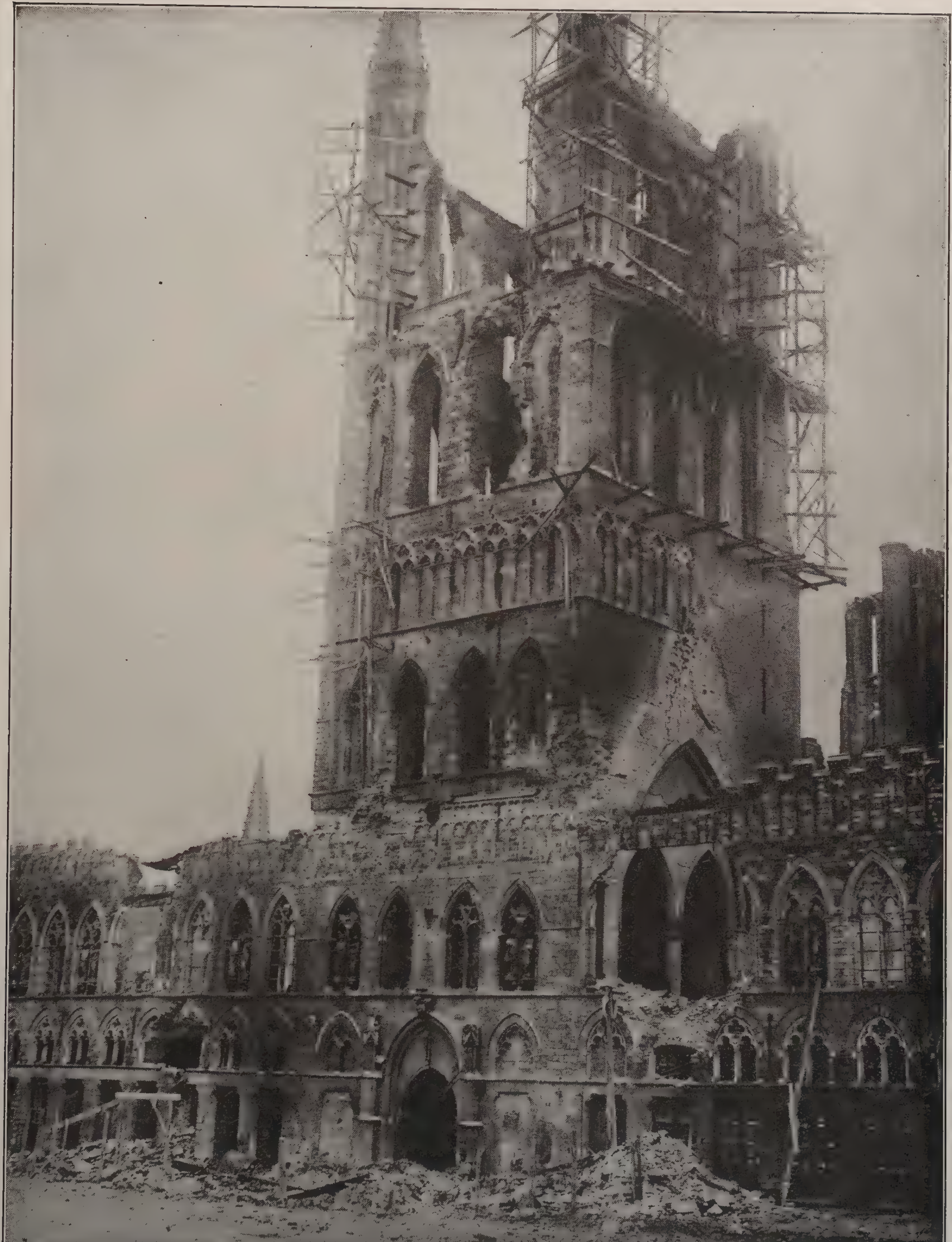
Austrian officers, with gun used in bombarding Antwerp



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Ruined town hall at Ypres

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Antwerp refugees on board a fishing-smack party stopped in its tracks—then fled. But in the morning the German bombardment began again and in the afternoon Major Witte, commanding the fort, declared that having no heavy guns with which to respond he would surrender. The surviving defenders were allowed to march out with all the honors of war. The Railway Redoubt gave to the dogged assailants even more trouble. A German account of the reduction of this work by turning its flank, and the subsequent passage of the River Nethe says:

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A German factory at Antwerp fired by the Belgians

"Working like beavers since the outbreak of the war, the Belgians had converted this natural obstacle into a veritable fortress. Successive lines of trenches, shelter pits, and bomb-proofs had been built for the infantry, positions for the field guns were scattered everywhere, wire entanglements had been laid even in the flooded portions of the river valley, the water also hiding deep trenches dug at irregular intervals in all directions, and everywhere before the lines were dug "wolves' holes," deep conical pits filled to the brim with mud, which hid sharp steel spikes to impale any one stepping into them. Fifty-four heavy guns from the forts were brought to this line and mounted behind earthworks.

"The Germans gradually fought their way to this line and then intrenched, the hostile trenches being separated by the width of the flooded valley. So vigorous was the fire that a head could scarcely be shown above the trench without drawing a fusillade, and the German and Belgian riflemen resorted to the time-worn expedient of holding up their caps

Children playing in the ruins of their city

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French dragoons with Uhlan captives

to draw the enemy's fire and give themselves a chance to get in an aimed shot. The Belgian machine guns, with steel shields pierced only with narrow slits for aiming, gave particular trouble, the Belgians spraying the rims of the German trenches with these to keep down the infantry fire. The dead in these trenches were all, according to the German officers, killed by head shots.

"The position was found to be so formidable that the German lines were retired from the river bank and the German artillery was told to reduce the Belgian lines sufficiently to permit the infantry to resume the attack with some hope of success. The infantry fire was finally beaten down, and a crossing was forced near the town of Lierre, which lay in the

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These once were Antwerp homes

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The wrecked cathedral at Ypres

middle of the flooded district, German pioneers swimming across under cover of darkness and laying bridges over which the infantry and field artillery dashed under heavy artillery fire. This success turned the flank of the Belgian position, the passages were forced at various points, and by October 7 the German troops were everywhere across the Nethe

"With this success the Belgian defense practically collapsed. The Belgian troops fell back rapidly from their river lines, abandoning their heavy artillery and a number of machine guns, and the Germans, who had hastily intrenched themselves to repulse the expected counter-attack, were able to bring forward their heavy artillery at once for the attack of the inner line of forts and the bom-

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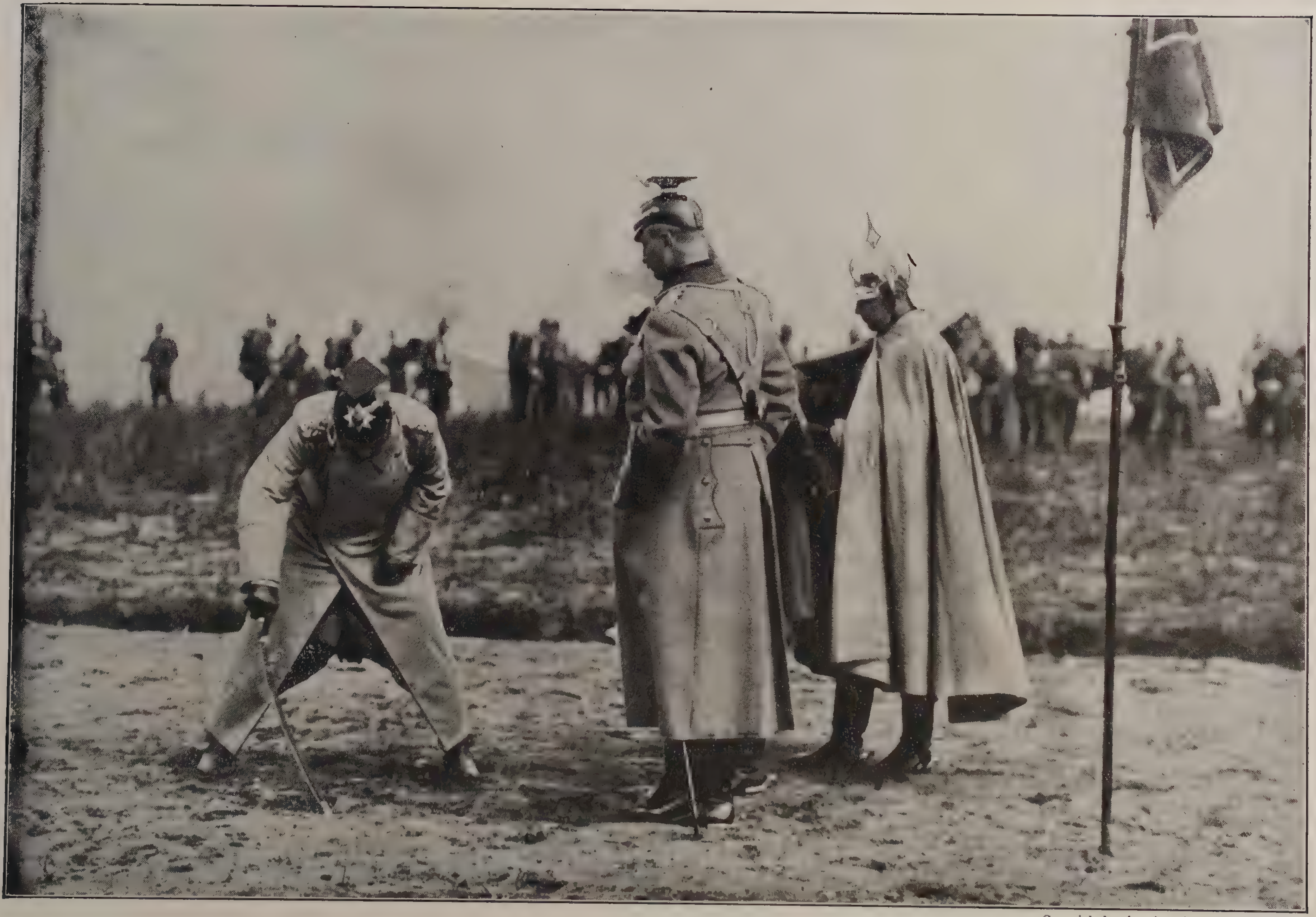
French soldier being decorated by his general



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With his scabbard the Kaiser draws a war-plan for two of his sons bardment of the city. Before the infantry was fairly across, the pioneers were laying bridges strong enough to bear this, using the piers of bridges blown up by the Belgians, and the bombardment of the city could be announced, according to The Hague Convention by the afternoon of October 7. The Spanish Military Attaché from Brussels was requested to carry the announcement into the city."

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One of Antwerp's city gates

That historic Wednesday the people of Antwerp awoke to find their government gone. The King and Queen, the Cabinet, and all the foreign envoys who had come to Antwerp from Brussels when the latter city had fallen into the hands of the Germans, had taken their departure for Ostende. In the harbor German steamers that had been interned at the beginning of

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The Germans tried to swim this moat (at Fort Wavre) under fire

CROSSING THE

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AT ANTWERP

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These two crouching Belgians are watching the Germans through a periscope, without exposing themselves

the war were burning or sinking. Great clouds of smoke rose in the offing from burning villages, and the thunder of the German guns seemed very, very near. All the week the carefully censored newspapers had been denying any reverses. When the people of Antwerp went to their homes only the night before they had been assured that the siege would soon be lifted. And now the first thing to meet their eyes in the morning was the burgomaster's proclamation, on all deadwalls and hoardings, that a bombardment was imminent and urging all who could possibly do so to leave the city at once.

Nothing in the history of war since the middle ages equalled the panic that fell upon the inhabitants of Antwerp at that announcement. So thoroughly had they been assured of their safety that the sudden disillusionment drove them mad with fear. As if to justify the proclamation, German shells began to fall into the city, and through the streets dishevelled and discouraged soldiers straggled, no longer wounded seeking aid, or furloughed men in trenches, but beaten men disheartened and despondent. All at once the city rose in terror, as an audience rises at the cry of fire. That flight of a whole people was strikingly described by E. Alexander Powell, a British correspondent in *Scribner's Magazine*, from which the following account is taken:

"No one who witnessed the flight from Antwerp will ever be able to erase it from his memory. No words can describe its pathos, its miseries, and its horrors. It was not a flight; it was a stampede. The sober, slow-thinking, slow-moving Flemish townspeople were suddenly transformed into a herd of terror-stricken cattle. So complete was the German enveloping movement that only three avenues of escape remained open: westward, by the St. Nicholas-Lokeren Road, to Ghent and Bruges; northeastward into Holland; and down the Scheldt toward Flushing. Of the four hundred thousand fugitives—for the exodus was not confined to the people of Antwerp, but included the entire population of the countryside for thirty miles around—probably a quarter of a million escaped by river. Everything that could float was pressed into service: merchant steamers, dredgers, ferry-boats, barges, canal-boats, tugs, fishing-smacks, yachts, scows, row-boats, launches, even extemporized rafts. There was no attempt at maintaining discipline or order. The fear-frantic people piled aboard until there was not even standing-room upon the vessels' decks. They were as packed with humanity as are the New York subway trains on a Saturday noon. Of all the thousands who fled by river, but an insignificant proportion were supplied with food, or with warm clothing, or had space in which to lie down. Yet through two nights and two days they huddled together on the open decks, while the great guns tore to pieces the city they had left behind them. As my launch threaded its way up the crowded river after the first night's bombardment, we seemed to pass through a wave of sound—a great moan of mingled anguish and misery and fatigue and hunger from the homeless thousands adrift upon the waters.

"The scenes along the highways leading toward Ghent and to the Dutch frontier were even more appalling, for here the soldiers of the retreating field army and the fugitive civilians were mixed in inextricable confusion. By mid-afternoon on Wednesday the main highway from Antwerp to Ghent was jammed from ditch to ditch with a solid stream of hastening humanity, and the same was true of every road, every lane, every foot-path leading away from the advancing Germans.

"I doubt if the world has ever seen so pathetic, so heart-breaking, so terrible, a procession. It seemed as though no wheeled vehicle had been left in Antwerp. There were people in motor-cars, with others standing on the running-boards and clinging to the hoods and mud-guards; there were people in carriages, in delivery-wagons, in moving-vans, in farm-carts, in omnibuses, in carts drawn by dogs, on bicycles, on horseback, and thousands upon tens of thousands in the frantic throng afoot. I saw men pushing their wives and children in wheelbarrows piled high with bedding. I saw sturdy young peasants carrying their aged parents in their arms. I saw monks in woollen robes and sandals bearing wounded men on stretchers. I saw white-faced nuns urging forward groups of war-orphaned children who had been confided to

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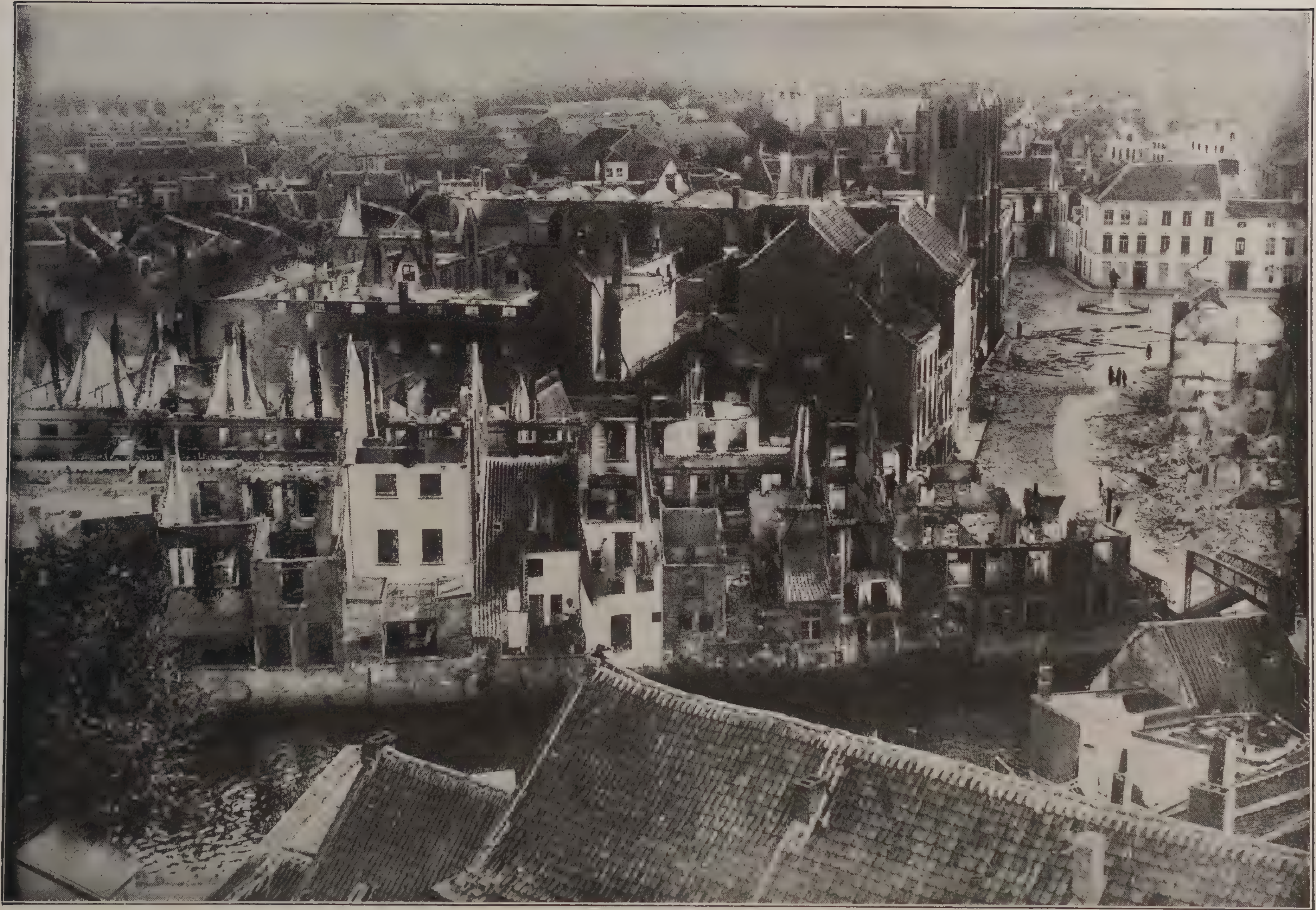
Returning through the mud to duty in the drowned trenches



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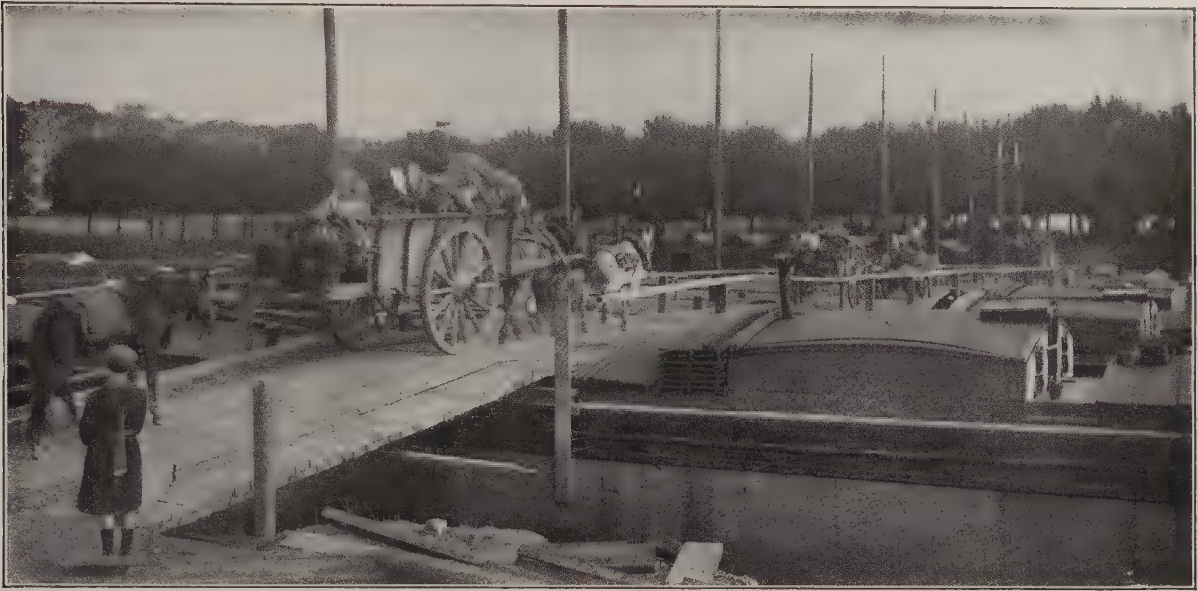
Termonde, Belgium, sacked by the Germans



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Troops (Spahis) cross the floating bridge at Compiègne

their care. I saw mothers, so weak and ill that they could scarcely totter forward, with week-old babies in their arms. I saw priests assisting the feeble and the wounded. I saw women of fashion, in fur coats and high-heeled shoes, staggering under the weight of the belongings they were carrying in sheet-wrapped bundles upon their backs. I saw white-haired men and women grasping the harness of the gun-teams or the stirrup-leathers of the troopers who, themselves exhausted from days of fighting, slept in their saddles as they rode. I saw springless farm-wagons filled with wounded soldiers, with bandaged heads and arms, and with piteous white faces, and through the straw beneath them the blood dripped . . . dripped . . . . dripped, leaving a crimson trail along the road.

"The confusion was beyond all imagination, the clamor deafening: the rattle and clank of batteries, the trample of hoofs, the cracking of whips, the throb of motor cars, the curses of the drivers, the moans of the wounded, the cries of women, the whimpering of frightened children, threats, pleadings, oaths, screams, imprecations—and the shuffle, shuffle, shuffle of countless feet. And the fields and ditches between which these processions of disaster passed were

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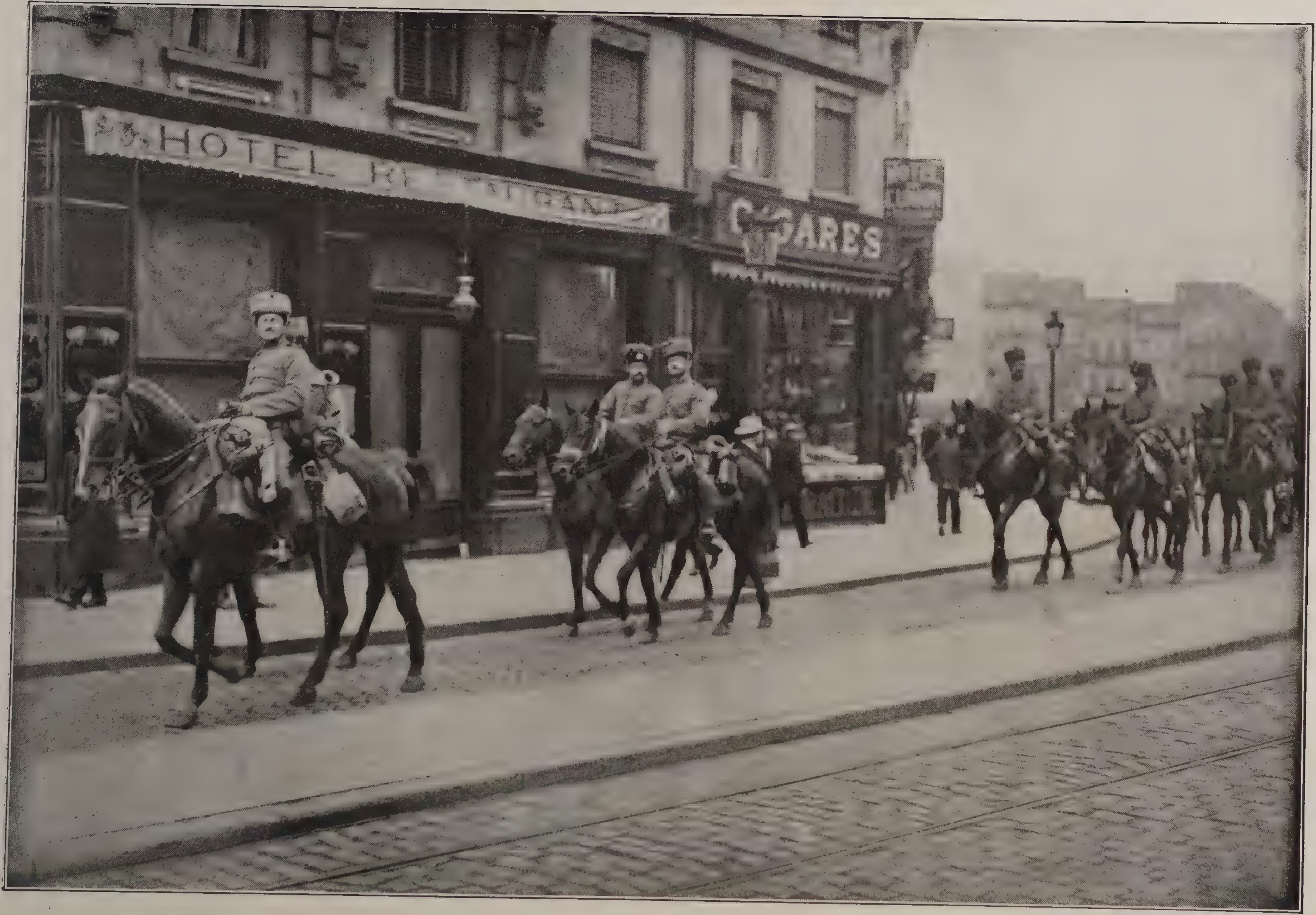
Grave of Germans at Charleroi—"For King and Fatherland"



The German entry into Antwerp

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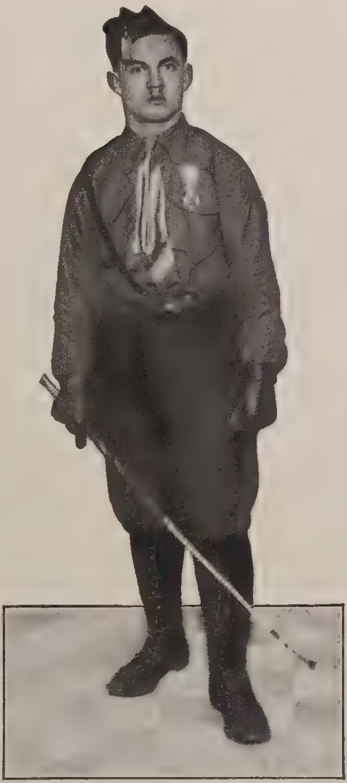

Joseph Lessen, Belgian Boy Scout, decorated by his king

strewn with the prostrate forms of those who, from sheer exhaustion, could go no farther. Within a few hours after the exodus began, the countryside for miles around was as bare of food as the Sahara is of grass. By this I do not mean that there was a scarcity of food; I mean that there was literally nothing to eat. Near Capellen a well-to-do resident of Antwerp eagerly exchanged his $5,000 motor car for food for his starving family. Time after time I saw the famished fugitives pause at farmhouses and offer all of their pitifully few possessions for a loaf of bread, and the country people, with tears streaming down their cheeks, could only shake their heads. I saw prosperous looking men and smartly gowned women, and wounded soldiers, pull up turnips from the fields, and devour them raw—for there was nothing else. It will probably never be known how many people perished during that awful flight from hunger, exposure and exhaustion; many more, certainly, than lost their lives during the bombardment. Near one small town on the Dutch frontier twenty children were born during the night, in the open fields, the mothers being without beds, without shelter, and without medical attention."

The bombardment of Antwerp endured for forty hours. It seems evident that the German artillerists had received orders not to repeat the blunder—or the crime—of Rheims for though shells fell fast they damaged mainly the parts of the city remote from the Cathedral and other edifices of public or historic interest. The only shells that struck the Cathedral seemed accidental. But where the shells did fall—and eye-witnesses report that in some quarters of the city they fell at the rate of five in a minute—destruction was complete. Solid edifices were blown to flinders by a single shell. Those who witnessed it declare that nothing could be more impressive, more terrifying than this spectacle. One sees the black bulk of the shell strike the

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French battery in action near the Argonne district house, and instantly, before a sound reaches the ear, the walls burst outward, the form of the edifice vanishes and is replaced by a huge mass of black smoke. Then comes the crash of the bursting shell, and the black smoke turns to an angry red—tinted by the swift flames and the dust of the pulverized brick. The mass of smoke and dust rises high in the air, one hundred feet or more, spreading out at the top like a huge umbrella, and wise people in the neighborhood run for shelter for, from the edges of that smoky canopy drop bricks, bits of shell, masses of stone, fragments of furniture and sometimes, if Fate has been cruel, dismembered human bodies.

When the shells fell in the streets they tore up the roadway, making a pit as big as the ordinary cellar, and wrecked the front of every building within 200 yards of the explosion. The second day of the bombardment the big 42-centimeter guns got into action and then as a correspondent vigorously describes it, the scene was "like hell with the lid off." More than 2,000 houses were wrecked, the streets were impassable for wreckage and tangled wires, and slippery with glass. Fires raged in every direction and as the shells had already destroyed the chief

Photograph by Brown Brothers

Tobacco promotes fraternity; a wounded Frenchman extends a courtesy to a London Scottish comrade

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General Belin, who is comparatively unknown, although said to be General Joffre's right-hand man

reservoir and cut off the mains, there was no efficient way of combating them. Though by this time most of the inhabitants had fled from the parts of the city selected by the Germans for their chief attention, there were thousands who had taken refuge in cellars, and it may perhaps never be definitely known how many of these perished miserably, buried in the ruins.

Over the city, throughout the bombardment, hovered three German Zeppelins, ticking off directions by wireless to the distant German gunners. That the instructions were specific seems to be shown by the fact that one section of the city, inhabited mainly by wealthy Germans, who had built there handsome homes, was wholly untouched by the shells. The quays where the affrighted populace gathered by tens of thousands, clamoring for passage to Flushing or to any place far from that rain of bursting shells, were also left untouched by the fire—one likes to think by humane purpose on the part of the assailants.

Almost to the end the evacuation of the city by the military forces proceeded in good order. The troops were withdrawn from the more advanced forts, marched through the city, crossed the Scheldt on a pontoon bridge and so on to Ostende. But by

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Photograph by Paul Thompson

The return home after the passing of the invaders

some blunder the bridge, the sole avenue of escape, was blown up while there were still 30,000 Belgian soldiers in and about Antwerp. When these reached the river front and found their escape cut off they fell into panic, lost all semblance of discipline or order, commandeered such few vessels as still were in the stream, or fled in groups across the country to be captured by the enemy or driven across the line into Holland there to be interned until the end of the war, as was the fate of at least one-third of the British marine force. The road from Antwerp to Ghent was

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Malines cathedral after the bombardment

packed with soldiers and civilians fleeing for their lives. A correspondent says of it that to "have driven a car against that panic-stricken mob would have been as impossible as to paddle a canoe up the rapids at Niagara." The river was "as crowded with vessels of every description, their decks black with refugees, as Fifth Avenue is with vehicles on a pleasant afternoon in winter."

When the Germans marched into the city they found it empty. Of its 400,000 inhabitants, 250,000 had fled; the rest were hiding in cellars or in the backs of their houses. As the

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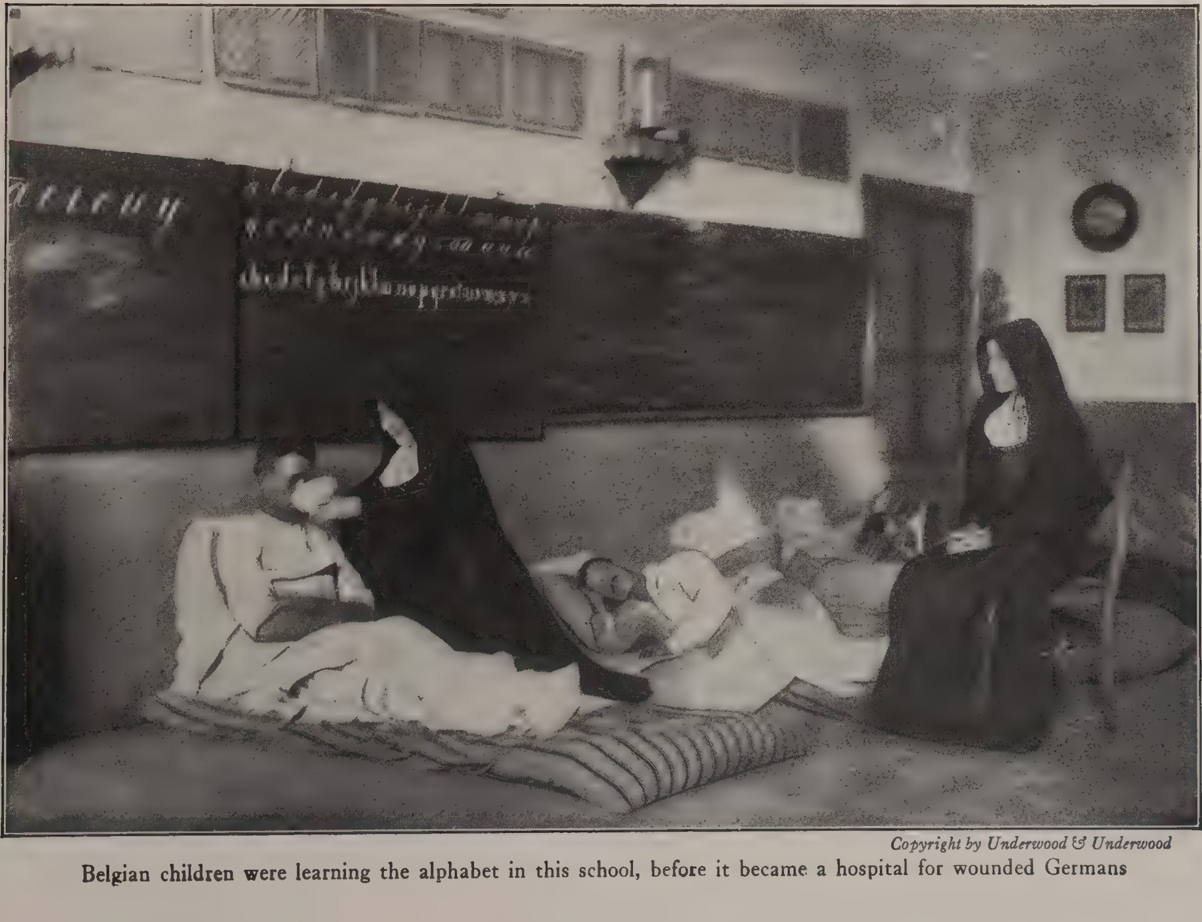
Algerian officer in a British armored automobile



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Belgian children were learning the alphabet in this school, before it became a hospital for wounded Germans army of occupation, little scarred by conflict, well drilled and uniformed, marched triumphantly along the empty streets to the strains of the military bands or the more exultant notes of their own songs, an American correspondent wonderingly remarked: "It reminds me of a circus come to town the day before it's expected."

It was a notable triumph the Germans had won, even when we bear in mind how enormously they outnumbered the defenders. When they first moved upon Antwerp all military authorities declared that it would resist capture at least eight weeks—it fell in eight days. In the 16th Century it resisted the Spanish for fourteen months. In the 19th Century it held out against the Belgians for two years. But the combination of the Kaiser and Krupp in the 20th Century was too much for its forts and its gallant defenders.

The entry of the German troops was a spectacle worth seeing by the few inhabitants, and the correspondents who had remained in the city. Its story was well told by E. Alexander Powell in a dispatch to a syndicate of English and German newspapers from which portions are quoted here:

"For five hours the mighty host poured through the streets of the deserted city while the houses shook to the thunder of their tread. Company after company, regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, swept past, until the eye grew weary of watching the ranks of gray under slanting lines of steel.

"As they marched they sang, the canyon formed by the high buildings along the Place de Meir echoing to their voices roaring out 'Die Wacht am Rhein' and 'A Mighty Fortress Is Our God.'

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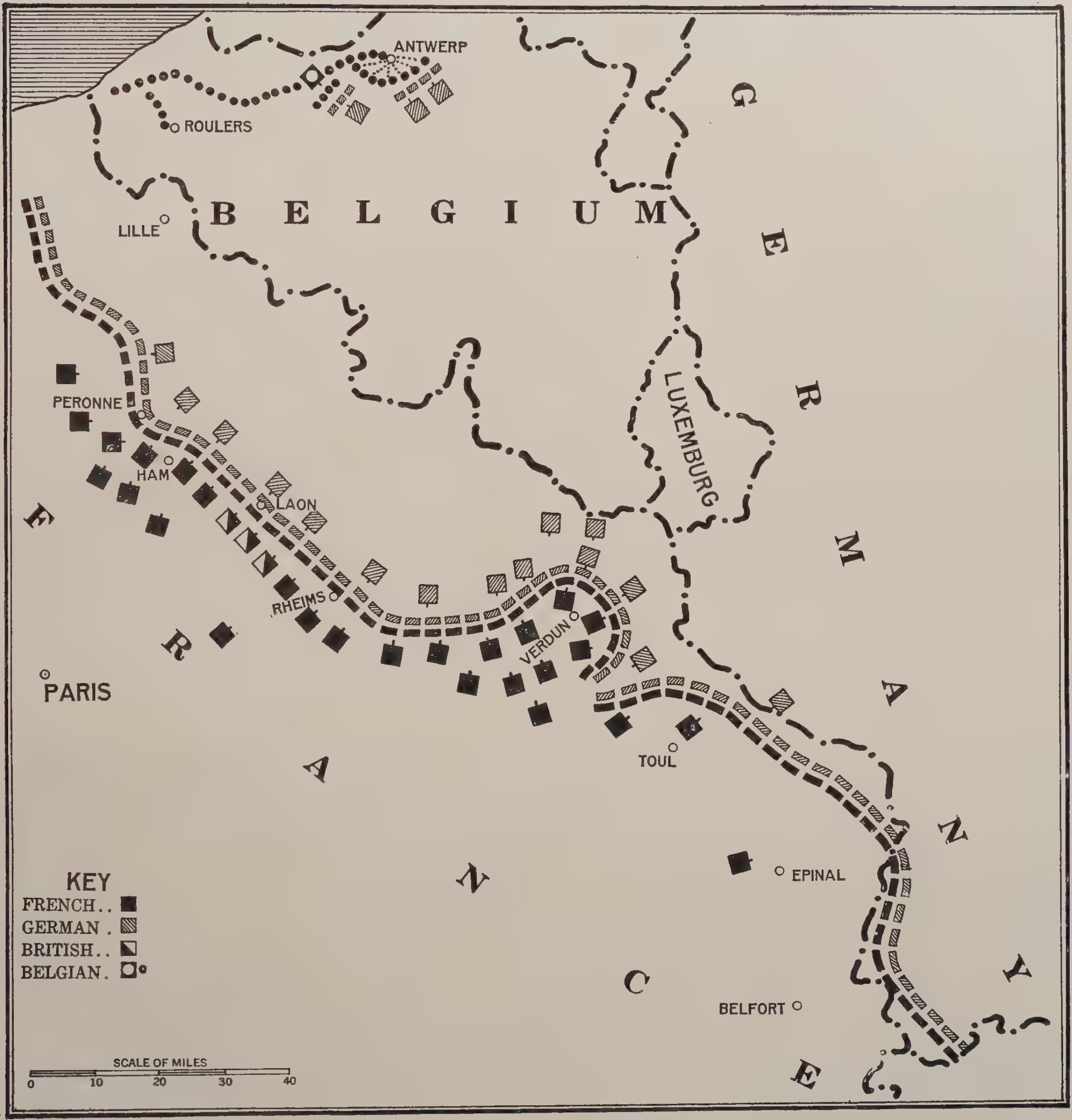
The desolated village of Nomeny

"Each regiment was headed by its field music and colors and, when darkness fell and street lamps were lighted, the shrill music of fifes, the rattle of drums and the tramp of marching feet reminded me of a torchlight election parade.

"Hard on the heels of the infantry rumbled artillery, battery after battery, until one wondered where Krupp found time or steel to make them. These were the forces that had



THE BATTLE FRONT IN BELGIUM ON OCTOBER 8th

The map illustrates the positions of the respective forces in the French theatre of operations on the day before Antwerp surrendered. Each square represents an army corps (35,000 to 40,000 men). The dotted line running from Antwerp west indicates the line of retreat of the Belgians who evacuated Antwerp. At this time the French had the equivalent of 27 army corps on the line, the British 3, making a total, excluding the Belgians, of 30 army corps. Confronting these were 15 German army corps. Three more German army corps, auxiliaries, and their heavy siege train were in front of Antwerp. Though the French outnumbered the Germans about two to one in the number of organizations on the line, the Germans kept their units at full strength by a continual stream of trained men coming from Germany. The allies did not fill their ranks so quickly after each action, so that the actual proportion was about three for the French and Allies, to two for the Germans

been in almost constant action for the last two weeks and that for thirty-six hours had poured death and destruction into the city, yet the horses were well groomed and the harness polished till it shown again.

"Behind the field batteries rumbled the quick-firers—the same pompons whose acquaintance I had made at Weerde and elsewhere. And then, heralded by a blare of trumpets and a crash of kettle-drums, came the cavalry, cuirassiers in helmets and breastplates of burnished steel, hussars in befrogged jackets and fur busbies, and finally the uhlans, riding amid forests of lances under a cloud of fluttering pennons.

"But this was not all, nor nearly all, for after the uhlans came the bluejackets of the naval division, broad-shouldered, bewhiskered fellows, with caps worn rakishly and a roll of sea in their gait. Then the Bavarian infantry in dark blue, the Saxon infantry in light blue and Austrians in uniforms of beautiful silver gray, and, last of all, a squadron of gendarmes in silver and bottle green.

"As that great fighting machine swung past I could not but marvel at how the gallant, chivalrous and courageous but ill-prepared little army of Belgium had held it back as long as it had.

"The most remarkable feature of this wonderful spectacle was that there were comparatively few persons to see it. So far as onlookers were concerned, the Germans might as well have marched through the streets of Pompeii. Another American and I standing on the balcony of the American Consulate were the only spectators in the whole length of Place de Meir, which is the Broadway of Antwerp.

"The only human touch I saw in all that mighty column was a victoria drawn by a fat white horse and with two soldiers on the box which accompanied a regiment of Bavarians. Both horse and carriage were decorated with flowers and ferns as though for a floral parade, and even the soldiers had flowers pinned to their caps. It was evidently a species of triumphal chariot, for it was filled with hampers of champagne.

"Everything indicates that the Germans have received orders to treat townspeople with marked consideration. They have liberally patronized such few stores as remain open, paying for what they have bought in German silver, and it is noticeable that whenever they have occasion to ask a question of a citizen they thank him and touch their caps.

"When the main body of troops began entering the city on Saturday morning the townspeople rushed out with beer, cheese, bread, and flowers, evidently with the idea of

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Belgians entrenched outside Antwerp try to check the German advance

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British Red Cross officers sit down to dinner in their "dug-out"

placating them by means of their pitiful little offerings. It was not a pleasant sight, but these people have been so terrified by tales of German barbarities that one can hardly blame them."

As usual the Germans instantly set about supplementing their military triumph by the restoration of order and the renewal of peaceful activities. Except for a multiplicity of strange uniforms, and a cemetery-like silence in those parts of the city where shells had done their work, Antwerp became itself once more. The waterworks that had been destroyed by shells were speedily repaired. Swift and scientific sanitation checked at its very start an epidemic that was threatening the city. The odor of disinfectants supplanted that of powder smoke. The police without change of uniforms again walked their beats. The electric lights, long extinguished for dread of German Zeppelins, blazed forth once more. The post office was open, but German stamps replaced those bearing the head of King Albert, and surest sign of all, the German word *Verboten* stared at the passer-by almost as frequently as in Berlin itself. Proclamations posted in every public square called upon the citizens to refrain from any hostile acts which might "lead to the demolition of your beautiful city."

But in accordance with German thoroughness there was no halt for rejoicing or public ceremony over the capture of Antwerp. True there was a triumphal entry, but the main body of the German troops passed directly through the town in hot pursuit of the now thoroughly discouraged Belgian army. For the time, that fighting force which had held itself together so gallantly and so long, in the face of a vastly superior foe, was disorganized and demoralized. The soldiers had seen Brussels, the capital of their country, fall, and escape bombardment only through the tactful and diplomatic urgency of Brand Whitlock, the Minister of the United States. They had witnessed the speedy fall of their great fortresses Liège and Namur. They knew of the barbaric and utterly indefensible destruction of the city of Louvain with its treasures of Gothic art and the virtual obliteration of such picturesque and peaceful unfortified towns as Termonde and Malines. Antwerp, their commercial capital, had now fallen, and their King and Queen with all

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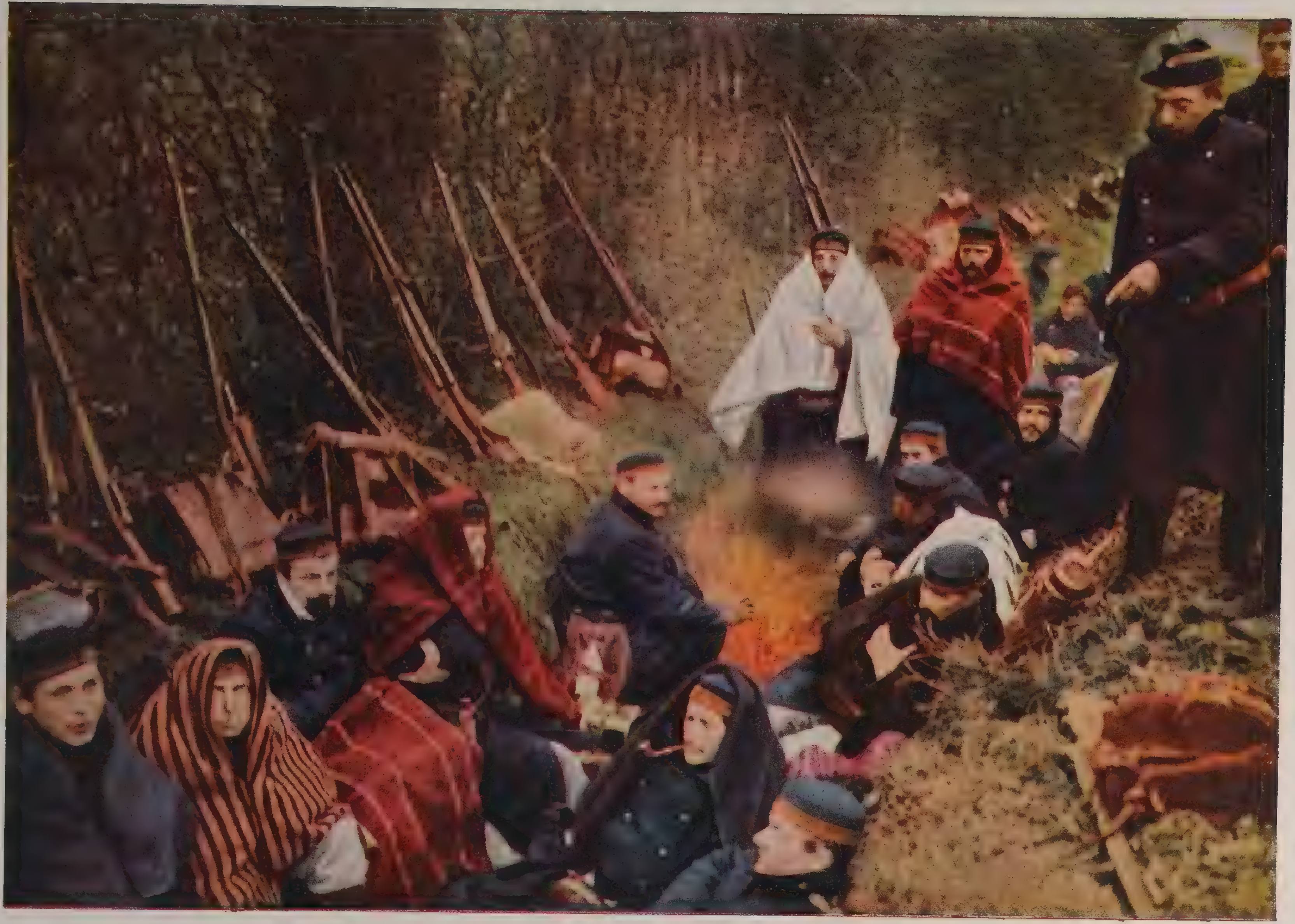
War and art at Ypres

members of the government were in full flight, with no place of refuge on the Belgian side of the French frontier. Not only had this incalculable material loss and this unbearable burden of woe been heaped upon hapless Belgium, but so far as the soldiers could see scarcely a hand had been lifted by their allies for their aid. Practically no French soldiers had been in their territory, and the handful of British who came to Antwerp at the eleventh hour had been an irritation to the enemy rather than a defense against him. The Belgians would have been more than human had they not felt themselves basely deserted in the hour of their adversity.

Yet this disheartened and dismembered army pulled itself together and, on the banks of the sluggish Yser, fought desperately and successfully for the retention of the last bit of their native soil left to them. The story of that magnificent Belgian defense deserves to become one of the classics of history—it was Thermopylæ on a larger scale.

For the Germans, who from the beginning had fought with magnificent courage and determination, were animated by fresh and even more indomitable spirit as they approached the English Channel. Dear to the German heart from the very first declaration of war had been the hope of invading England. The profound astonishment with which Berlin had greeted the news that Great Britain had determined to enter the war on the side of France and Russia had been succeeded by almost savage rage and resentment. It became the custom to deprecate the injuries which the necessities of war enforced upon France and Belgium. For those nations, the Germans declared, they felt no real animosity. But against England the orators launched their bitterest phrases, the cartoonists etched with vitriol their most acrid satires, and the war-time versifiers raged in a poetic ecstasy of wrath. It is fair to say that the English literary forces responded most industriously and vigorously with weapons of the same sort—substituting the sonnet for the sabre and the four-act war drama for the 42-centimeter howitzer. But nothing in war-time poetry, either in this or any other struggle, could outdo for sheer force of malignity the "Chant of Hate Against England" by Ernst Lissauer, published in *Jugend* and instantly caught up with acclaim by the whole German people.



WINTER IN THE BELGIAN TRENCHES

The Kaiser and Count Von Moltke in the imperial automobile

A part of this extraordinary defiance and challenge, admirably done into English verse by Barbara Henderson may be quoted:

French and Russian, they matter not,
A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot;
We love them not, we hate them not,
We hold the Weichsel and Vosges-gate,
We have but one and only hate,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone.

He is known to you all, he is known to you all,
He crouches behind the dark gray flood,
Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,
Cut off by waves that are thicker than blood.
Come let us stand at the Judgment place,
An oath to swear to, face to face,
An oath of bronze no wind can shake,
An oath for our sons and their sons to take.
Come, hear the word, repeat the word,
Throughout the Fatherland make it heard.
We will never forego our hate,
We have all but a single hate,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
ENGLAND!

Impelled by this spirit, scourged forward by their own hatred, the victorious legions of the Kaiser pressed on through bleeding Belgium to "the dark gray flood" behind which their chosen enemy lay in seeming safety. To strike at England, bases on the Channel were necessary. Antwerp, though a seaport, was blocked by the control of the Scheldt's mouth by neutral Holland. Kiel and Cuxhaven were too far from the English coast—though in fact the German navy did amaze the world by directing from the latter base submarine raids that inflicted damage on the British at the very mouth of the Thames. Ostende, however, lay now open to the German attack and such was the Belgian demoralization that the invaders swooped down upon it, and took it practically without resistance, forcing the Belgian government that had taken refuge there to flee once more—this time out of Belgium altogether.

At Ostende were 60,000 refugees who had fled thither from Antwerp and who were panic stricken by the implacable pursuit of their enemy. Perhaps half were conveyed to England by boat, but the remainder were still cowering and trembling on the quays when the German advance guard arrived. But at this port, as in other captured cities, the victors speedily restored order and reëstablished civil government. Zeebrugge, the port of Bruges, was also occupied by the Germans who now, with two Belgian Channel ports in their possession, began preparations to sweep southward along the coast and attack Calais—the possession of which, as the nearest continental point to the white cliffs of England, was earnestly desired by the Kaiser.

THE PEACE-PACT

BY

EDITH M. THOMAS

They were foes as they fell in that frontier fight,
They were friends as they lay with their wounds unbound,
Waiting the dawn of their last morning-light.
It was silence all, save a shuddering sound
From the souls of the dying that rose around;
And the heart of the one to the other cried,
As closer they drew, and their arms enwound,
"There will be no war on the Other Side."

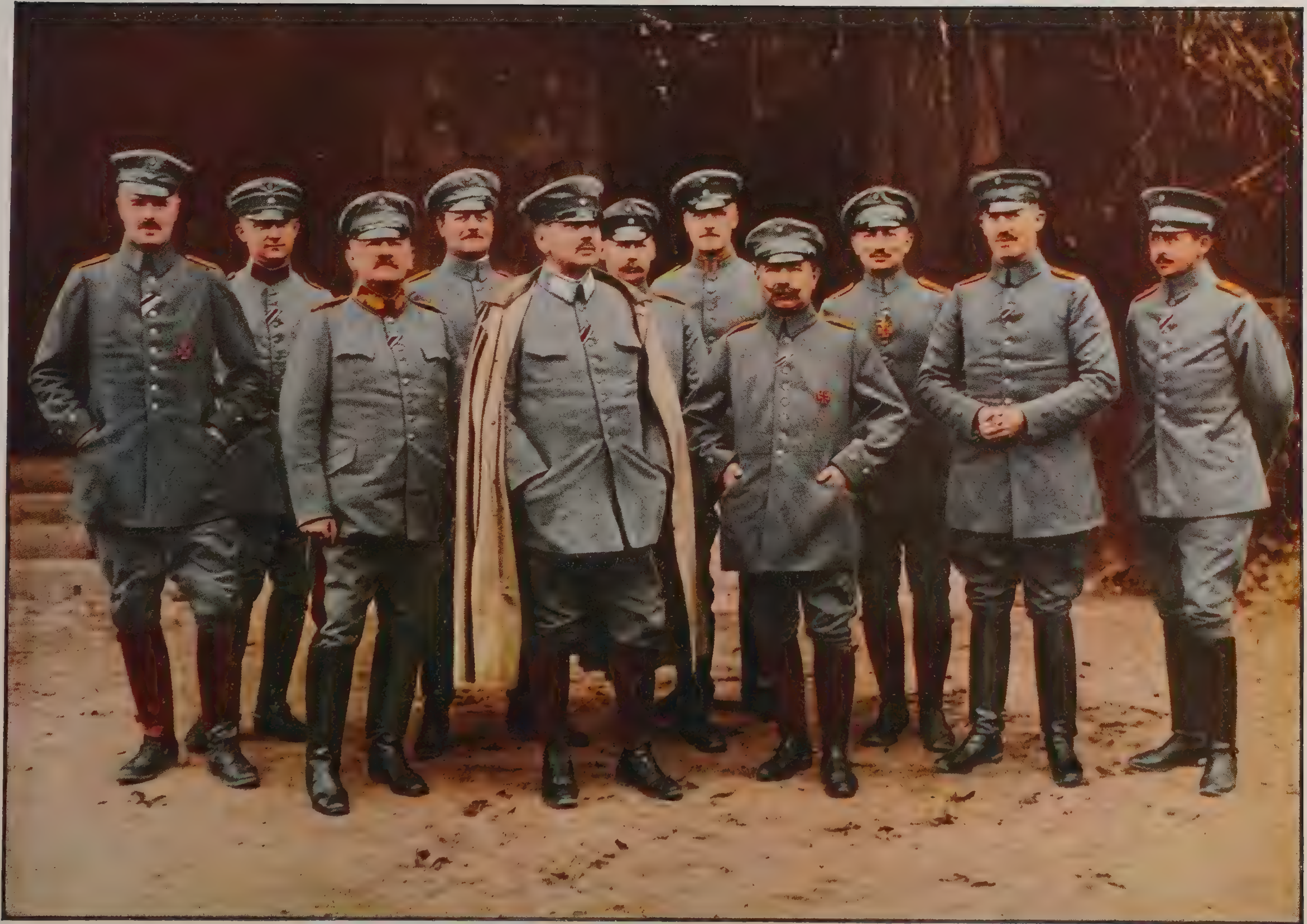
As the souls of the dying mounted high
It seemed they could hear the long farewell!
Then together they spake, and they questioned why—
Since they hated not—why this evil befell?
And neither the Frank nor the German could tell
Wherefore themselves and their countrymen died.
But they said that Hereafter in peace they should dwell—
"There will be no war on the Other Side."

As they languish there on that field accurst,
With their wounds unbound, in their mortal pain,
Spake one to the other, "I faint from thirst!"
And the other made answer, "What drops remain
In my water-flask thou shalt surely drain!"
As he lifted the flask the other replied,
"I pledge thee in this till we meet again—
There will be no war on the Other Side!"

And it came to pass as the night wore deep
That fever through all their veins was fanned,
So that visions were theirs (yet not from sleep),
And each was flown to his own loved land. . . .
But, rousing again, one murmured, "Thy hand!
Thou art my brother—naught shall divide;
Something went wrong . . . but understand,
There will be no war on the Other Side."

ENVOI

Comrades of peace, we can give but our tears
As we look on the waste of the human tide . . .
Yet forever one cry so haunts my ears—
"There will be no war on the Other Side!"



THE GERMAN GENERALS IN FLANDERS. VON KLUCK IN THE CENTRE; VON KUHL ON THE LEFT; MARSHAL VON BERGMANN ON THE RIGHT

THE NATIONS AT WAR

CHAPTER IX

THE SAVAGE FIGHTING IN FLANDERS — WHY THE GERMANS DASHED FOR THE COAST — THE MENACE TO ENGLAND — THE FRENCH IN ALSACE — THE FIGHTING IN POLAND, CRACOW, AND WARSAW

SAND dunes bordering the cold gray waters of the North Sea; sluggish tidal rivers making their way inland and connected for plodding barges by canals locked against the rise and fall of the tides; the country everywhere waterlogged and at points as much as nine feet below the level of the sea, protected by dikes which the troops used first for breastworks, and afterwards as a refuge from the angry waters when the Belgians flooded their fields rather than surrender this last bit of their native land—such was the topography of the country in which the hostile armies grappled early in October after the fall of Antwerp, and in which they were still battling when the midnight chimes ushered in the Happy New Year of 1915. The reflections of the soldiers in the flooded frozen trenches must have been rather cynical at that midnight hour.

No equal period of time in the world's history, no such limited space in the globe's geography ever witnessed so much of the horrors of war as Flanders during that struggle in dreariest winter. Not the soldiers alone, but hapless civilians felt war's scourge in its utmost savagery. The district was densely populated by a people mainly agricultural, but engaged in some degree in small home manufacturing industries. Little towns like Ypres, Ramscappelle, Furnes, Nieuport and Dixmude, for centuries the homes of happy and thrifty people, possessing the quaintness and charm that attaches to the Flemish cities in which ancient architecture has withstood the test of time, lay in the track of war and were ruthlessly blotted out. Each was at times in possession either of the Allies or the Germans. The forces outside bombarded the town to drive out those within. The latter, if driven away, destroyed before leaving such edifices as might furnish shelter to the incoming enemy. Friends may have been less cruel than foes but they were no whit less destructive.

The whole territory fought over was less in area than the District of Columbia—hardly greater indeed than that included within the city limits of New York or Chicago. Yet within it not a mere battle, but practically a war was fought. The heaviest artillery with the most deadly siege guns, and infantry drawn from Germany, Austria, France, Morocco, the British Isles, Canada, India and New Zealand struggled for the mastery. From the British Channel cruisers bombarded the German batteries hiding in the sand dunes. High in the air the airships of all nations signalled the progress of the troops below. The

The war has reached the sea

earth was ridged with trenches, scarred with the craters left by exploding shells and ominously striped with the long mounds that covered the bodies of thousands fallen in battle.

Of a war long since forgotten that simple soul "My Uncle Toby" recalled that "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," but all the world might well weep bitterly for what the armies of civilized Europe did in and to Flanders in the last days of 1914.

Passing swiftly west and south from Antwerp the Germans occupied, without resistance and without damage, Bruges and Ghent where 100 years before a treaty of peace had been signed by the United States and Great Britain which had bound these nations in amity for a century.

Before them the shattered Belgian army retreated, stopping briefly at Ostende, but abandoning that point without resistance. By this time the left wing of the Allied armies, which we have seen menacing Von Kluck's communications by extending northward, had abandoned the effort to envelop him and was swinging back toward the Channel. Presently it came into touch with the Belgians, near Nieuport, a little harbor about half way between Ostende and Dunkirk. When this junction was completed the battle lines of the two foes extended unbroken from the Channel at Ostende and Nieuport, in a general southeasterly direction, through France to the meeting place of that country with Germany and Switzerland. Save for a few miles in Belgium and perhaps 40 in Alsace-Lorraine all the battle line, about 260 miles in extent, was within the French borders.

This long line early in October was stripped by both combatants in order to mass their troops in the little corner of France and Belgium, scarce 35 miles square, where the Germans were fighting for a foothold on the coast, and the Allies battling no less desperately to keep them from it. But the process of shifting troops could not be carried to the point of fatally weakening any point on the long line. The days when a commander

Motor cycle scout in the sand dunes

might decorate his trenches with dummies and quaker guns and steal away unobserved with all his troops, leaving an unsuspecting enemy behind, ended with the incoming of the aeroplane. With the fighting fiercest in Flanders, the Germans were nevertheless on the alert to seize an opportunity to break through the French lines either at St. Mihiel or in the neighborhood of Rheims. Success at either point would have opened a new pathway to Paris and the German hopes which had been dashed in September would have mounted high again.

On the other hand had the French in their turn been able to pierce the German lines at either of these points, they would have destroyed their enemy's communications and probably forced him out of France altogether.

It must be remembered that at this period the Allied troops outnumbered those of the Germans in the western field. But with the advantage of an interior line, superior means of transportation, and vastly greater mobility owing to their discipline and more highly developed transport service the Germans were able to concentrate more rapidly at any given point. At this stage in the war they poured their troops into Flanders. Undoubtedly the desire for a Channel port was one of the causes of this strategy, but it may be doubted whether it was the chief incentive. Even had the oft-expressed wish of the Kaiser for the capture of Calais been gratified, it would not greatly have advanced German fortunes in the war, for the Channel would still have been held by the British navy; Boulogne would still have been open as an entry-port for British troops and supplies; and the way to Paris from Calais would have been longer and quite as hard as from Rheims or from St. Mihiel.

The way, however, to the English coast and even to London would be measurably cleared could the Germans take Dunkirk or Calais. We shall see that with only the shallow and difficult harbors of Ostende and Zeebrugge at their command they did raid the English coast, and even sent their Zeppelins over

Uphill work for the dogs of Belgium

latter seriously discussed a proposed new Krupp gun which was to be mounted at Calais and bombard England across the intervening twenty miles of Channel—a proposed exploit which recalls the comment of a Confederate general in 1862 that "Admiral Porter is still bombarding the state of Tennessee at long range."

Whatever the ultimate purpose of the Germans, however, whether it was to menace London, to open a new pathway to Paris, or merely to gratify a wish of the Kaiser, their determined endeavor to push down the coast from Nieuport to Calais was the dominating feature of the campaign in the West in October. By the 14th of that month the Belgians, about

London with results more humiliating to British pride and exasperating to the British temper than of actual military importance. But each of these exploits newly terrorized the British, and aroused the enthusiasm of the Germans—ridiculously in each case. The

Germans holding a Flemish river bank

Holland's light guns on the border

60,000 strong, had regained their discipline and were in touch with the French near Sontier. Beyond the French were the British between Soissons and Lille. About 250,000 men, Belgian, French and British, including East Indians and other colonials, were thus opposing the Germans on this part of the line. The Belgians being on the extreme left, resting on the coast, encountered the chief force of the German attack. Indeed, from the beginning of the war this small but heroic people had so continually borne the brunt of combat that murmurings were heard among the soldiers of the lack of support given to them by the Allies. For King Albert and the cause he represented there was nothing but the most unbounded enthusiasm, but the Belgian soldiers, from the day of the fall of Liège to this moment when they were driven into the last remaining corner of their land, had seen no sign of any effective French or English aid.

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The allies in the Market Square, Furnes

The unfairness of the situation seemed inexplicable. They had seen their lands laid waste, their towns full of priceless works of art demolished, their capital and their chief seaport taken by the enemy, their wives and children turned homeless and starving out into the bleak winter world. And all for what? That Germany might not pursue the most direct route into France. Yet, oppressed as they were with a sense of cruel injustice, they now bent their backs to the task of beating back these same Germans lest they gain a foothold upon the coast, whence to attack England.

October 19th the Germans had approached within five miles of Dunkirk. Their trenches pushed forward day after day lay at right angles to the Channel coast, and their batteries were concealed in the hollows between the ridges of sand, or dunes, characteristic of that part of the country. At this juncture a new element was introduced into warfare, for taking advantage of the configuration of the coast, three light-draft monitors, built in England for Brazil, but purchased before completion by the British government and renamed the *Severn*, *Humber*, and *Mersey*, steamed as close to the shore as their draught would permit and shelled the German trenches, driving the invaders out. The Germans had no guns with which to reply, and were obliged to withdraw further inland. The British commander committed the error of shelling Ostende, which was occupied by the Germans but not fortified. By this precedent, the Germans later sought to justify their shelling of the defenceless English towns of Scarborough, Whitby and Hartlepool.

Southwest of Ostende and about half way between that town and Dunkirk stands the little Flemish town of Nieuport. At that point a sluggish tidal river, the Yser, destined to see blood flow more swiftly than the water within its banks, joins the North Sea. Dredged for the barge traffic so largely employed by the thrifty Belgians, the river was given added value for commerce by short navigable canals paralleling it in places and extending some fifteen or twenty miles through the well-settled territory. A group of little towns—Dixmude, Ramscappelle, Furnes, and Ypres — clustered in the vicinity. River, canal and the Flemish hamlets that stood on their banks were destined to furnish the setting for such a drama of dreadful war as never in the history of the world had been played out on so limited a stage.

Dunkirk was the first objective of the Germans. After it Calais. The activities of the British monitors, which could readily have been reinforced by numbers of light-draught vessels, made the advance along the coast hazardous. Accordingly at Westende the invading columns turned inland. But at once they encountered the River Yser, with canals extending in all directions from it. Behind these natural defenses the Belgians, perhaps 60,000 of them, and the French had established themselves in force. Later a British corps, including

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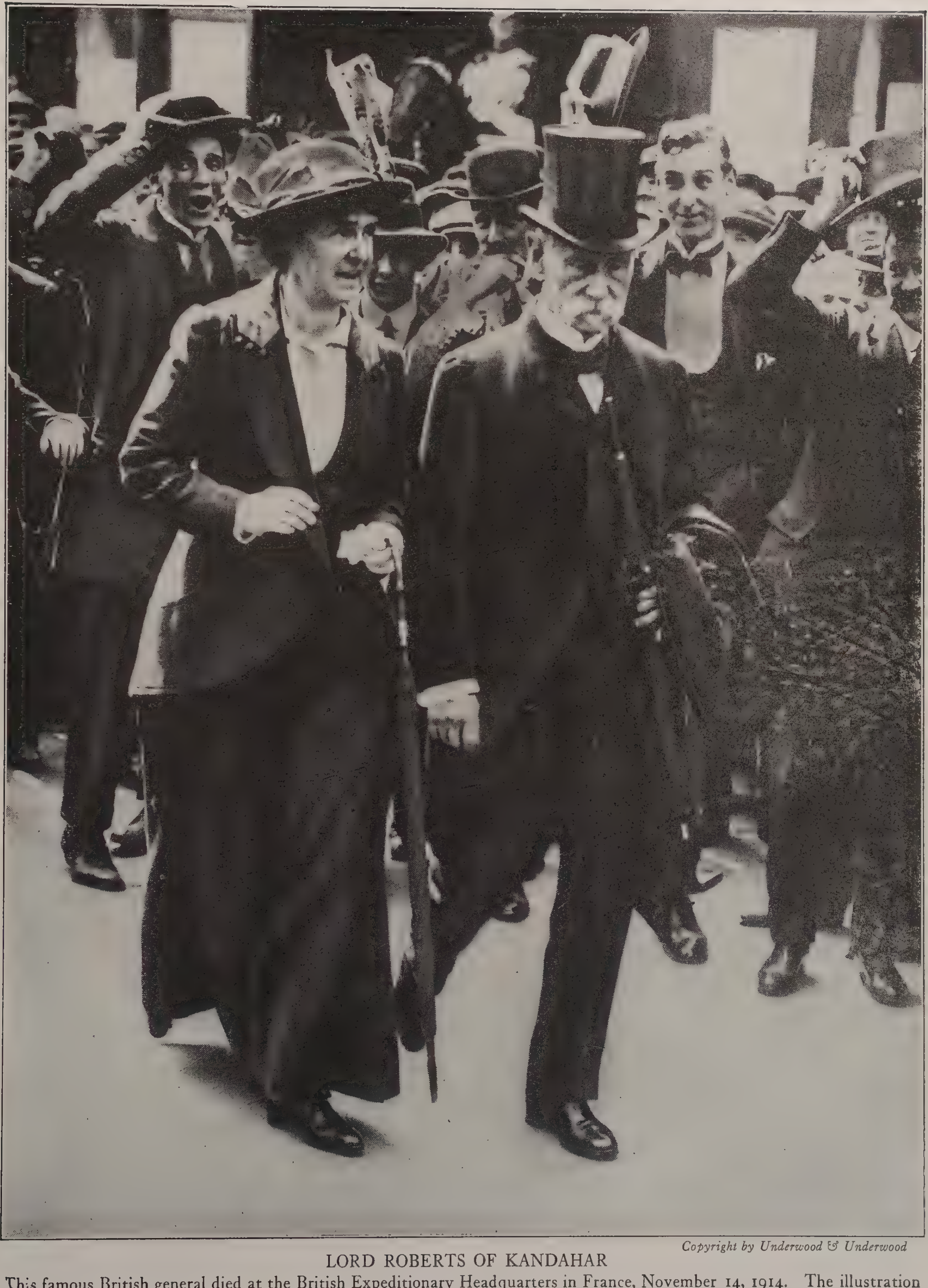
Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, who called the treaty guaranteeing Belgian neutrality a "scrap of paper."



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LORD ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR

This famous British general died at the British Expeditionary Headquarters in France, November 14, 1914. The illustration shows him leaving London for the front

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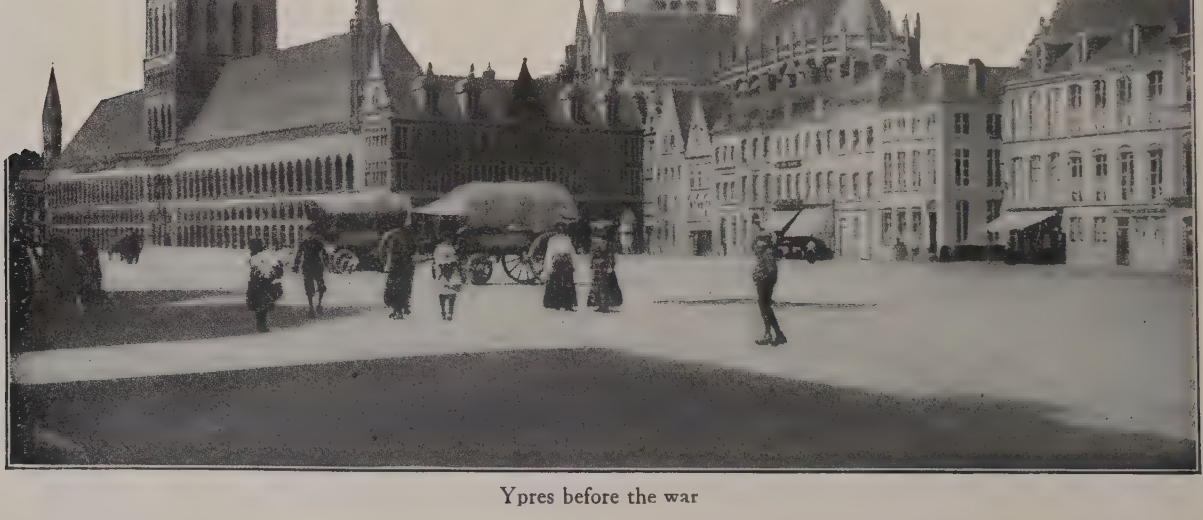
Ruined German church at Solday

several regiments of East Indians from Lahore, came to the aid of these forces. It had become apparent to General Joffre and Sir John French that in this water-logged corner of Europe the Germans intended to strike at their enemies with all the power of their marvelous *morale*, superb equipment and overwhelming numbers.

Five months of fighting without cessation followed. A bleak, chill October passed into the bitterness of winter. The men who had long fought knee-deep in water now stood with freezing feet upon sheets of ice. Day by day news went out to the world of trivial successes or reverses. An advance of ninety yards was worth chronicling in the official reports. Villages were taken and retaken. In the same day's news the same town would be noted as occupied by both armies, which, paradoxical as it might seem, was true as neither occupied more than a small part of it, though destruction and death possessed it all. Not for years will the losses sustained by the armies struggling for the Yser be



Ypres before the war

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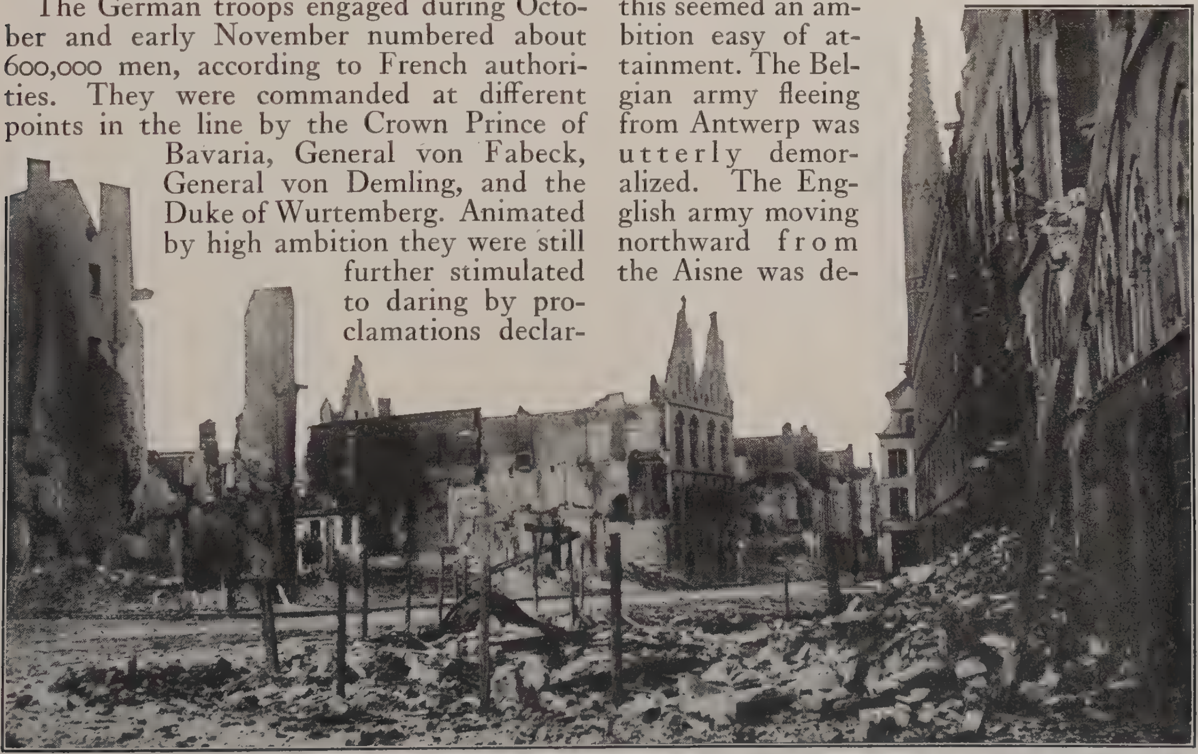
Advancing on an abandoned fort. Note the wire entanglements

known—accurately they will never be known. For the first thirty days of fighting, however, the total losses of the Germans were estimated at 120,000 by one of their high officials. The French estimates were higher, while they put the losses of the Allies in the neighborhood of 75,000.

The German troops engaged during October and early November numbered about 600,000 men, according to French authorities. They were commanded at different points in the line by the Crown Prince of Bavaria, General von Fabeck, General von Demling, and the Duke of Wurtemberg. Animated by high ambition they were still further stimulated to daring by proclamations declaring it the will of the Kaiser that all Belgian resistance be stamped out before November 1st, in order that on the birthday of the Kaiser the announcement might be made to the world of the annexation of Belgium to the German Empire, the first spoil of war.

At the outset this seemed an ambition easy of attainment. The Belgian army fleeing from Antwerp was utterly demoralized. The English army moving northward from the Aisne was de-



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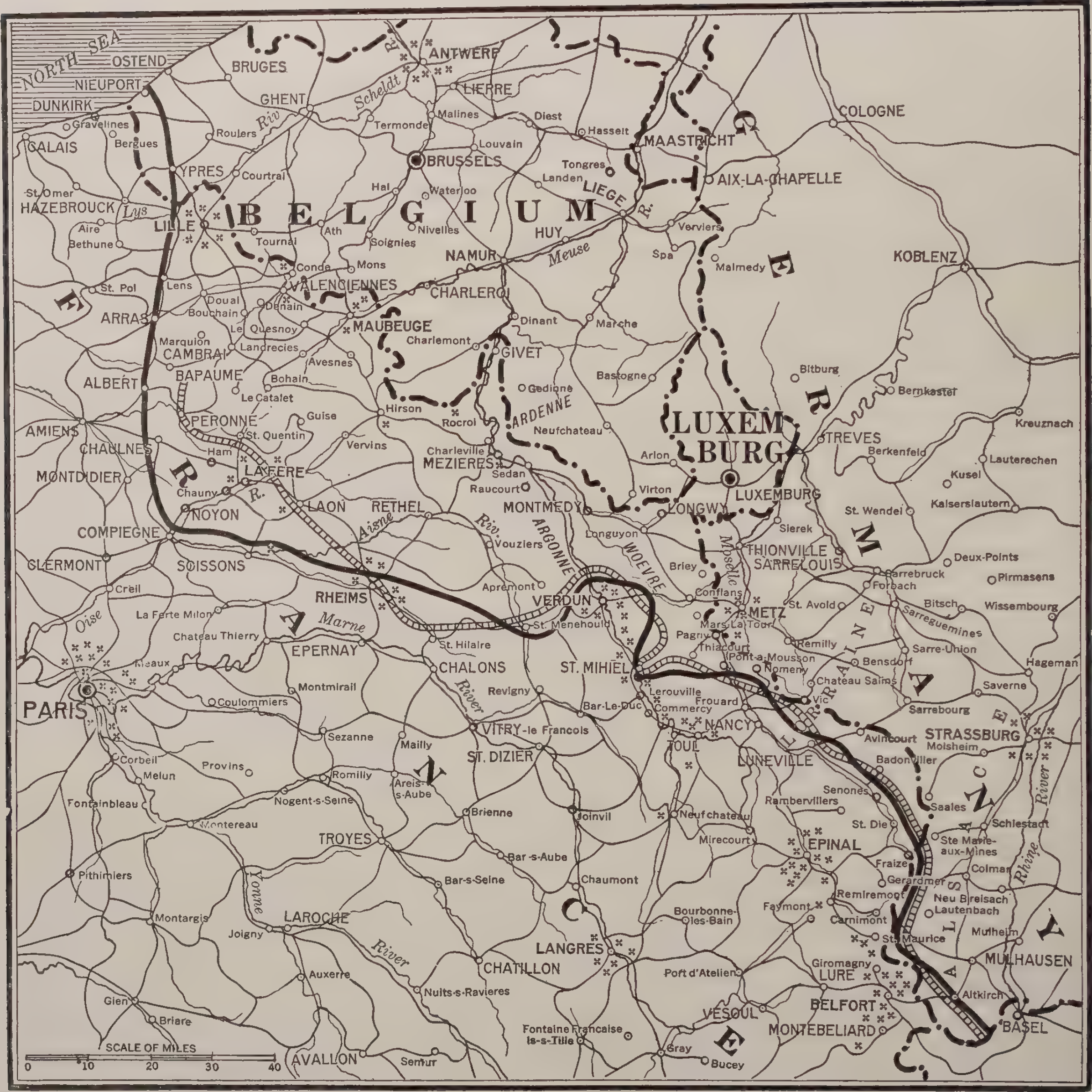
The ruins of Ypres



THE GERMAN GAINS AND LOSSES ON THE BELGIAN-FRENCH FRONT

This illustrates the differences in the positions of the lines between what they were on the first of October and what they were after nearly two months of fighting, on November 20th. The broken line indicates the positions on October 1st: the solid line indicates the positions on November 20th. To this latter date, in the angle Peronne-Compiegne-Rheims, the Germans have moved forward about twenty miles at the maximum. From Lille to Peronne they have moved forward about five miles on an average. Around Rheims and Chalons they have fallen back about four miles at the maximum. In the Argonne region the Germans have gained about three miles and St. Menehould. In the St. Mihiel area the Germans have gained a small distance but this has enabled them to occupy stronger ground for defense. From Pont-a-Mousson to the Swiss frontier there has been no appreciable change. In the district between Ypres and the sea, in southwestern Belgium, there has been little change although the Germans have moved forward to some extent.

layed for lack of transportation. On the coast and in Flanders the chief French force was made up of cavalry, territorials and drafted men from the navy—all under General Foch, and not strong enough to interpose a sufficient defense to the German assault. To the right of Foch, around Lille, was General Maudkin, and beyond his division was that of General de Castelnau near Arras.

As rapidly as possible the French concentrated in the neighborhood of Dixmude, holding the railroad line, and protected by the river and canals in their front. Behind them the Belgians were rapidly reorganizing. The

The Germans at divine service in a ruined village

Germans, avoiding for the time a frontal attack, sought to get around the left flank of the Allies, menacing Dunkirk and Calais and cutting the British off from their base on the Channel. In this endeavor the antagonists fought in a flooded country, where trenches became ditches, and deep canals cut through the flooded fields lured on unsuspecting troops to watery graves. The savagery of the fighting exceeded anything known in war. At one point a ferryman's stone house, an object of attack alternately by both armies, was taken and retaken, until the fields awash around it were filled with floating bodies. Along the Yser, at Ypres and Ramscappelle, the armies were in such close contact that the fighting

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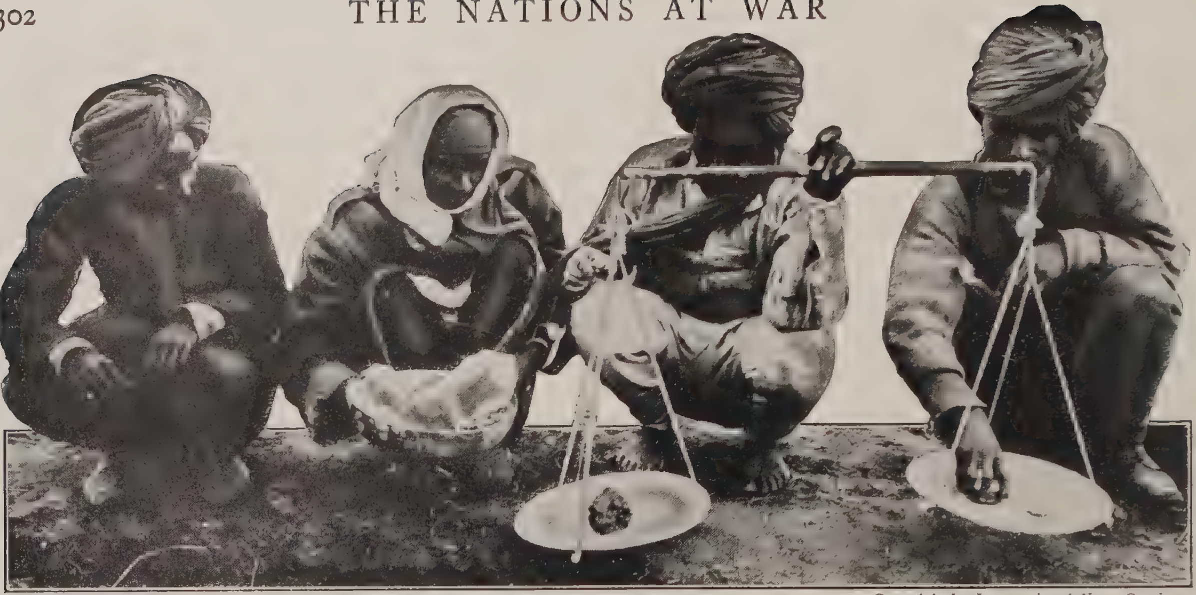
English women in the trenches. (They can't vote because they don't fight)



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East Indian soldiers weighing rations

was much of the time hand-to-hand, and in the end neither force had gained any material advantage.

All authorities agreed that the losses of the Germans in this fighting far exceeded those of the Allies because of their stubborn adherence to the attack en masse. They charged in dense columns, eight abreast, offering a target no artillerist could possibly miss. "In certain trenches 120 metres long," says a French official report, "there have been found more than 2,000 corpses. This in spite of the fact that we know the Germans, whenever it is possible for them to do so, remove their dead from the field of battle."

As a result of three weeks' hard fighting along the Yser and about Ypres, the Belgium army was buttressed in its final hold upon its own land, and the desire of the Kaiser to annex Belgium was, for the moment at least, thwarted. Dunkirk, Calais and Boulogne were saved for the Allies. The spirit of the Belgian troops was renewed, and that of the French and British greatly stimulated by the decided check to the German onrush. The Germans were not driven back, however. They dug themselves in, in Flanders, as they had done all across France, and the year closed without any indication of the ability of the Allies to drive them out. Nevertheless the check was essentially an Allied victory. The official report of the last week in November expressed the French estimate of the situation when it said:

"To-day, the fourth month of the war is drawing to its close and still France has not been crushed. On the contrary, France, counting from the 5th of September, has enjoyed nothing but success, and this in spite of the arraying in opposition to her of a mass of soldiers who in the aggregate represent more than fifty army corps (2,000,000 men).

"We repeat and we desire to emphasize that since the 6th of September the formidable masses of troops who have assailed us have not been able, no matter how courageous their attacks, to make us give way anywhere. On the contrary, at a number of points the Germans have been driven back before the strength of our advance."

With due allowance for the bias of the French writers of the report, this does in fact fairly describe the fighting along the Yser and around Ypres—the so-called battle of Flanders and its results. There were victories scored by either side. At times the Allies were triumphant on one point of the line, while the Germans were raising their shouts of triumph at another. But in the end the struggle was but a drawn battle when the year 1914 reached its close. Only in so far as the Germans had failed to drive the Belgians from this last corner of their country, and to establish themselves in Dunkirk and in Calais could the end of the battle be considered a German reverse.

An official statement issued by the British press bureau, covering much of the period included in the French report, gives interesting and liberal testimony to the German valor. Speaking of the fighting near Ypres around November 8th, it says:

"An instance of the cost to the Germans of these subsidiary operations occurred on this day, when one of our battalions killed forty-seven Germans—this number being actually counted in front of our trenches—and captured fifty-one. It is calculated that on Sunday their casualties in killed and wounded in front of one small section of our line were about 1,200.

"They are still fighting with a stubbornness and recklessness, which, whatever its utility, is remarkable when expedited by forces of which a large proportion consists of comparatively untrained men.

"The following two incidents will serve to illustrate their courage: During the fighting near Ypres a force consisting of about one company of infantry advancing against us was enfiladed by one of our machine guns with the result that they were all killed, except six men who crawled away wounded. The corpses lay in a regular row. After nightfall another company, nothing daunted, advanced and dug themselves in, on the line upon which the bodies of their comrades were lying.

"Again, on the fourth of November, some of the German cavalry at dusk charged a trench held by the French. Every single horse was killed, but those riders who were not hit continued and charged on foot, the last survivors being slain on the very parapet of the trench.

"It is true that a considerable proportion of the masses recently thrown into the field against the British has consisted of hastily trained and immature men, but the great fact remains that these ill-assorted levies have not hesitated to advance against highly trained troops. In spite of lack of officers, in spite of inexperience, boys of sixteen and seventeen have faced guns, have marched steadily up to the muzzles of our rifles, and have met death in droves without flinching."

Lady Dorothy Fielding, a Red Cross nurse, in Belgium

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Algerians in a street fight

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Cracow's citadel overlooking the Vistula

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It was a long, wet way to Calais

The territory over which the hostile armies were fighting so tenaciously and savagely was devastated as no land since we began to talk of "civilized warfare" has ever been. Dixmude, Ypres, Ramscapelle—all beautiful towns—were reduced to ruins. The destruction seems almost to have been wanton, the artillerists hurling their shells upon historic edifices apparently for the mere pleasure of seeing them crumble. Of the 18,000 inhabitants of Ypres, virtually all were driven out—only the dead remained. The houses that were not destroyed by shell-fire were pillaged and burned by the German invaders. A correspondent visiting the city after the bombardment had continued a month describes its appearance thus:

"For a distance of three hundred yards German shells had ploughed their way through paralleled streets, forming a new ruthless avenue through the town of Ypres.

"The most terrible sight of all lay further on. The Cathedral of Saint Martin, a magnificent edifice of the Fifteenth Century, containing the

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German Zeppelin inspecting Warsaw

tomb of Jansenius, is nothing but a mass of ruins. It was dusk when we reached it.

"Climbing a heap of stone débris, discolored by the fumes released from shells, I saw in the gloom of the ruined aisle a red glow which for a moment I took to be that of an altar light. Clambering further into the ruins of the church I found this to be nothing but the still smouldering embers of the cathedral.

"For while we were still there the Germans, heaven knows for what reason, were busily engaged in pouring incendiary bombs upon the already ruined city. Next door to the cathedral stood the magnificent market hall of Ypres. It is now literally a heap of ruins. I would wish the people of half a dozen cities in the textile district could imagine they possessed markets of the artistic beauty of Westminster Abbey, together with their own thriving trade, and imagine the scene of utter desolation and ruin which I have endeavored to describe there at Ypres.

"The town has not only been bom-

"Water-boots" in flooded Flanders

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS D

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S A FRENCH REGIMENT AT FURNES

barded systematically with a view to destruction rather than military advantage, but it has also been sacked with all the thoroughness of the German system. It was not only a shell; it is a burst shell. Its very streets have been destroyed. In the main road from Ypres one of those "Jack Johnson's," which the French troops, with the same light-heartedness which characterizes our own, have given the name of marmites, or soup kettles, has made a hole big enough to contain a London motorbus. These huge pits yawn in every road along the front."

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Aid for an Arab on Belgium's sands

A British official report, setting aside for the moment cold officialism, describes strikingly the conditions of life in the trenches along the Yser:

"The condition of the trenches became wretched beyond description. From having to sit or stand in a mixture of straw and liquid mud, the men had to contend with half frozen slush. 'It is an ill wind, however,' and one good point about the wet weather is that it made the ground so soft that the enemy's howitzer shells sink some depth before they detonate and expend a great part of their energy in an upward direction, throwing the mud about.

"Neverheless the wet and cold have added greatly to the hardships of the troops in the trenches, and the problem how to enable them to keep their feet reasonably dry and warm now is engaging serious attention.

"At one place, owing to the kindness of the proprietor, certain works recently were placed at our disposal as a wholesale bathhouse, lavatory, and repair shop. In the works are a number of vats large enough to contain several men at one time. They serve most excellently for the provision of hot baths for the men on relief from the trenches.

"While the men are enjoying their bath, their clothes are taken away, their underclothing washed or burned and replaced by a new set. At the same time their uniforms are fumigated, cleaned, and repaired and buttons sewed on. The repairs are done by a band of women who are employed for the purpose. By this installation some 1,500 men are catered to in every way.

"What this rehabilitation really means to the soldiers alone can be appreciated from the realization of their previous state. It must be remembered that they not only had not bathed for weeks but they had not been able to take off their clothes; that consequently in many cases the officers, as well as the men, are verminous.

"As the latter troop up to the bath they are unprepossessing in appearance, weary, unshorn, and haggard. They are coated with mud, a good deal of which is crusted on them. Some are splashed with the blood of their comrades or of the enemy. When they come out, clean, refreshed, and reclothed, they are different beings. Not only is this a good thing from the point of view of the happiness and comfort of the individual but it is a distinct gain in his fighting value and an asset to the force. Nevertheless, bodily the men are in good condition.”

Digging in, shivering day and night in the trenches, killing now and then with a rifle shot some other poor fellow quite as weary of the war as his killer, dodging bombs or throwing them, starving, hopelessly and endlessly pursuing vermin, going unwashed and often unfed—so both Allies and Germans spent the winter months with practically no advantage won or lost. December passed; 1914 gave way to 1915; and still the Germans clung to the soil they had won, still the French and English barred their way to any further conquest. But the Allies were steadily growing stronger while the needs of Von Hindenberg in the West, where the fighting was again savage, compelled the sending thither of heavy reinforcements from France and Belgium.

As a result of this the French pushed their way ahead in Alsace, and on the right of their line became the aggressors. The roads through the mountains that the Germans had taken early in the war were slowly regained· Instead of the German capture of Verdun which had so long been expected, the news came daily of French successes near St. Mihiel and St. Die. The former of these positions, marking the extreme German advance into France along that line, was the scene of constant fighting. Could the French but break through at that point, they would cut the German communications with Metz, and put the entire army of the Crown Prince in jeopardy. But week after week the pounding went on without serious result. The line of the Meuse still held practically as the limit of the Germans advance though at one or two points they had indeed crossed the river.

Sharpshooter in a blasted oak

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Verdun alone among the fortresses of France gave that example of stubborn defiance and protracted resistance which had been expected of the forts at Lille and Namur. And it indeed was protected rather than a protector, for, seeing the impotence of their forts before the new heavy German artillery, the French determined to defend Verdun from without rather than within, and threw forward their trenches with infantry defenders to such a point that the Germans were never near enough to the fortress to bring their heaviest artillery to bear. The lines of hostile trenches approached each

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German staff returns to headquarters after an attack that failed other so closely that the soldiers shouted messages across the field, and patching up temporary truces went amicably together down to the neighboring stream to bathe—putting off, it would appear, their enmities with the uniforms that symbolized them.

While holding the invaders back from their territory the French were making inroads — small, indeed, but to the French mind immensely gratifying—upon German lands. For Alsace, which had been lost in 1871, into which at the opening of this war the soldiers of the Republic had exultantly streamed only to be driven out again, was now coming once more into their possession. From Belfort, the most southeasterly of the French fortresses, they poured into Alsace, occupying the towns within twenty miles of the frontier, setting up their own governments and courts. They say that when the first crier opened the court "in the name of the French people," old men who had been annexed with the country by Germany in 1871 burst into tears and the young people ran about the streets waving the tricolor.

But it was also discovered that some of the warmest greetings extended to the incoming French, and the most sentimental manifestations of joy over the recovery of the "lost provinces" proceeded from German spies who had been left to fraternize with the new comers and report to the German military authorities their proceedings and their ability to hold the points they occupied.

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A sentry's shelter in Flanders

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Russians equipped with skis

By the end of the year the French had possession of the whole Vosges region, the valley of the Thur, and many strategic mountain passes. Their material gains were little. Mühlhausen and Altkirch were still holding out against them. But their positions were such as to promise an active advance in the spring when the heavy snows that blocked the mountain roads should have melted away. Yet their successes in that region were no offset to the tremendous advantage held by the forces of the Kaiser in the West.

For, checked in his advance, forced to a standstill as he was, the Kaiser still held at the end of 1914 the position in the West practically of a conqueror. All Belgium, save perhaps 35 square miles in its extreme corner, was his. Belgian cities like Brussels, Antwerp and Ghent were ruled by his officers, and paid tribute to his treasury. His armies held about 8,000 square miles of French territory, inhabited by 2,500,000 Frenchmen. Save for a little corner of East Prussia, all the fighting was on the soil of his enemies; his own land knew little of the horrors of war. So thoroughly were his troops entrenched in France and Belgium, it seemed nothing could drive them out. "The march upon Berlin," said a German general in answer to a French boast, "would take years and cost 5,000 men a day." Probably this was no overstatement. The German positions in Belgium, at least, seemed almost impregnable, while the past had been for the German Emperor one long record of victory.

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Not Belgians. German refugees in East Prussia

While the armies of the West were thus fighting each other to a standstill in Flanders and along the battle line in France, great deeds were being done in the East. The name of Von Hindenburg, which had been mightily exalted throughout all Germany after the battle of Tannenburg (or Allenstein as it is variably termed) became the most glorious in the land. He had there captured, wounded or killed more troops than Napoleon commanded at Waterloo. Perhaps this general was fortunate in having no princes of the ruling house attached to his headquarters to receive from a proud imperial parent the chief glory of victory. Possibly it was only a certain tendency, which had elsewhere become apparent, to give more honor to the working generals who fought the battles and less to the titled figure-heads about the headquarters. Whatever the reason, Von Hindenburg had become by the end of the war's first half-year the idol of all Germany, and deservedly so.

With the curious foresight which sometimes attaches to the mere poet and dreamer, John Ruskin had, long years before this war, pointed out unerringly where its most bitter struggles would be waged. In one of the "Sermons in Stone" which he read from the sculptured beauty of the cathedral at Amiens he saw the battlefield of the winter of 1914-15 and thus described it:

"Count them together for a thousand miles of moat between Europe and the Desert, reaching from Dantzig to Odessa—two rivers little thought of by common geographers but of quite unspeakable importance in human history, the Dniester and the Vistula. . . The two of them together divide Europe, properly so called, Europa's own, and Jove's, the small educationable, civilizable and more or less mentally rational fragment of the globe—from the great chaotic space, occupied datelessly by Scythians, Tartars, Huns, Cossacks, Bears, Ermines, and Mammoths in various thicknesses of hide, frost of brain, and way of abode—or of unabiding. Nobody's history worth making has anything to do with them."

Taking a suspected spy to French headquarters

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Along the line of Ruskin's rivers the Dneister and the Vistula, and with them the Don, the Bug and the San much history worth the making was made in that winter of warfare and the British nation rose warmly to the alliance with the Tartars, Cossacks, and Scythians whose thickness of hide the brilliant author so derided.

For six months indeed the Russians were almost uniformly defeated by the Germans, although they overwhelmed and practically obliterated the Austrian army But even in their defeat they were of inestimable worth to the cause of the Allies in the West. It was Russian pressure on East Germany that caused the deflection to the East of so great a body of soldiers from his lines as to cost Von Kluck the battle of the Marne. And thereafter, even after Hindenburg had won the "Sedan of the East," the steady call from that section for more troops to meet the Russian menace compelled the German commanders to halt their troops in permanent trenches in Belgium and France, to fight a defensive fight for delay there while the aggressive was being taken in the marshes along the Vistula, or the rocky defiles of the Carpathians.

In the career of Hindenburg was illustrated the prudent forethought of the German military organization, which, whatever the emergency, seems always able to produce the man to meet it. The country in which his earlier fighting, and the sweeping victory of Tannenburg, took place is looked upon as the worst piece of ground in all Europe for military purposes. Day after day the opposing forces fought there almost up to their necks in water, while field-pieces disappeared in the fathomless mud. Woods, marshes, lakes, sluggish rivers cut up all the land, no two miles of which is of the same character. But Hindenburg, of all German soldiers, was most familiar with that ground. For years it had been his dream to get the Russians into

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Russian artillery in the Carpathians

that water-logged corner and drive them into the lakes to their complete destruction. The Munich *Neueste Nachrichten* in a spirited sketch tells of this hobby of the General's:

"Two opposing views have been held for decades past in military circles on the subject of the marshy region which includes the Masurian Lakes. One was that of General von Hindenburg, that the Russians must be forced into the lakes. The other was that the Russians must be kept away from them at all costs. The majority was against Hindenburg, who, however, clung obstinately to the 'mistake of his life.' Hindenburg was in command of a corps in the provinces when he heard that the idea had been mooted in the Reichstag of draining the lakes.

"The old General hastened to Berlin, where he explained, protested, and agitated. When his cause seemed hopeless he went to the Emperor. There he pleaded so effectively that his Majesty promised that his lakes should not be touched. Each year Hindenburg was sent to the manœuvres in the district where the lakes lay. There, as at all manœuvres, the soldiers of one army had a white ribbon in their caps and the other army had a red one. The reds were the Russians, and the whites, always commanded by Hindenburg, had to defend East Prussia.

"When the reds knew they were to fight

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A French "75" in action

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Seventh Belgian Infantry on the beach at Lapanne

Hindenburg, they said, until the saying became proverbial, 'To-day we shall have a bath.' They knew that everything they could do was unavailing, the end was always the same: Hindenburg entangled them hopelessly in the Masurian Lakes. This was repeated year by year. With the signal to break off the manœuvres the red army was invariably standing up to its neck in water.

"Then the General was pensioned. He spent all his summer holidays among the lakes. He borrowed from Königsberg a gun with its normal gun-carriage, and had it dragged, from morning to night, out of one pool into another. He measured how deeply a cannon of a certain size sank in the mire, he ascertained how many horses were required to drag a cannon over fairly solid ground, and discovered swamps out of which not even twenty horses could extricate a gun. He noted, he measured, he calculated, he drew plans. The rest is known."

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Belgians firing from shelter of pollarded willows

After the German successes in the Masurian Lake region, Von Hindenburg began that invasion of Russian Poland, which, with varying fortunes, but with the general trend of success on the German side was still in progress when the first six months of the war closed, February 1st, 1915.

Warsaw was the objective, and for these six months was the point upon which converged all the German lines of attack. These lines came from the north *up* the Vistula, from the south *down* the Vistula, and directly from the west with Breslau for the German base. The first army was commanded by Gen-

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The steeple fell into the church

eral Von Hindenburg in person, the second by General Dankl of the Austrian army, and the third by the Crown Prince of Bavaria. The concerted movement was begun October 4th, and the forces then engaged numbered on the German side about 400,000 with about 200,000 Austrians. They were heavily outnumbered by the Russians under the Grand Duke Nicholas, but nevertheless pressed to the very suburbs of Warsaw without serious check in the first week of the fighting. Here their path was blocked by not less than a million Russians, who held the trenches in the German front while their great numbers enabled them to flank the invaders with both cavalry and infantry. Before this overwhelming force the invaders retreated, and by the end of the month were virtually expelled from Russian soil.

But to accomplish this Russia had been compelled to recall in part her armies from Galicia and the Carpathians. The siege of Przemysl was raised, to be renewed later, the troops of the Czar were driven from Jaraslav, and Hungary was freed from their presence. These sacrifices had been compelled by the

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Hard work in the sand dunes

menace of Von Hindenburg's westward drive.

With his retreat it appeared that Russia would retake her lost ground. Again Russian troops flowed over into East Prussia. By the middle of November Przemysl was again invested, the Cossacks were in the passes of the Carpathians and the Czar's guns pounded at the gates of Cracow. Before November was half ended the Russians, save for their heavy and irreparable losses at Tannenburg, had regained the advantage they had lost.

But it was again only the ebb of the German tide. Once more it turned to the flood and flowed back across the territory. Ending their retreat about the middle of November, the General Staff hurriedly concentrated their Eastern armies in the neighborhood of Thorn and again turned their faces toward Warsaw. Their advance menaced Russian communications and did in fact cut the railroad lines which tied the chief Russian army to Warsaw. But the movement had its perils. As the Germans had cut the Russian communications, so the Russian armies in Galicia and in East Prussia could close in behind the audacious invaders and cut them off. This was

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Frontier town in East Prussia after bombardment

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Belgian artillery in the dunes

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The luxury of war. Wounded "Tommy" in a palatial Paris hotel

precisely what they did, and, beginning November 15th, ten days of continuous fighting ended in Russian victory. The newspaper reports from Petrograd were delirious with claims of victory, and even Berlin admitted disaster. Warsaw had been saved after the Kaiser's troops had come within sound of its bells. Von Hindenburg was reported, falsely, a prisoner. At Lodz and at Mlwa the Germans were decisively beaten. East Prussia was still occupied by the Russians in force, and in Galicia the Czar's successes were daily augmenting, and the Austrian armies were rapidly disintegrating. Though in the neighborhood of Lodz and Lowicz German successes were reported, the main story of the

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Russian infantry ready to charge

fighting along the Eastern battle line was one of German disaster.

When December was ushered in it appeared that the Russians by mere force of numbers had checked finally the German advance upon Warsaw. Not much was heard of the earlier Russian promise of "Berlin in three weeks," but the decisiveness with which the German advance upon Warsaw had been stopped without compelling the Russians to withdraw from either East Prussia or Galicia was generally accepted by observers as indicative of the end.

Then in a few weeks Von Hindenburg, backed by the marvellous efficiency of the German army, turned the tables for the third

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A field hospital in a cemetery

time, and once again Berlin rang with the praises of her new war-lord.

To a great extent the war in the Polands was a struggle for control of railroads and for the communications of the enemy. The immediate Russian objectives were Cracow in Austria-Hungary whence Vienna and Berlin could be equally threatened, and Breslau and Posen in Germany. But straight across that part of Russia which inserts itself like a wedge between the German and Austrian territories the opponents of Russia had thrown a line to bar the Czar's legions from further progress toward the West, while from East Prussia the Germans under Von Hindenburg made repeated efforts to cut in behind the main army of the Grand Duke Nicholas and cut it off from its base at Warsaw. As the situaton developed it resembled that of the Army of the Potomac in 1863 whose advance on Richmond, stubbornly contested as it was by Lee's army in its front, was made vastly more difficult by the daily apprehension that "Stonewall" Jackson, utilizing his familiar route through the Shenandoah Valley, might slip in behind and cut the Union connections.

It has been the practice to describe two of Russia's great allies in winter campaigns as "General Cold" and "General Snow." These indeed were the irresistible forces which brought disaster and destruction upon Napoleon's frozen and starving columns on the retreat from Moscow a little more than a century before Russia and Germany were locked in this death struggle. But this time the German invaders determined to turn cold and snow into allies.

A warrior from Baluchistan

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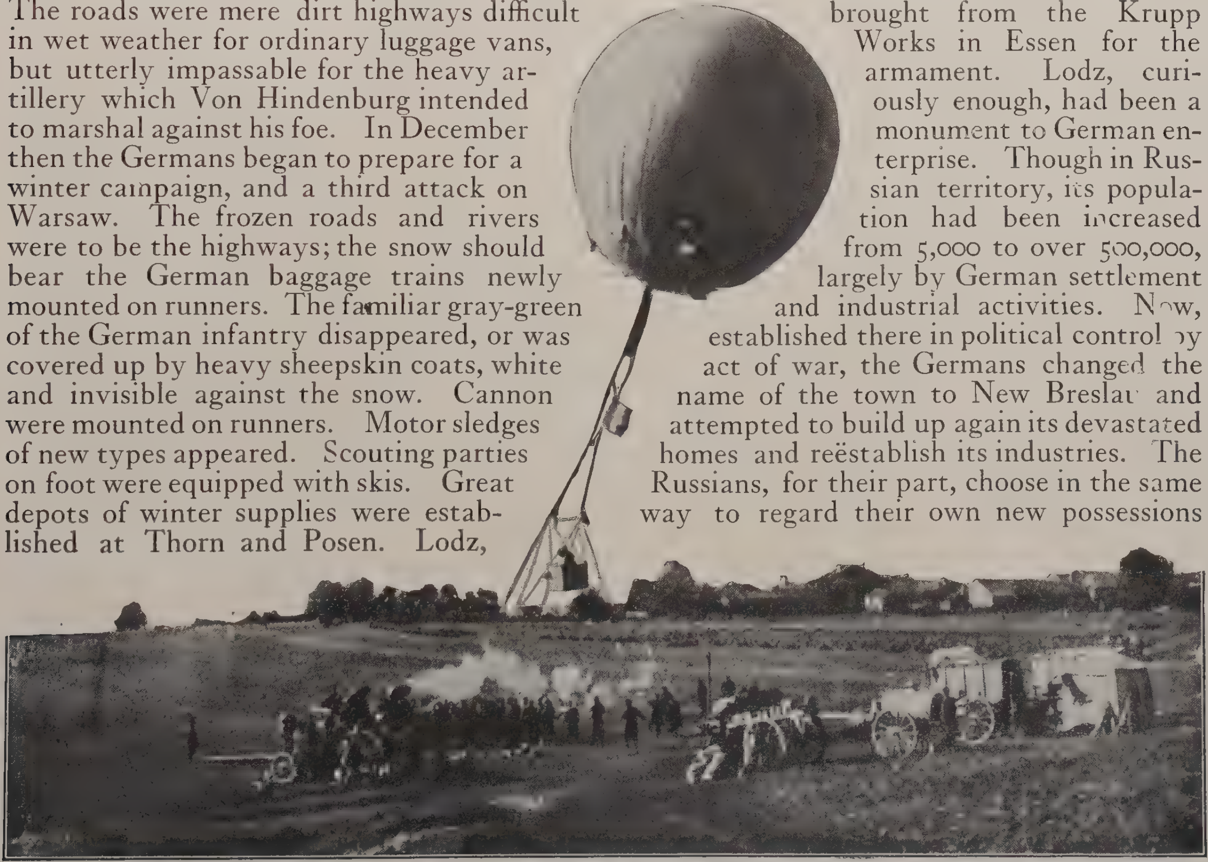
British rifle brigade in action

All of Von Hindenburg's plans centered upon a descent upon Russian Poland from East Prussia. Much of the territory in which he planned to operate was marshy, full of small lakes, and intersected with sluggish streams. The roads were mere dirt highways difficult in wet weather for ordinary luggage vans, but utterly impassable for the heavy artillery which Von Hindenburg intended to marshal against his foe. In December then the Germans began to prepare for a winter campaign, and a third attack on Warsaw. The frozen roads and rivers were to be the highways; the snow should bear the German baggage trains newly mounted on runners. The familiar gray-green of the German infantry disappeared, or was covered up by heavy sheepskin coats, white and invisible against the snow. Cannon were mounted on runners. Motor sledges of new types appeared. Scouting parties on foot were equipped with skis. Great depots of winter supplies were established at Thorn and Posen. Lodz, the chief manufacturing town of Poland, and Lowicz, an important railroad center, were heavily fortified, the industrial edifices of the towns being torn down to supply material for the forts, and guns brought from the Krupp Works in Essen for the armament. Lodz, curiously enough, had been a monument to German enterprise. Though in Russian territory, its population had been increased from 5,000 to over 500,000, largely by German settlement and industrial activities. Now, established there in political control by act of war, the Germans changed the name of the town to New Breslau and attempted to build up again its devastated homes and reëstablish its industries. The Russians, for their part, choose in the same way to regard their own new possessions



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French captive balloon near Metz

Winter scene within the French lines on the Meuse

in Galicia as permanent. Lemberg, which they had taken early in the war, they renamed Lvov, and decreed that the Russian language alone be used in the schools or in the public offices though but few Russians were residents of the district. The unhappy Poles, always racked by racial and religious feuds, were now being torn by the conflicting orders of two great nations, the armed forces of which alternately occupied their territory with no great promise of the permanent domination of either.

In the struggle for Warsaw, which became toward the end of the year the chief bone of contention in the eastern theatre of war, the price paid by each of the contestants was a heavy one. Owing to the policy of secrecy adopted by all the governments involved, the precise losses of each in any given battle, campaign or month of the war will not be known definitely for years, or until official historians begin to give out the authorized accounts of the campaigns. Petrograd, however, claimed that the Germans had lost more than 200,000 men in their efforts to reach Warsaw up to January, 1915. Prisoners to the number of 135,840 were claimed by the Russians. These figures were strenuously denied by the Germans who claimed themselves to hold 306,290 Russian prisoners, besides 3,575 officers.

These hundreds of thousands of prisoners must be housed, fed, and guarded. The labor which their captors can force them to perform is of little account, so they hang like so many dead weights around

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Russian outpost in Poland

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EVEN THE WOMEN VOLUNTEERED FOR DEFENSE WHEN ENGLAND'S SHORES WERE MENACED

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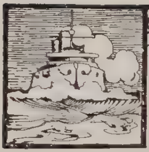
British troopers watering their horses

the necks of their jailers. There has been little or no talk as yet of a wholesale exchange, yet one would suppose it must be discussed before long.

Unquestionably the loss of life was prodigious because of the great amount of fighting in the open, without trenches, and it was probably heavier on the Russian side, for the main reliance of the Czar's generals was upon the numerical superiority of their troops, and they never spared their men. On the last day of the year the Germans claimed to have taken 136,000 prisoners, 100 cannon and 300 machine guns in the Poland campaign within two months.

Yet despite this fierce fighting, this marshaling of legions of men and multitudes of guns from prodigious distances—Von Hindenburg was said to have 30,000 auto trucks for transportation purposes—this campaign ended with the struggling forces just where they began.

The trenches between Nieuport and Dixmude



THE LITTLE PEOPLE

BY

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

The little, simple people are they who shall go down,
  Not Kings, and Kaisers, Emperors, and unavailing Czars;
The good, God-fearing people who never saw a crown—
  'Tis they who know the power of guns, and feel the curse of Mars.

It is the little people who must suffer and weep.
  They who do the wise things, the good things of the earth;
They who till the farmlands, they who softly reap
  The grain and the harvest, and build fires on the hearth.

The good folk, the kind folk—'tis they who run toward Hell
  When Kaiser and Emperor dare to urge them forth;
Forgotten are the homely ways when sounds the war god's bell—
  From East and West they gather, from still vineyards of the North.

From orange-groves, and wheat fields, barley-brake, and plain,
  From business in the quiet towns, the sane work of the world,
They rush at the mad call, and face the stinging rain
  Of shot and shell and cannon—for the King's flag is unfurled!

The little, simple people now run a race with Death,
  They who ran wise errands for the rulers of the earth;
They give their all, who built the world, they give their very breath,
  And who shall blow to life again the fires upon the hearth?

O unregardful Kings, and ye who hold high destinies
  Within your misnamed mighty hands, how dare ye face your God
When ye have thrown your simple people, people such as these,
  The good folk, the little folk, face downward on the sod?

For they are worth more than your crowns, more than ye know;
  They are the wise ones, and ye the foolish. . . . Stay!
Keep them and protect them, before your light burns low,
  And the Lord God rebukes you on His awful Judgment Day!

GENERAL VON HEERINGEN ON THE KAISER'S BIRTHDAY DISTRIBUTED IRON CROSSES TO THE HEROES OF THE SOISSONS VICTORY. THE

THE NATIONS AT WAR

CHAPTER X

THE WINTER MONTHS IN POLAND — THE WAR BY SEA — LOSSES OF *BULWARK, AUDACIOUS,* AND *FORMIDABLE* — THE BATTLE AT THE FALKLANDS — BATTLE IN THE NORTH SEA — THE WORLDWIDE WAR — ESTIMATES OF LOSSES

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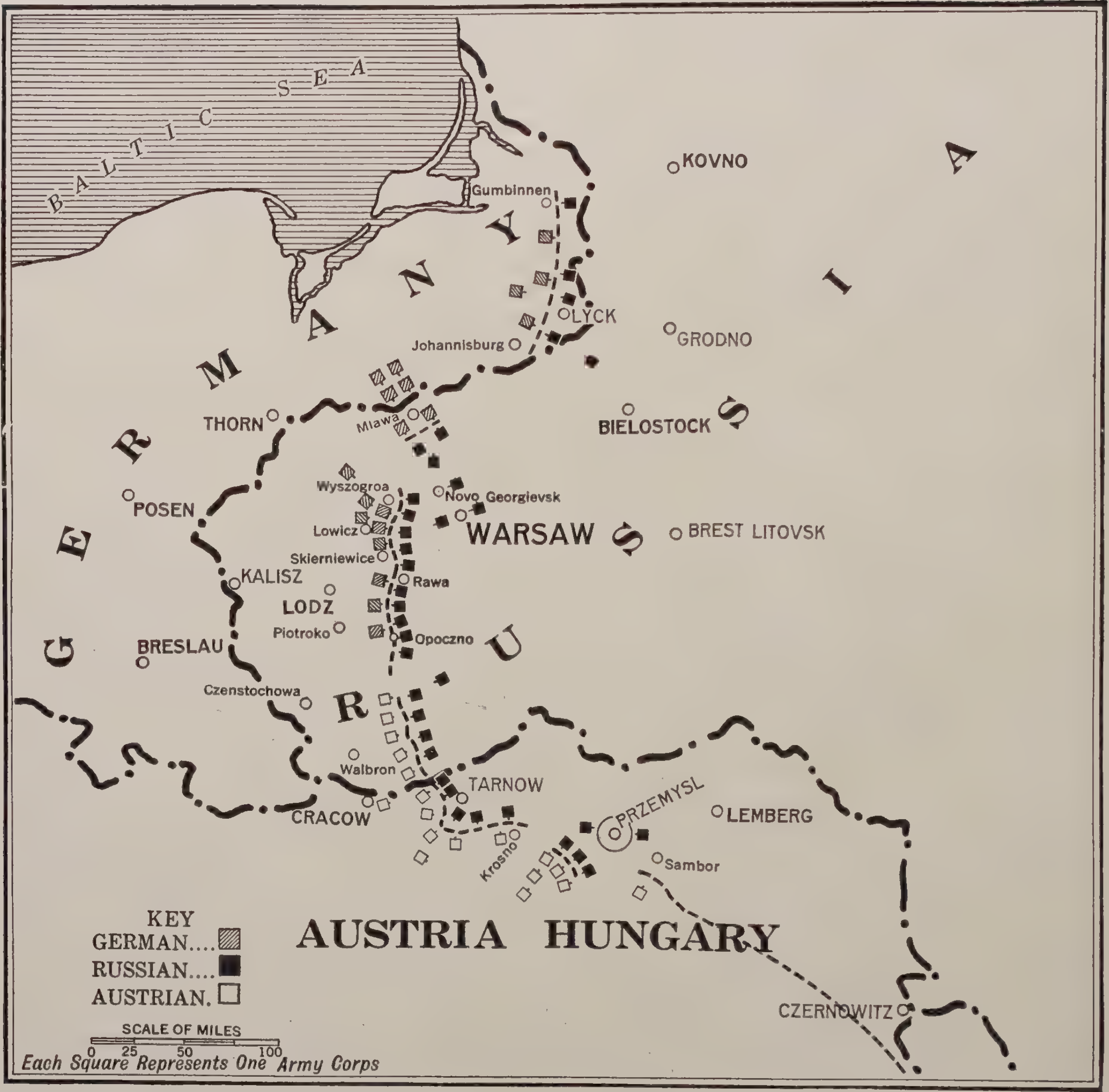
AS WE read the chronology of those winter months in the three Polands we see how thoroughly the struggling armies were deadlocked. Yet it was not such a grapple as had stilled all progress in the West. In Belgium and France the hostile forces were locked in a clinch, literally rivetted to their positions. They had dug themselves in and had taken root like a line of pollarded willows along a Flemish canal. A change of position of a few yards was a victory or a reverse to be heralded in official reports and sent flying undersea by cables to the ends of the earth.

But in Russian Poland, Galicia, and East Prussia the struggle, though indecisive, was mobile. Long swift marches over frozen lakes and marshes, swift shifting of positions by railroads, rapid advances and retreats covering hundreds of miles, raids on communications, and invasions by each army in turn kept the world wondering as to what would be the final outcome. Perplexing as it all seems in detail, when studied on the broader lines of its grand strategy it is easily understood. The Germans wanted to capture Warsaw, for its railroads and strategic position, but every time they advanced to the environs of that city from the West, the Russians in Galicia and East Prussia took them in flank and drove them back. The Russians, on their part, ceaselessly strove for Cracow but here they were in their turn flanked by the Germans and repeatedly turned back from their prize.

But when we strive to follow this strategy in its infinite detail of march, siege, battle, retreat, investment, and new advance we are dazed with a vague sense of the inconclusiveness of it all. December 1st the Germans defeat the Russians at Lodz; December 4th the Russians win at Lodz; December 6th the Germans occupy Lodz. Cracow figures day after day with varying fortunes. Now the Germans are bombarding the town from its suburbs. Then the Austrians are driven out. Again the Germans are in the town. Once more the Russians menace it. But the year ends with Cracow still holding out against the Russian hordes. Warsaw, constantly menaced by the Germans, who at times had been within fourteen miles of its ancient gateways, was still standing stoutly against the further progress of the invaders. Lowicz had fallen with Lodz, but despite the decisive victories of the Germans at these points the Russians, constantly reinforced, continued to threaten them. Unusually warm weather during December had prevented the advance with which



THE ARMIES IN POLAND IN THE LAST WEEKS OF DECEMBER

At this time the Russian army was forced into an almost straight line from 30 miles west of Warsaw south to the Carpathian mountains. Its strategical right flank was open to an attack from north of Warsaw. The Germans had calculated that the whole Polish theatre of operations would be frozen at this time. This would have rendered easy the transport of supplies and artillery over the swampy country. The weather refused to get cold enough and General Von Hindenburg's army literally "mired down" in the Polish bogs which made a movement by a great army against the Russian right flank a physical impossibility.

the invaders might have been expected to follow up their victories.

In Galicia the Austrians, who had sought to surround and cut off the Russians at Tarnow, were themselves out-generaled and their three armies, caught before concentration, were defeated seriatim. On the banks of the Nida River and in the passes of the Carpathians the Austrians were put to rout, the Russians claiming to have taken 30,000 prisoners in December alone. Meantime throughout Austria-Hungary economic conditions became depressing. In Trieste the population rose in riot crying for bread. In Hungary conspiracies were detected having for their purpose the severance of the bond with Austria. By the middle of January the Russian hordes, pouring through the passes in the Carpathians, had entered Transylvania and menaced Tilsit, where in 1807 Napoleon and the Russian Emperor Alexander theatrically signed a treaty on a raft anchored in the middle of the river Niemen. Hungary was by this time fairly beset with enemies. The Russians held Galicia and were fast overflowing Transylvania. Holding Bukowina, the population of which is largely Roumanian, they were making it a point whence to urge Roumania to enter the war against Hungary. Servia again aggressive, had driven the Austrians from Belgrade. Budapest, though far from the scene of actual fighting, was in a panic; and between the menace from the foreign foe and the dread of a sinister underground conspiracy in his own land the Hungarian Premier, Count Tisza, felt impelled in January to notify Emperor Francis Joseph that the time might be at hand when it would be necessary for Hungary to withdraw her troops from Austria to protect her own land.

When that time shall in fact arrive and that action be taken the end of the dual monarchy and empire of Austria-Hungary, established in 1867, will have come.

The end of January, closing the first six months of the war, saw the Germans still on the offensive, remorselessly menacing Warsaw. Von Hindenburg's advance was still delayed by warm weather and soft roads, but there was no evidence of weakening in his determination. What he took he kept, and though he had lost battles in thirty days, his lines had not been withdrawn. There was not so much work with spade and mattock as in France. The long lines of trenches did not extend along the hundreds of miles of battlefront. The German policy was rather to hold the railroads and the junction points of important highways, for cross-country marching was impracticable in the rough and marshy lands of Poland.

Captured battleflags (Russian and French) on exhibition in Berlin

Warsaw, the prize for which the Germans strove so heroically, is a town of about 872,000 people. The third in size of the Czar's cities, all the railroads of western and middle Poland converge upon it. Its ring of permanent forts extends about ten miles beyond the city's limits, and up to February, 1915, the invaders had not yet approached near enough to attack the most outlying of these. The main strength of the Russian army was concentrated in the defensive district about the city, and despite the fact that from the beginning of the campaign the German superiority had been manifest, there was calm confidence in Russia that the city would never be lost.

Outside Russian circles, however, there was less confidence, and a feature of the world's gossip in January was that the fall of Warsaw was not improbable, and that should it occur it might lead to Russian proposals for peace.

Guarding the passes of the Swiss Alps

THE WAR BY SEA AND SKY

The control of the sea which was vigorously sought by Great Britain throughout the war was contested by Germany, with daring and audacity indeed, but fruitlessly. It could not have been otherwise in view of the prodigious disparity of force between the navies of the two contending nations. Even without French and Russian aid the British navy was immeasurably superior to that of the Germans. With them as allies—though indeed their service was mainly that of guarding the Mediterranean—the British were able to effectively crush any German demonstration on the high seas. In only one actual battle, that off Coronel on November 1st, were the Germans able to win a victory.

In the main the German side of the naval history of the first six months of the war is a record of the restless activities of the commerce destroyers *Emden*, *Karlsruhe*, *Prinz Eitel*, and *Kronprinz Friedrich*, all of which were finally overhauled and their careers stopped by destruction or internment; and the sinister exploits of the submarines which haunted the English Channel and the North Sea, and even sunk British vessels off the coast of Ireland. Of pitched battles between naval forces of considerable strength there were but four during this period—the battle of Heligoland already described; the defeat of a British squadron off Coronel, November 1st; the destruction off the Falkland Islands on December 8th of the German squadron victorious in the battle of Coronel; and a running fight between a British patrolling squadron and a raiding German squadron, in which the German battle cruiser *Bluecher* was sunk, on January 24th.

The infrequency and relative unimportance of the pitched naval battles, however, furnishes no index to the part which sea power played in the varying fortunes of the war. Germany was on the defensive of course. For her fleets at Kiel and Cuxhaven to venture out into the open would have been merely to court defeat, such as indeed befell them when led by the *Bluecher* they sought to raid the English coast, but were detected and driven back by Vice-Admiral Beatty. But the very presence of so powerful a force within striking distance of the English shores was a constant menace, and the state of perpetual apprehension it caused in inland London was a testimony to its gravity. The German submarines too, showed extraordinary daring and roamed far afield in their search for victims. Never again did such a harvest of death fall to their reaping as when Weddigen and his *U*–9 sank the *Cressy*, *Hogue*, and *Aboukir*; but few weeks passed without report of lesser successes. The *Hawke*, a small cruiser, fell to the deadly torpedo of *U*–9; the cruiser *Hermes*, which met a like fate in the Straits of Dover, and the torpedo boat *Niger*, were lesser victims of the German torpedo.

Germans in winter trenches, showing bomb-rifles and home-made bomb-throwers

Curiosity was piqued by the sinking of the 23,000-ton battleship *Audacious* about twenty miles off the coast of Ireland, on October 27th. Though the ship sank to the water's edge in plain view of a host of passengers on the liner *Olympic*, which aided in rescuing the warship's crew, the Admiralty persistently denied the disaster; and the British censor, even after the New York newspapers had printed authentic photographs of the sinking ship with her decks awash, refused to permit the English newspapers to print a line on the subject. It was a curious phase of the working of the censorship that a monthly review was the first English publication to mention the disaster, though American newspapers with full

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The work of the machine guns

details were on sale on the London stands.

The *Audacious* was afterwards raised, repaired and restored to service. Mystery still envelopes the nature of the wound dealt her, but as the Germans never claimed it as a triumph for one of their submarines it is probable that it was inflicted by a drifting mine that had originally been moored in the North Sea. But for a time the possibility that German submarines could be operating so far from their base, and had even passed around the northern end of Scotland and into the Irish sea, greatly perturbed the British public. This disquiet was not allayed when scarcely a fortnight later the battleship *Bulwark*, lying in the Thames near Sheerness, suddenly blew up with a thunderous explosion and disappeared before the smoke that veiled the scene had cleared away. More than 800 men perished in the disaster. In this case, as in that of the *Audacious*, the cause of the explosion is still enshrouded in doubt. The Germans have never claimed that one of their submarines had picked a path through the net-

The ramifications of the trenches. At one point there are 200 miles of trenches along a 6-mile battle front.

work of mines at the mouth of the Thames, found its way to the *Bulwark* and ended her career with a single shot. On the other hand the British Admiralty, after investigation, reported that the ship had been destroyed by the explosion of its own magazines through spontaneous combustion—much as the Spanish court of inquiry held that the United States cruiser *Maine* was destroyed in the harbor of Havana. Nevertheless naval sentiment throughout the world has been by no means assured that it was not a submarine to which the destruction of the *Bulwark* was actually due. Though the mouth of the Thames was well protected by submerged mines a submarine of the type of the *Holland*, capable of crawling along the bottom, might conceivably have crept along the channel, illuminating the way by a submarine search-light, and thus have made its way safely to Sheerness. Weeks later a British submarine, the *B*–11, pursued precisely those tactics in the Dardanelles, diving under five rows of mines and sinking the Turkish battleship *Messudieh.*

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Boy Scout pointing through a ruined window of Whitby Abbey to the sea whence the German raiders fired

The exploits of the German submarines, particularly the extreme distance from their base at which they operated, made a new chapter in naval history and at the moment this is being written promise to create new precedents in international law. Nevertheless some of the feats that might reasonably have been expected of them were never accomplished, nor, so far as is recorded, even attempted. On September 6th a British submarine made its way into Bremerhaven and attacked the German warships there. Later a German destroyer was sunk by a submarine at the mouth of the Ems. But while many ships, both armed and unarmed, of both nations were destroyed by submarines at sea, the under-water raids on harbors and naval stations were in the main ineffective. The most ambitious of these was the German raid December 10th on Dover, which was very speedily ended by fire from the forts. During the month of December a Yankee skipper took a 5,000-ton ship loaded with cotton up the river Weser to Bremen, picking his way through the mines "by horse sense," as he afterward said. This exploit, which was not without later imitators, led to renewed speculation as to the reason why no daring submarine navigator, able to sink beneath the floating volcanoes, had not attempted a like audacious deed—either in the Thames or the waters about the German naval bases.

Among the first of the true naval battles, involving more than single ships, was one fought on November 1, far from the main scene of hostilities. When war broke out Germany had a considerable naval force in the Pacific which it was the immediate purpose of the British and Japanese navies to destroy. Early in the war the German and Japanese squadrons had fought an inconclusive battle in the bay of Tsing-Tau, and later the Japanese had sunk the German cruiser *Æolus* off Honolulu. But the main German naval force in Pacific waters was a scattered squadron, including the *Scharnhorst*, *Nurnberg*, *Gneisenau*, and *Dresden*, so widely dispersed that probably no two of the fleet were within 2,000 miles' steaming distance of each other. The way in which these ships were concentrated, though the Pacific navies of Japan and Great Britain were scouring the seas in pursuit of them, showed remarkable seamanship and an extraordinary efficiency on the part of the German bureau by which these vessels were guided safely through seas swarming with hostile craft. The concen-

Russian Emperor at lunch in the field. (The prohibition of alcoholic drinks does not affect the Imperial table.)

Serbian women burying their dead

tration was successfully effected, and when the pursuing British squadron, under Rear-Admiral Sir Christopher Craddock, met Vice-Admiral Graf von Spee's fleet off Coronel on the coast of Chili, it was a sorry meeting for the British. The German squadron was superior in weight of metal and in speed. In respect to their heavy batteries only they compared thus:

GERMAN

Scharnhorst *Gneisenau*	Eight 8.2-inch; six 6-inch guns.
Leipzig *Nurnberg*	Ten 4-inch guns.
Dresden.	Twelve 4-inch guns

BRITISH

Monmouth.	Fourteen 6-inch guns.
Good Hope.	Two 9.2-inch; sixteen 6-inch guns.
Glasgow.	Two 6-inch; ten 4-inch guns.
Otranto.	Merely an armed transport.

The battle was fought in the evening between six and seven o'clock in rough weather with a driving rain. The result was wholly

War's desolation spared the Virgin and the Crucifix disastrous to the British; the *Monmouth* was sunk, the *Good Hope* destroyed by an explosion and fire, and the other ships, sorely crippled, limped away to the nearest ports of refuge. The German ships were practically unhurt and escaped without loss of life, six men on the *Gneisenau* being wounded.

There was bitter outcry in England over the news of this battle. The Admiralty was censured for sending Admiral Craddock after the Germans with an inferior fleet, and he was condemned for having offered battle on such unequal terms—though indeed it was high time that some of the historic British dash and audacity should be displayed on the high seas. Twenty British ships had now been brought down by the German policy of attrition, and without commensurate losses by the enemy. For the moment the boasted superiority of the British navy seemed a myth.

But the world did not have long to wait for news that the British had taken full revenge upon the triumphant Admiral von Spee. On December 8th, off the Falkland Islands, an English fleet under Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee overtook the triumphant Germans and utterly destroyed them, sinking the *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, *Leipzig* and *Nurnberg*.

This time the weight of metal and superiority of speed were on the side of the British who had the battleship *Canopus* and the two battle cruisers *Invincible* and *Inflexible*, beside five cruisers in squadron. Without the two battle cruisers, however, the British were not markedly superior to the Germans, and as these were at first concealed, the Germans went gallantly into action believing that they had at least a fighting chance. But the British had not less than twenty 12-inch guns, for which the Germans had no match whatsoever, beside four of 7½-inch and thirty-eight of 6-inch. The Germans were not only hopelessly outclassed in weight of metal, but they were quite as far behind in the vital matter of speed. With their longer range the British could batter their foes to pieces without exposing themselves, and did so. The Germans fought gamely and grimly and, save for the *Dresden* which escaped, went down with colors

H. M. S. *Audacious:* which was sunk in the Irish Sea, probably by a mine flying. An eye witness of the battle thus describes some of its features:

"The action was already furious and apparently evenly contested, when out through the narrow harbor entrance came tearing the long gray forms of the two great battle cruisers, each with her eight 12-inch guns swung out for action. Admiral von Spee realized the terrible mistake and the trap into which he had been lured and made signal for his little squadron to scatter.

"It was too late, however, the Germans having, in their eagerness to finish the supposedly feeble British squadron, drawn far within the British range. The *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* at once became the targets for the British battle cruisers' salvos, the light German ships being left to the smaller British cruisers.

"The *Invincible*, being in the lead of the two battle cruisers, received the brunt of the German fire. Both German armored cruisers, although seeing at once their hopeless position, fought desperately and, being within range for their 8-inch guns, had at least the satisfaction of getting home several broadsides on the *Invincible's* side, which, however, rattled vainly against her heavy armor. The *Scharnhorst* was gold medal ship for target practice of the Kaiser's navy last year, and her shooting in this, her last fight, justified her reputation.

"German shells exploded all about the *Invincible's* decks for a few moments, and one eight-inch shell wrecked the cruiser's ward-room, but the crew were all under cover at their battle stations and no one was hurt.

What a submarine mine looks like

"Meanwhile one twelve-inch salvo after another was methodically battering the German ships to pieces, raking them from stem to stern, tearing away their light armor and opening up gaping holes in their sides.

"It was not long before flames were licking about the upper works, first of the *Scharnhorst*, then of the *Gneisenau*, and one after the other their guns became silent as the crews were killed at their stations. But there was no hint of surrender. With the last of their guns still blazing defiance, first one, then the other, of the two gallant cruisers heeled slowly over and went down. Admiral von Spee's Admiral's flag, at the maintruck of the

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Tommy Atkins gets his Teddy-bear coat

Scharnhorst, was the last seen of the cruiser.

"When the *Gneisenau* sank she was without ammunition, but had refused to surrender. Her officers and men stood on the deck singing patriotic songs as she took her plunge beneath the waves. A large number of her crew, including several officers, were rescued. Some of these men died later from wounds or shock.

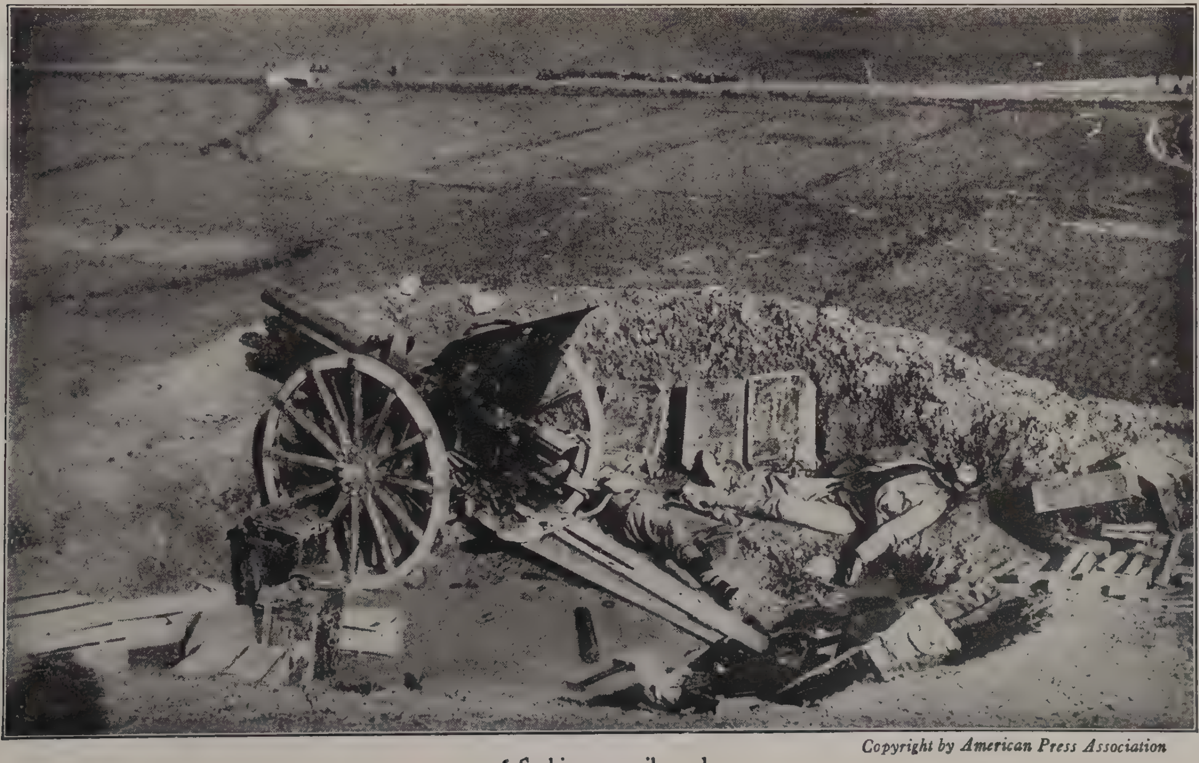
"The *Scharnhorst* was ablaze when she sank with all hands, including Admiral von Spee. Two sons of the Admiral, one aboard the *Gneisenau* and one aboard the *Leipzig*, also were lost."

This battle put an end to German sea power save in the Baltic and the naval stations on the North Sea, where the chief ships of the Kaiser's navy were penned up closely watched by the British navy. But in a spluttering, sporadic fashion sea fighting went on

Death from above. A bomb from an air-craft demolished this house at King's Lynn and killed two persons

German soldiers breaking the ice on a Polish river

all over the world—largely single ship actions or bombardments of little influence on the course of the war. An event of the latter sort was the raid by a squadron of German cruisers December 16th, on the unfortified English towns of Whitby, Hartlepool and Scarborough. By the bombardment of these defenseless places about 120 persons were killed and 350 injured—all non-combatants and many of them women and children. But cruel and unprofitable as was the bombardment, the exploit was performed at some risk to the German raiders. The sea through which they had to pass was plentifully strewn with mines, and should have been fully patrolled by British ships. Even though a heavy fog shielded the invaders it was a serious reflection upon the vigilance of the British commanders that so large a squadron should have been able to approach the English



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A Serbian gun silenced

Remarkable snapshot of a falling wall at Dixmude

coast, deliver a 45-minute bombardment, and slip away again unhurt. Whether the result was worth the risk is doubtful. Whether any military purpose was attained that justified the sacrifice of so many innocent lives is still more doubtful. The Germans explained its purpose as an endeavor to lure the British fleet away from its patrol of the North Sea so that German men-of-war might slip out and into the Atlantic. But more probably it was merely a part of that general policy of spreading terror among the enemy which led to futile but murderous air raids by all the beligerents, which directed the destruction of Louvain and the devastation of Rheims, and which—engaged in by all parties though in differing degree—made this war in a supposedly enlightened era more barbaric in many respects than those of the middle ages.

A heavy loss was sustained by the British navy when, on January 1st, the pre-dreadnought *Formidable*, a battleship of 15,000 tons, mounting four 12-inch and twelve 6-inch guns, was torpedoed in the English Channel, and went down with 600 men. This disaster was admittedly due to a German submarine. A survivor graphically describes this misfortune as follows:

"The *Formidable* was weathering a storm, with over 500 of her men asleep, when, at 2:20 o'clock, a terrific explosion occurred. Hammocks and bunks were jerked up several inches by the shock. Had the missile found its billet, it would have been another *Bulwark* —all blown to Kingdom Come. It missed the magazine by ten feet, but it fired the dynamo room and all electric lighting was put out of action. A more serious loss was that of the wireless communication.

"Capt. Loxley was on the bridge all through the three hours before the *Formidable* took her final plunge. The captain combined a lovable personality with that business manner which has become a tradition among captains in the navy. The crew worshipped him. It needed this fearful night to show the captain up in his true colors.

"He never ceased phoning orders from the bridge—orders, that in my estimation, saved scores of lives—and when I last saw him he was still on the bridge, his arms folded, his features set.

"The first order given out directly after the explosion was, 'All hands on the upper deck.' We knew this meant we had been mortally hit, but every one played the game. Men were stopping to salute their officers as they swarmed up, some dressed, some in pajamas, others with nothing on at all. Some gave their clothes to wrap round the middies. It was the middies first all the way, which accounts for such a large number being saved."

Taking up the survivor's story a correspondent writes:

"Two minutes after the first alarm word

came from the engine room that flooding had begun and no more steam could be got up. This was the worst blow of all, for the *Formidable* had more than a sporting chance of reaching a haven of safety had she been able to speed up.

"Lack of steam made itself felt in the working of the *Formidable's* boats. The necessary steam for hoisting the boats clear was lacking, so the order went forth to man the purchase, this meant a body of 200 men or more making for the quarterdeck, and each and every one giving a hand with a will to the work of pulling the boats clear. Even the middies joined in this operation in mountainous seas.

"The work of getting boats away was one of almost insurmountable difficulty. Three boats were got safely away, so that it would appear that one has still to be accounted for. The first swung clear was the barge. It capsized, hurling its crew of twelve into the sea—two were washed on board again and saved, though in a sadly crushed state.

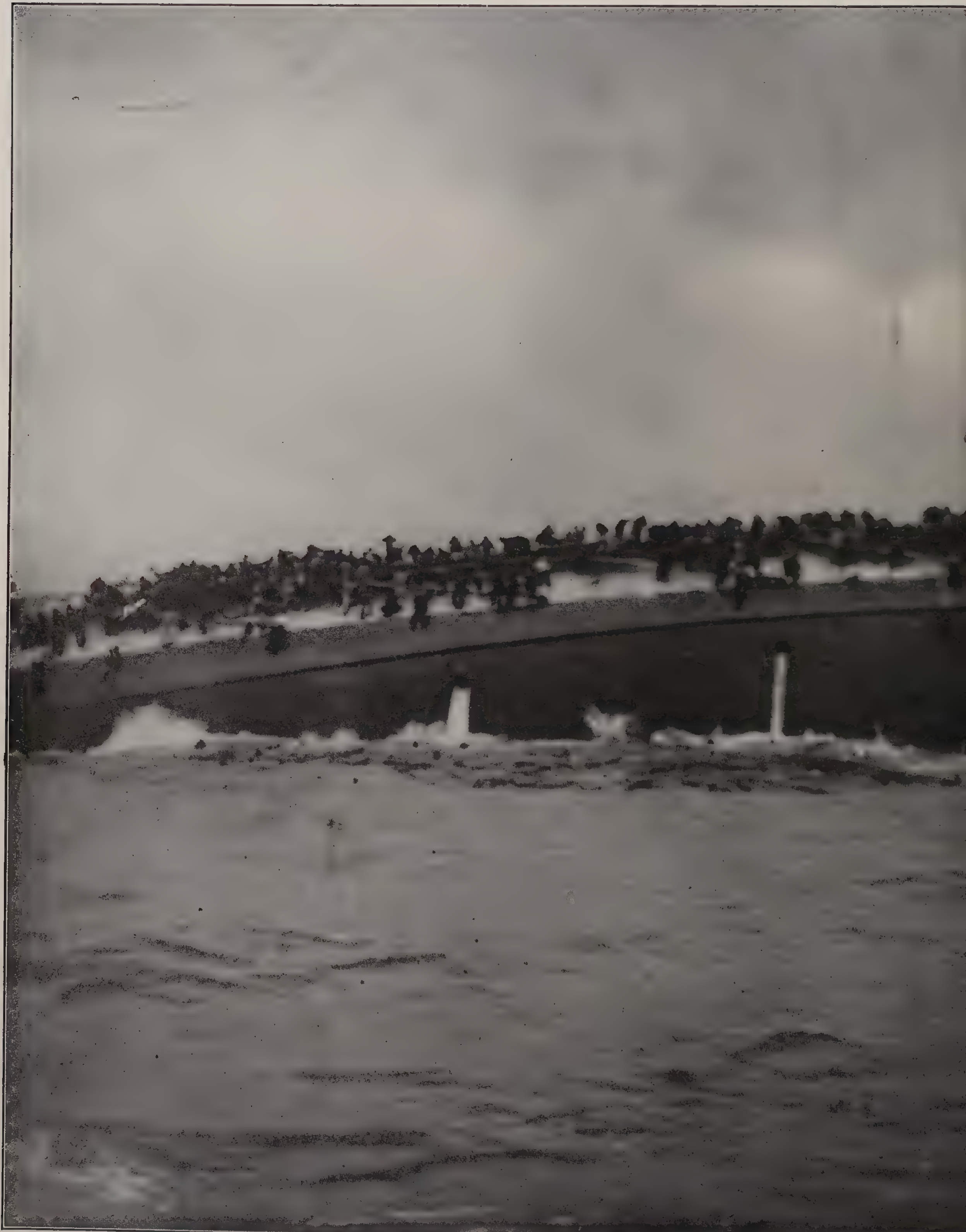
"Meanwhile gunners were ordered to their posts, and here they remained so far as known until the end. Beyond the firing of distress signals, however, no report was heard. Order on board was perfect, though the ship was by now tilting up at an angle which made it difficult for a man to retain his foothold. The seamen went about their business in working parties, while those whose services were not needed for the moment fell in and kept their line.

"These working parties were soon operating in every quarter of the ship. One was led by Lieutenant Hawthorne of the Royal Marines. Procuring his electric torch, he called for volunteers to go down to mess decks and bring up tables, stools, and chairs to be used in a last extremity. Meanwhile, the ships' carpenters were tearing up the deck, making planks and improvising rafts by the dozen.

"Capt. Loxley was a real, true Britisher. He gave his orders calmly and coolly. He was as cool as a cucumber, just as if the ship was riding in the harbor with her anchors down. I thought nothing was amiss. The last words I heard him say were, 'Steady, men. It's all right. No panic, men. Keep cool and be British. There's life left in the old ship yet.' Capt. Loxley's old terrier, Bruce, was standing at his side on the forebridge at the last."

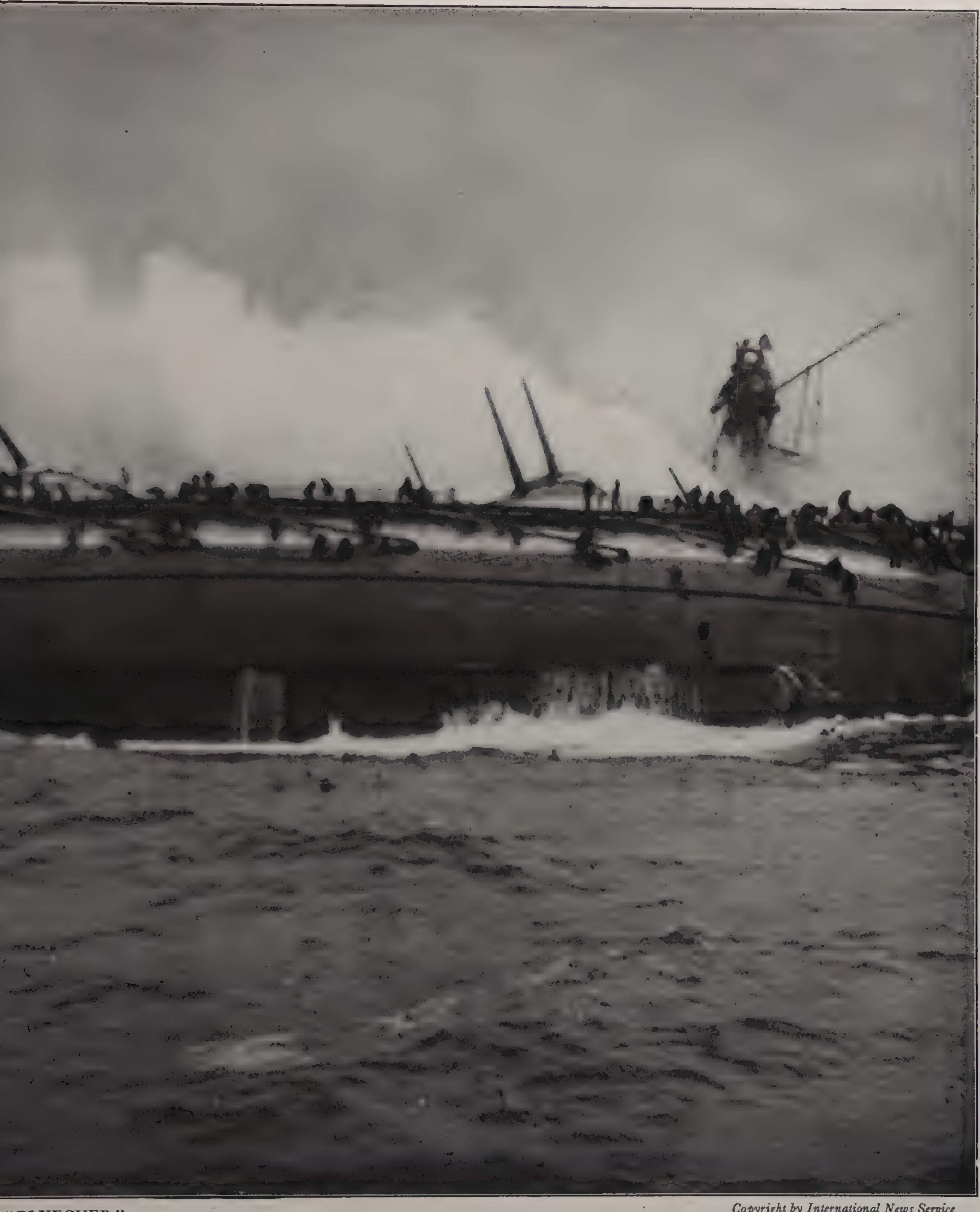
Sentry-go in winter

The first period of the war ended January 24th, 1915, with a disaster to the German navy in the North Sea. On that day a German squadron of four battle cruisers, the *Bluecher*, *Moltke*, *Seydlitz*, and *Derflinger*, under command of Admiral Hibben, was steaming west, not far from the coast of England. Why the ships had left the snug refuge of Heligoland to brave the British guard is not explained. Probably it was hoped that they might elude British vigilance, round the northern end of Scotland and get out into the open sea there



THE END

Picture taken from the British ship *Arethusa*. Smoke to the right shows where the last torpedo struck. The *Bluecher* is



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“BLUECHER”

inking with about 800 men clustered on her sides and bottom. She floated about ten minutes after this photograph was taken.

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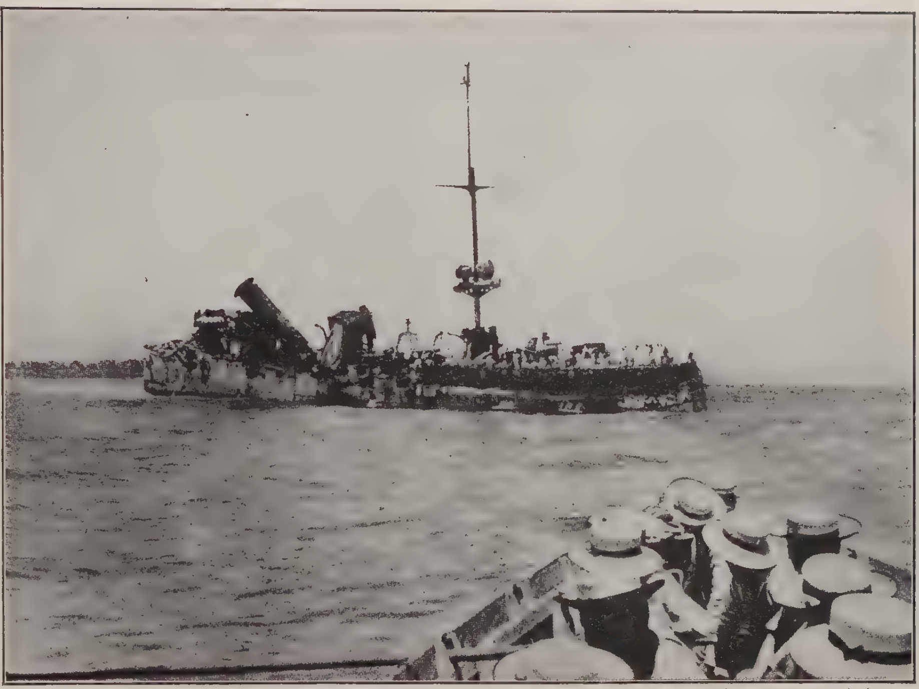
German submarine "U-5" partly submerged

to prey on the shipping of the Allies as had the *Emden* and the *Karlsruhe.* If this had been the plan, the German authorities bungled it badly by attaching to the three fast ships of the squadron, which were capable of a speed of 26 to 28 knots, the *Bluecher* which was able barely to turn off 24 knots.

Whatever the purpose of this expedition may have been, it was clearly not to fight, for, encountering a British squadron of five battle cruisers near the English coast the Germans instantly turned to flee. The British force, under command of Admiral Beatty, at once pursued. In number, speed and weight of metal the British were far superior to the fugitives, and it was no part of the German naval tactics at this time in the war to accept battle with a superior force. The battle off the Falkland Islands was an exception to this rule, but there Admiral Von Sturdee was deceived as to the

British submarines in Gosport harbor

British strength. In Admiral Beatty's squadron were the *Lion*, *Tiger*, *Princess Royal*, *New Zealand*, and *Indomitable*. The *Lion* had ten 13.5-inch guns; the main battery of the others was of 12-inch guns. In the German fleet only the *Derflinger* mounted guns of 12-inch calibre. According to statistics the gunfire of the British was to that of the German squadron as 23 to 13—a heavy disparity which justified Admiral Hibben in taking to flight. Unfortunately for him the disparity in speed was quite as much in favor of the British; and this fact, added to the longer range of their guns, put the whole German fleet at the pursuer's mercy, should the chase last long enough. When the battle opened the Germans were about 100 miles from Heligoland, with the leading British ship, the *Lion*, about 9.6 miles astern of her principal target the *Bluecher*.



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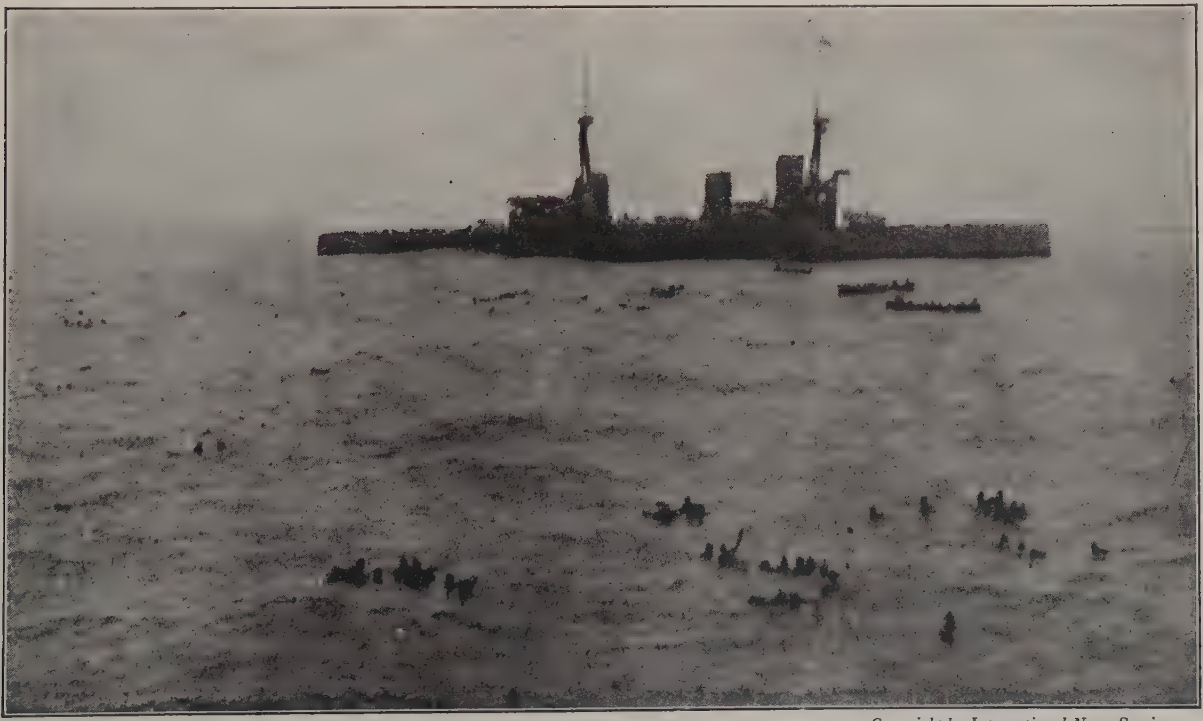
The end of the German cruiser *Emden*



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The end of the battle off the Falkland Islands. (This picture of the sinking *Scharnhorst* was taken from the crow's-nest of H. M. S. *Invincible*, whose boats are seen picking up the German survivors.)

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Wreck of the British hospital ship *Rohille*, near Whitby. The coast guard is engaged in rescue work

The result of this engagement illustrates vividly the amazing accuracy of modern naval gunfire. It was a running fight, the *Bluecher* offering only the smallest target to her enemy—her stern, not her broadside. At a distance of nine and a half miles the British gunners, themselves on a ship tossing on the turbulent waters of the North Sea, were aiming their shots at a mark not more than 90 feet wide, barely discernible on the horizon and rushing through the water at the rate of more than 25 knots an hour. It seems incredible that under such conditions great damage could be done, but the accounts of survivors tell how deadly was the marksmanship. One German bluejacket, saved from the waves after his ship had gone down, told to his captors this story of the fight as seen from the *Bluecher*:

"We saw the big English ships steadily overhauling us. We knew that as we had more than a hundred miles to sail we would never get away. The first British ship opened fire at something like ten miles' range, and the carnage on the *Bluecher* began.

"We were under fire first in the action and last. Practically every English ship poured projectile shell upon us. It was awful. I have never seen such gunnery and hope that as long as I live I never shall again. We could not fight such guns as the English ships had, and soon we had no guns with which to fight anything. Our decks were swept by shot, guns were smashed and lying in all directions, their crews wiped out.

"One terrible shell from a big gun—I cannot forget it—burst right in the heart of the ship and killed scores of men. It fell where many men had collected, killing practically every man.

"We all had our floating equipment. We soon needed it. One shell killed five men quite close to me, and it was only a matter of time when nothing living would have been left upon the ship.

"When we knew we were beaten and that our flag was not to come down many of us were praying that the ship would go down. In order that no more men might be killed.

"We would rather trust to the English picking us up after our ship had sunk than to missing us with those terrible guns.

"I do not know what it was that finished the *Bluecher*. She was battered to pieces above decks and had many holes. I heard she was struck by a torpedo and went down after that. If that is true, we have to thank the ship that torpedoed us for saving hundreds of lives.

"When the ship was going down, I jumped clear and tried to swim off. When she turned over some caught hold of some part of her, but she sank from under us. It was terribly cold in the water. There were wounded men and dead men. Terribly shattered swimmers shouting for help were all around me.

"My mind is confused after that. I was picked up by a small English warship, as I hoped. The men were very kind. We were warmed, fed and clothed."

The final stroke to the *Bluecher* was delivered by a torpedo, though she had been put out of action before that *coup de grâce*. Of her crew of 835, more than 700 were lost, and it is a striking evidence of the inadequacy of the German gunfire that the loss on the *Lion* which led the British pursuers was only eleven wounded. None were killed in the British fleet. In this disparity of losses the action was somewhat reminiscent of the battle of Santiago in the Spanish-American war. But any comparison of the two battles redounds very greatly to the superior credit of the American navy. For at Santiago the pursuit was not checked nor the fires slackened until the last Spanish ship lay a helpless smoking wreck on the coast of Cuba. But in this North Sea battle three of the German ships escaped, despite the superior strength and speed of their British pursuers. In his official report Admiral Beatty explained the abandonment of the pursuit thus:

"The presence of the enemy's submarines subsequently necessitated the action being broken off."

That statement, which the British Admiralty allowed to go unchallenged, seems to suggest a brand new conception of naval tactics in battle. Here were five British battle cruisers, four of them absolutely unhurt, within range of three fleeing, crippled enemy vessels. By their superiority in speed the pursuers were certain to overtake the fugitives; by their superior metal they could most assuredly overwhelm them. But because of the presence of enemy submarines the chase was abandoned. One wonders what would have been the British tactics had the Germans, instead of running with their rear guarded by submarines, advanced with submarines leading? Would retreat then have been the British course?

Out of the experience of this war is bound to come great modification of naval strategy. Already the torpedoing in swift succession of the *Cressy*, *Aboukir* and *Hogue* has led to the standing order that when one ship of a squadron is struck by a submarine, the others shall

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Funeral of the *Bluecher's* captain at Edinburgh, with all the honours of war

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They provide the sinews of war. A meeting of the Finance Ministers of (left to right) Russia (M. Bark), France (M. Ribot), and England (Mr. Lloyd-George) scatter instead of standing by their colleague. If to that is added the rule that in the presence of submarines battleships shall retreat, the question will arise, "Why have battleships at all?" At any rate the naval actions of the European war have not produced a Farragut with the cry, "Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!"

With the North Sea fight, the naval record for the first six months of the war may be considered closed. Considering the naval strength of the powers engaged, it was not prolific of notable actions. In the Mediterranean nothing was done, and in the Adriatic little save the desultory bombardment of Cattaro and the destruction of some almost obsolete Austrian men-of-war. All over the world occasional single-ship actions, or battles between forts and fleets had occurred but none worthy of detailed description. In the struggle between the two great naval antagonists, England and Germany, the advantage had rested with the former, but by no means so heavily as the comparative strength of the two navies would have suggested. Thirty-three armed ships of the German navy had fallen to the British guns; twenty British ships was the tribute to German sea power. But the British ships lost were the heavier in tonnage and armament. The comparative losses are summarized in the following record, with its explanatory note:

In the table that follows, which gives the name, tonnage, and type of each ship lost by Germany and Great Britain in the war, the abbreviation "D." means dreadnought, "P. D." indicates pre-dreadnought, "B. C." battle cruiser, "A.C." armored cruiser, "P.C." protected cruiser, "G." gunboat, "S." submarine, "T.D." torpedo boat destroyer, "C.C." converted cruiser, and "S. S." survey ship. The table follows:

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One man, one trench: the German idea

GERMANY

Name	Tonnage	Built
Bluecher (A. C.)	15,500	1908
Scharnhorst (A. C.)	11,500	1904
Gneisenau (A. C.)	11,500	1905
Yorck (A. C.)	9,500	1903
Dresden (P. C.)	3,600	1909

Leipsic (P. C.)	3,250	1904
Magdeburg (P. C.)	4,550	1910
Koeln (P. C.)	4,350	1908
Mainz (P. C.)	4,350	1908
Emden (P. C.)	3,600	1906
Ariadne (P. C.)	2,650	1900
Hela (P. C.)	2,040	1910
Jaguar (G.)	900	1898
Luchs (G.)	900	1899
Iltis (G.)	900	1898
Tiger (G.)	900	1899
Cormoran	1,630	1892
S-90 (T. D.)	680	1899
Taku (T. D.)	280	1897
S-115 (T. D.)	420	1902
S-117 (T. D.)	420	1902
S-119 (T. D.)	480	1902
S-126 (T. D.)	420	1906
S-124 (T. D.)	420	1903
U-15 (S.)	300	1911
U-18 (S.)	750	1912
K. Wilhelm der Grosse (C. C.)	14,350	1898
Cap Trafalgar (C. C.)	18,000	....
Moeve (S. S.)	650	....
Planet (S. S.)	650	....

Total tonnage, 119,590.

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The Landsturm on the march

GREAT BRITAIN

Audacious (D.)	24,800	1911
Formidable (P. D.)	15,000	1898
Bulwark (P. D.)	15,000	1899
Warrior (A. C.)	13,550	1904
Good Hope (A. C.)	14,100	1899
Hogue (A. C.)	12,000	1898
Cressy (A. C.)	12,000	1898
Aboukir (A. C.)	12,000	1898
Monmouth (A. C.)	9,800	1899
Hawke (P. C.)	7,350	1900
Amphion (P. C.)	3,440	1911
Pathfinder (P. C.)	2,940	1904
Pegasus (P. C.)	2,135	1898
Hermes (P. C.)	5,600	1901
Speedy (G.)	810	1893
Niger (G.)	810	1892
Bullfinch	890	1910
E-1 (S.)	810	1912

E-3 (S.)	810	1912
D-5 (S.)	600	1911
Oceanic (C. C.)	17,300	1898

Total tonnage, 171,145.

THE WAR IN MANY LANDS

Of Frederic the Great of Prussia, Macaulay wrote in stinging phrase this comment:

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The German Landsturm sees service (Note the maturity of these men.)

"On the head of Frederic is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe—the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America."

Not so certainly can the responsibility be placed for the widespread and bloody war of which the German invasion of Belgium had been the first overt step. But its effects were quite as world wide. America, South and North, indeed, escaped the ravages of war. But the thunders of the guns of fighting ships were heard off South American ports; while the islands of the Pacific, the coast of China, the deepest interior of Africa, the Holy Land and the Egyptian desert all rang to the sound of the bugles, or heard the deadly rattle of the machine guns.

In the Far East, Germany had her outposts on the coast of China (at Kiao-Chau and Tsing-Tau), which she had seized at the end of the Chino-Japanese war, despite the protests of Japan. A treaty bound Japanese interests with those of Great Britain; but even more than by their treaty the Japanese were forced into this conflict by their resentment at Germany's action in having seized these ports. Accordingly, early in August they sent notice to Germany to withdraw her fleet from Asiatic waters and surrender Kiao-Chau to China. The demand being ignored, war was declared; the Japanese foreign office announcing that it would be limited to the China Sea and to the protection of Japan's trade. After hard fighting by land and sea, in the course of which one Japanese cruiser was sunk by a German submarine in Tsing-Tau harbor, both Kiao-Chau and Tsing-Tau were taken by the men of Nippon. The Caroline Islands, owned by Germany, were also seized. During this war in the Far East the elusive German cruiser *Emden*, concealing its identity by flying the Japanese flag and mounting an extra funnel, ran into Penang harbor and sank the Russian cruiser *Zhemchug* and a French destroyer.

Tsing-Tau and Kiao-Chau were the chief points of Japanese attack during the war. Once their fate was settled activities in the Pacific and Asiatic waters were confined to trifling raids on German islands of slight importance. Diplomacy, in which the United States had a share, was employed to confine Japanese endeavors to the Chinese coasts. Though there were repeated reports that the land forces of the Mikado were to be brought to the battlefields of Europe, no movement of the sort was made. The Allies hesitated to incur the odium of employing Asiatics—other than the British East Indian troops—and determined to wait at least for a more critical moment than confronted them in the first six months of the war, before furnishing the money necessary to bring the little yellow men of Nippon into the trenches of Flanders or to the borders of Alsace-Lorraine.

In Africa the colonial possessions of most of the chief belligerents—England, Germany, France and Belgium—adjoined eachother, and scarcely had the guns be-

Hussars from the Gold Coast

Sikhs from India

gun to thunder at Liège when the people of such distant and little known vicinages as Togoland, Nyassaland, the German and Belgian Congo, Kumerand and New Guinea suddenly found themselves embroiled in war with their neighbors. Why, they knew not; nor could they imagine any good to come to them of the issue of the conflict. But with the singular devotion to their governments which characterizes the most distant colonists they fell to fighting with their rude military organizations and merely rudimentary equipment. The only feature of the war in the African colonies that at any time seemed to be serious was the revolt against the government of South Africa by a body of Boers under Col. Maritz. For a time this was menacing. The Boer War, in which England put down with a heavy hand the national ambitions of the Boer republics, was only a few years in the past, and it might have been expected that a conquered people would seize this occasion to throw off the yoke. But the issue showed how skillfully and justly Great Britain had dealt with the subjugated provinces. A mere handful of the Boers responded to the revolutionary leaders. The most famous native leaders of the Boer War enlisted on the side of the government; and by December 10th, the revolution in the

Cavalry from New South Wales

Union of South Africa was ended, with 7,000 of the revolutionists prisoners.

The entrance of Turkey upon the struggle had been predicted from its earlier days, though it was late in October before the Turks actually took the field. For years German influence had been supplanting that of Great Britain at Constantinople. The Kaiser had made a spectacular visit to the Sultan's domain. German finance and German trade were pushed throughout Turkey. German officers drilled the Turkish troops and Krupp guns frowned from Turkish embrasures. When the *Breslau* and *Goeben*, German battleships, faced capture or destruction by a British fleet, it was to Turkish protection that they fled, and the refusal of the Turks to give them up was one of the prime reasons why the Allies declared war upon Turkey.

Despite the Turks' notorious lethargy, it was thought at the outset that in making war Turkey had given the Allies serious trouble. The Suez Canal was considered to be in jeopardy; while, if the Mohammedan sentiment in Egypt and India could be aroused by the declaration of a Holy War, the British Empire would be struck in a vital point. Russia would be attacked through Armenia and Bulgaria. German generals, money and munitions of war were hurried to Constantinople, and for a time it appeared that the Balkans and the Sinai desert might become spots of prime importance in the war.

But this anticipation was not realized, at least during the war's first period. Bulgaria and Armenia held aloof from combat. The Serbians proved themselves quite capable of taking care of the Turkish troops on their frontier. Such unrest as appeared among Mohammedans in Egypt was promptly suppressed by the British authorities, who for the first time declared a Protectorate over that country. The Turkish advance on the Suez Canal was delayed by the hardships of crossing the desert, and British troops from every quarter of the globe were hurried thither until the Canal was guarded by a force superior to any that might advance under the Crescent. Under the shadow of the pyramids Canadians in khaki, blacks from the Congo in

Montenegrins drilling in native garb

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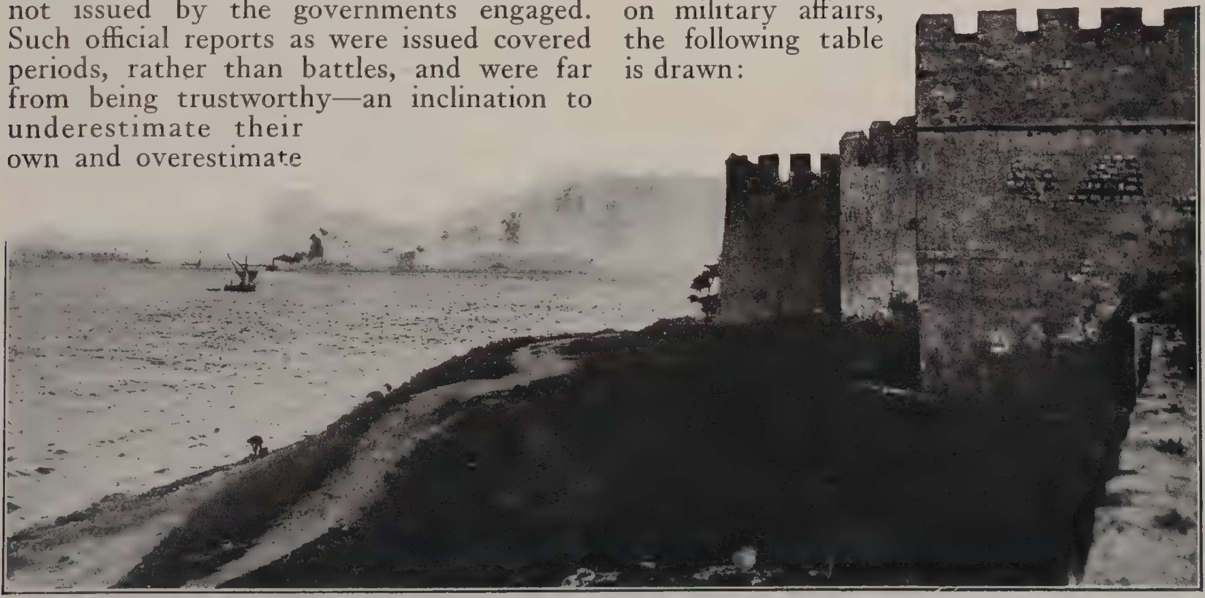
Manuova, in the Sea of Marmora, has now been fortified by the Turks to repel the warships of the Allies

cotton, turbanned Sikhs and Dongalese, New Zealanders and bearded Boers from mid-Africa bivouacked and fraternized in defense of the Empire. No precaution was left untaken to defend Egypt and the Canal, but it seemed for months that the menace had been much overstated.

It will be years before any accurate figures of the losses in this war will be available to historians. The systematic reports which in earlier military eras followed each battle were not issued by the governments engaged. Such official reports as were issued covered periods, rather than battles, and were far from being trustworthy—an inclination to underestimate their own and overestimate the enemy's losses being quite discernible both in London and Berlin. France has been peculiarly secretive on the subject of losses and up to the end of the year 1914 no estimate had been forthcoming from the French war office.

Under such circumstances it is only with hesitation that the historian can offer any estimate of the numbers of men lost in this gigantic conflict. From a recent study of the subject by Hilaire Belloc, an exceptionally well-equipped writer on military affairs, the following table is drawn:



Fort on the Bosphorus near Constantinople

Australian soldiers encamped before the Pyramids

KILLED AND WOUNDED

Germans	1,750,000
Austro-Hungarians	1,500,000
Russians	750,000
British	80,000
French (no figures available; facts kept secret.)	

PRISONERS HELD

By Germans	600,000
By Allies	500,000

Yet many considerations coöperate to make this estimate appear too low, although it is to be regarded with respect because of its author. Nearly a month earlier an estimate of Prussian losses alone, given out at Copenhagen, put the figures at 753,292 officers and men; and adding to this estimate the losses of Bavaria and Saxony, a total of over 2,000,000 Germans killed, wounded and missing is obtained—this with more than six weeks of the period of war which we are considering, yet to be fought. Vienna at the same time put the Austro-Hungary losses at 1,500,000. From France came nothing but unofficial estimates—mere guesses reaching as high as 50 per cent. of the French troops under arms. The German estimate of Russian losses made in December was 760,000. And no one has even guessed at the losses among the Serbians, the Turks, or the other nationalities engaged.

Indeed the subject is one that baffles the inquirer. The cost of this war in life and treasure has never been equalled since Tubal Cain fashioned the first sword. More than $50,000,000 a day—more than $2,000,000 an hour—the belligerents have been pouring out in direct expenditures alone, while the indirect cost in ruined towns and desolated country baffles computation. Add to the stream of golden treasure the crimson flow of blood, and we have such a sacrifice laid upon the altar of European militarism, secret diplomacy and imperial ambitions as humanity will sorely lament for ages yet to come.

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A German charge and what it left behind

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H. M. S. *Lion* racing into action

CHRONOLOGY OF THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF THE WAR

June 28. Archduke Francis Ferdinand assassinated.

July 23. Austria sends an ultimatum to Servia.

July 31. Russia orders general mobilization.

August 1. Germany declares war on Russia. French Cabinet orders general mobilization.

August 2. German forces enter Luxembourg. Germany demands free passage through Belgium.

August 4. England sends ultimatum, demanding observance of Belgian neutrality. Germany rejects ultimatum. German troops attack Liège. President Wilson issues proclamation of neutrality.

August 5. England announces a state of war with Germany. President Wilson tenders his good offices.

August 7. Germans enter Liège. French invade Southern Alsace.

August 8. Italy reaffirms neutrality.

August 15. Austrians enter Servia. Japan sends ultimatum to Germany.

August 17. British expeditionary force completes its landing in France. Beginning of five days' battle between Serbians and Austrians on the Jadar, ending in Austrian rout.

August 19. Beginning of battle of Lorraine.

August 20. Germans enter Brussels.

August 23. Germans enter Namur and begin attack on Mons. Austria announces victory over Russians at Krasnik.

August 24. British begin retreat from Mons. Zeppelin bombards Antwerp.

August 25. French evacuate Mülhausen.

August 26. Non-partisan French Cabinet organized. Germans take Longwy.

August 27. Louvain burned by Germans. Japanese blockade Tsing-Tau.

August 28. Battle off Heligoland.

August 29. Russians defeated in three days' battle near Tannenberg.

September 2. German advance reaches Senlis, thirty miles from Paris, and swings eastward. French Government flees to Bordeaux.

September 3. Russians occupy Lemberg.

September 5. Battle of the Marne begins.

September 7. Maubeuge taken by the Germans.

September 12. German retreat halts on the Aisne.

September 16. Belgian commission protests to President Wilson against German "atrocities."

September 20. Germans bombard Rheims and injure the famous cathedral.

September 22. German submarine sinks British cruisers *Aboukir*, *Cressy*, and *Hogue*. Russians capture Jaroslav and invest Przemysl.

September 26. British troops from India land at Marseilles.

September 28. Germans begin siege of Antwerp.

October 2. Germans defeated at Augustowo.

October 5. Belgian Government removed from Antwerp to Ostende.

October 7. Bombardment of Antwerp begins.

October 9. Antwerp occupied by the Germans.

October 12. A Boer commando in the Cape Province mutinies.

October 13. Belgian Government transferred from Ostende to Havre.

October 14. Allies occupied Ypres. Battle begins on the Vistula.

October 15. Ostende occupied by the Germans.

October 16. British cruiser *Hawke* sunk by German submarine.

October 24. Ten days' battle before Warsaw ends in German defeat.

October 26. After a week of furious fighting, German assaults between Nieuport and Ypres slacken.

October 27. British Dreadnought *Audacious* sunk off the Irish coast. South African sedition spreads. General De Wet in revolt. Russians reoccupy Lodz and Radom.

October 29. Turkey begins war on Russia by naval attacks on Odessa and in the Crimea.

October 30. Colonel Maritz, rebel leader, driven out of Cape Colony.

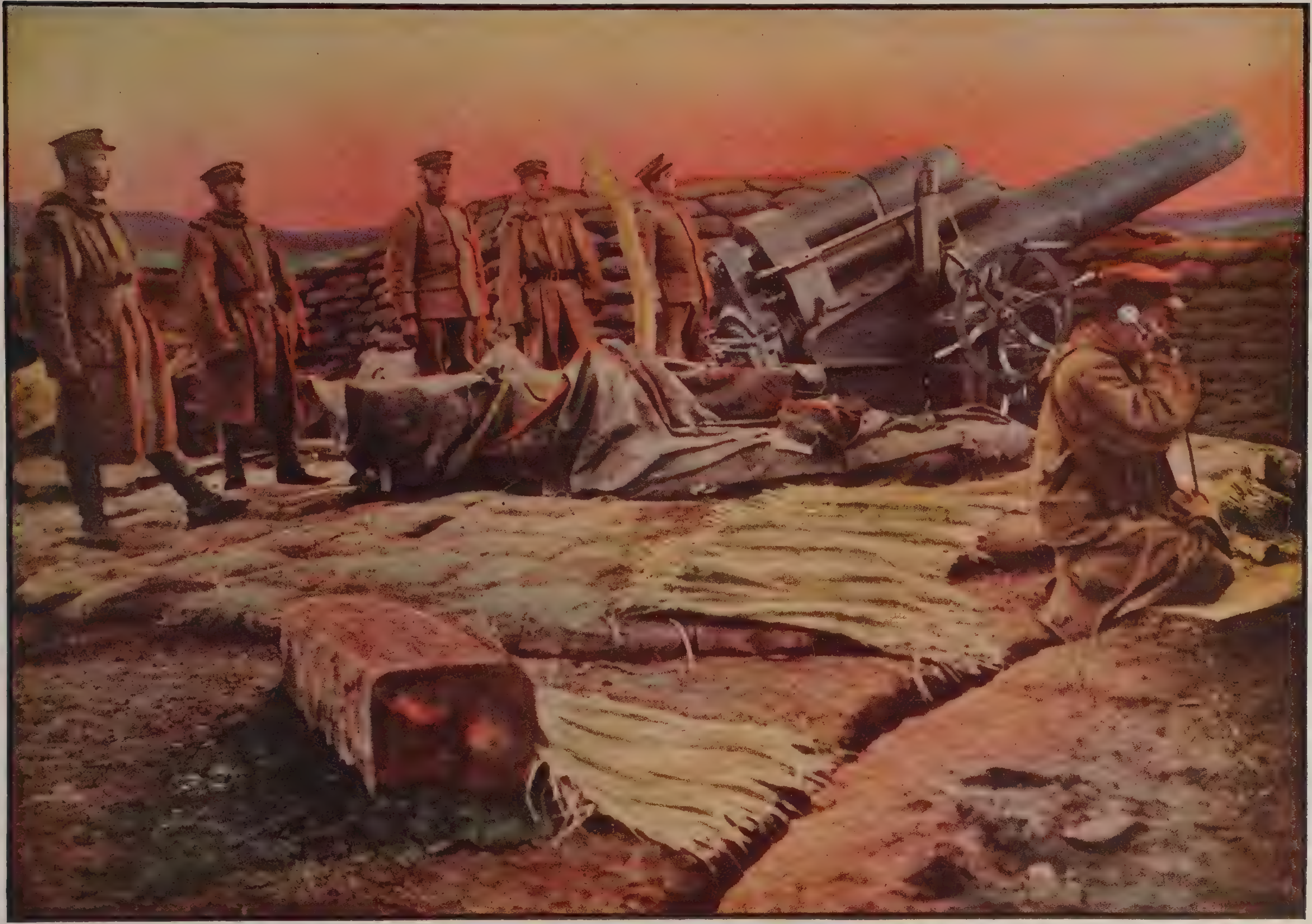
November 1. German naval victory off the coast of Chili. Turks bombard Sebastopol.

November 3. German squadron makes a raid to British coast near Yarmouth.

November 4. German cruiser *Yorck* strikes mine in Jade Bay and sinks.

November 5. England and France declare war on Turkey. Dardanelles forts bombarded. Russians reoccupied Jaroslav.

November 6. Tsing-Tau surrenders.



THE JAPANESE AT TSING-TAU AWAITING ORDERS BY TELEPHONE TO START THE BOMBARDMENT

November 7. Russians reach Pleschen, in Silesia, and enter East Prussia.

November 10. The *Emden* destroyed.

November 11. Germans capture Dixmude.

November 12. Russians occupy Johannisburg in East Prussia. Russians defeated at Vlotslavek.

November 13. Fighting renewed at Nieuport.

November 15. Russians defeated at Lipno and Kutno. Battle in Flanders attains climax with charge of the Prussian Guard against Ypres.

November 16. A Holy War against the Allies proclaimed. House of Commons votes a loan of £225,000,000.

November 17. Austrian victory over Serbians at Valjevo announced.

November 19. House of Commons votes a new army of 1,000,000 men. More than 1,100,000 men already under arms, exclusive of Territorials. Germans pierce Russian centre south of Lodz.

November 23. Russians surround German corps south of Lodz.

November 26. British battleship *Bulwark* destroyed by explosion in the Medway River. Germans break through Russian circle near Lodz.

November 29. Russians fail in assault on Darkehmen in East Prussia.

December 1. German Reichstag votes new credit of five billion marks. King George in Flanders.

December 2. Austrians occupy Belgrade. General DeWet captured.

December 3. Serbians turn on Austrians in three days' battle which ends in a notable Serbian victory.

December 6. Germans occupy Lodz.

December 8. British naval victory off Falkland Islands. British occupy Bussorah, in Asia Minor.

December 9. General Beyers, Boer leader, killed at the Vaal River.

December 13. British submarine sinks the *Messudieh* in Dardanelles.

December 14. Servians capture large Austrian forces.

December 15. Austrians evacuate Belgrade.

December 16. German cruisers bombard Scarborough and Hartlepool.

December 17. Berlin announces general Russian retreat in Poland.

December 18. Egypt proclaimed a British protectorate. General Botha regards Boer rebellion at an end.

December 20–26. Severe fighting on the line of the Bzura River.

December 22. French Parliament assembles.

December 23. French Chamber votes war credit of $1,700,000,000.

December 25. British naval and aërial raid against Cuxhaven. Russians defeat Austrian army at Tuchow near Tarnow. Italian marines occupy Avlona.

December 28. French occupy St. Georges near Nieuport.

December 30. German aeroplanes drop bombs in Dunkirk.

January 1, 1915. British battleship *Formidable* sunk in the Channel.

January 3. French capture Steinbach.

January 3–4. Russians win decisive victory over Turks in the Caucasus. Russians overrun Bukowina.

January 8. French advance across Aisne north of Soissons.

January 12. Severe fighting around Cernay in Alsace.

January 13. Turks occupy Tabriz. Count Berchtold resigns.

January 14. French driven back across Aisne River, east of Soissons, after a week's battle.

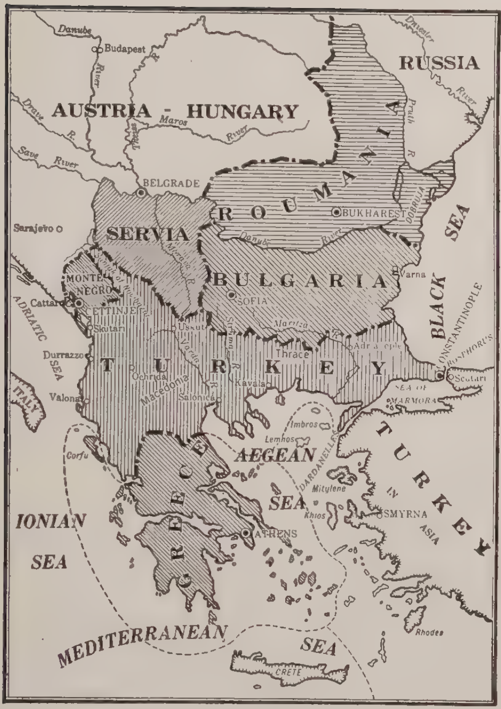
January 19. German air fleet bombards Yarmouth and other Norfolk coast towns.

January 24. Naval battle in North Sea, German armored cruiser *Bluecher* sunk.

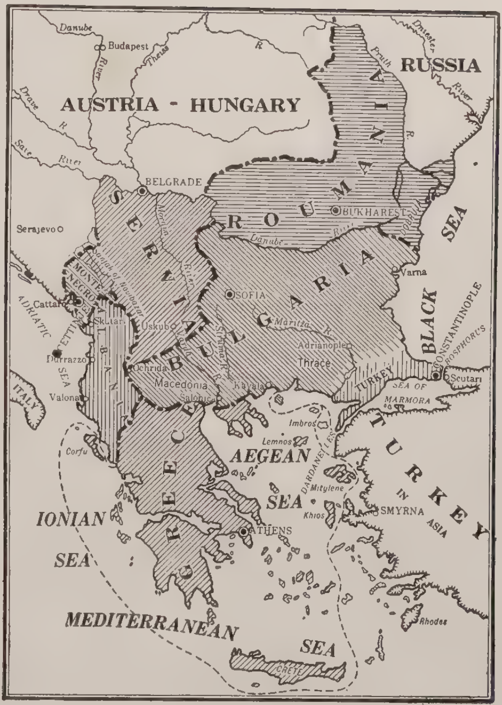
January 30. Russians occupy Tabriz.

January 30–31. German submarine sinks British merchantmen in the Irish Sea.

Wire coils spread by Germans to check flying fragments of bursting shells



The Balkans before 1912



The Balkans to-day

CHRONOLOGY OF THE SECOND SIX MONTHS OF THE WAR
1915

February 8. Beginning of battle in East Prussia, ending in Russian defeat and expulsion.

February 18. German submarine blockade of Great Britain begins.

February 24. Russians driven from Bukowina.

March 6. Venizelos, Greek Premier, resigns.

March 10. British advance at Neuve Chapelle.

March 14. The *Dresden* sunk near Juan Fernandez.

March 18. Three Allied battleships sunk in heavy bombardment of Dardanelles.

March 21. Zeppelins bombard Paris.

March 22. Surrender of Przemysl.

March 26. German submarine *U*–29, with Commander Wediggen, sunk.

March 28. German submarine sinks passenger steamer *Falaba*, with loss of life.

March 31. Russians penetrate Dukla Pass and enter Hungary.

April 7. The *Prinz Eitel Friedrich* interns at Newport News.

April 9. French storm German position at Les Eparges.

April 11. Total British casualties to date 139,347.

April 18. Russians evacuate Tarnow.

April 22. Germans win "gas" battle near Ypres.

April 25. Allied forces landed on both shores of Dardanelles.

April 30. Germans shell Dunkirk—American tanker *Gulflight* torpedoed off Scilly Islands.

May 1–3. Austro-Germans break through Russian line in West Galicia and force a retreat.

May 4. Triple Alliance treaty denounced by Italy.

May 7. *Lusitania* sunk with loss of nearly 1,200 lives.

May 12. Bryce Commission reports on Belgian atrocities.

May 13. President Wilson sends *Lusitania* protest to Germany.

May 19. Asquith announces reorganization of Cabinet.

May 23. Italy declares war upon Austria.

May 25. Italian army moves against Trieste and Trent.

May 31. Zeppelins drop bombs in London.

June 3. Austro-Germans occupy Przemysl.

June 7. Secretary of State Bryan resigns.

June 8. Italians occupy Monfalcone.

June 11. Second *Lusitania* note to Germany made public.

June 13. General Mackensen breaks Russian line east of Przemysl—Venizelos wins in Greek elections.

June 15. House of Commons votes war credit of £250,000,000, making a total of £862,000,000.

June 16. French make progress north of Arras.

June 22. Austrians enter Lemberg—De Wet sentenced to six years for high treason.

June 23. Lloyd George outlines scheme of munitions organization.

July 7. Italian armored cruiser *Amalfi* sunk by Austrian submarines.

July 8. Last German forces in South Africa surrender to General Botha—Russians surprise Austrians under Archduke Joseph Ferdinand and capture 15,000—German reply to second *Lusitania* note handed to Ambassador Gerard.

July 9. American Government takes charge of Sayville wireless plant.

July 11. Prussian casualty lists total 1,500,000.

July 13. Subscriptions to new British war loan aggregate $3,000,000,000.

July 14. Germans advance in Argonne.

July 15. Germany apologizes for attack upon the American steamship *Nebraskan* on May 25—200,000 Welsh miners on strike—Germans capture Przasnysz.

July 18–20. British casualties: Land, 321,889; naval, 9,106.

July 22. Third *Lusitania* note sent to Berlin.

July 25. American steamer *Leelanaw* sunk by German submarine off Orkney Islands.

July 31. Austrians occupy Lublin.

August 4. British notes on blockade made public.

August 5. Germans occupy Warsaw and Ivangorod.

August 7. New Allied army landed in Gallipoli.

August 9. Allies advance in Gallipoli—British success at Hooge, near Ypres.

August 14. British transport torpedoed in Ægean with loss of 1,000 lives.

August 17. Kovno taken by the Germans. British small cruiser and torpedo-boat sunk in engagement off Jutland—Zeppelins raid London suburbs.

August 19. The *Arabic* torpedoed off Fastnet—Novogeorgievsk taken by the Germans.

August 16–21. German naval defeat in Gulf of Riga.

August 21. British casualties to date, 381,983.

August 23. Ossowetz evacuated by Russians—Berlin reports a Turco-Bulgarian treaty of neutrality—British fleet bombards Zeebrugge.

August 24. Count Bernstorff asks delay for German explanation of the *Arabic* case.

August 26. Brest-Litovsk taken by Austro-Germans.

August 28. Count Bernstorff promises full satisfaction for *Arabic*.

August 30. Russians announce important success in the Caucasus.

September 1. Germany accepts American contentions on submarine warfare—Germany claims 1,100,000 Russian prisoners since May 1.

September 2. Cardinal Gibbons discusses peace outlook with President Wilson—Germans occupy Grodno.

September 4. Liner *Hesperian* sunk off Fastnet.

September 7. Czar replaces Grand Duke Nicholas as commander-in-chief.

September 7–8. Russians take 17,000 prisoners on Sereth River in Galicia.

September 8. Germans take mile of trenches in the Argonne—Zeppelins bombard centre of London.

September 9. President Wilson demands recall of Austrian Ambassador at Washington—German note claims justification in sinking of *Arabic*.

September 8–9. Germans make progress in Argonne.

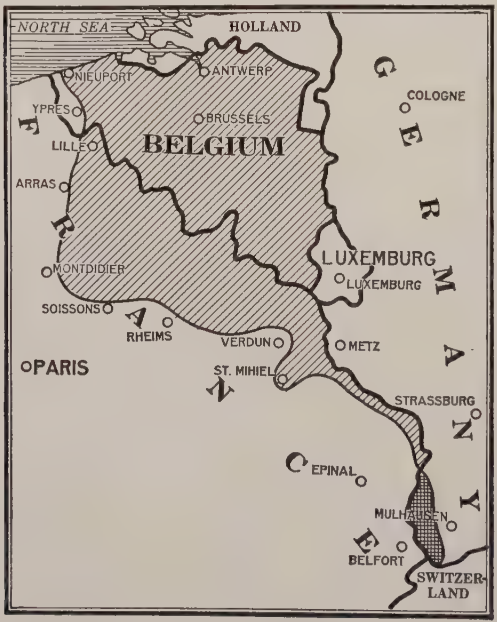
September 10. Anglo-French financial commission lands in New York.

September 15. Asquith announces enlistment of nearly 3,000,000 men and 800,000 workers in the munition factories—General von Mackensen captures Pinsk.

September 25. Germans reported checked in Russia; the Allies make decisive advance in France in Flanders.

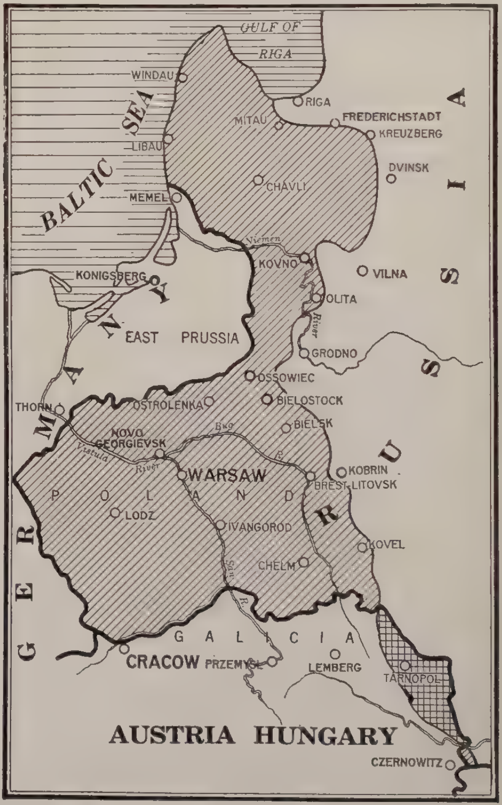
September 28. The Kaiser returns to the Western front.

WESTERN AND EASTERN BATTLE LINES AFTER A YEAR OF WAR



LOSS AND GAIN IN THE WEST

In the Western theatre of war the Germans hold 16,000 square miles of hostile territory, of which 11,000 square miles are Belgian and 5,000 are French. The total native population of the occupied territory amounts to 10,000,000, of which 7,000,000 are Belgian and 3,000,000 are French. France holds 225 square miles of German territory in the extreme tip of the province of Alsace. This part has a population of about 35,000. This is the only part of German soil on which an enemy has a footing.

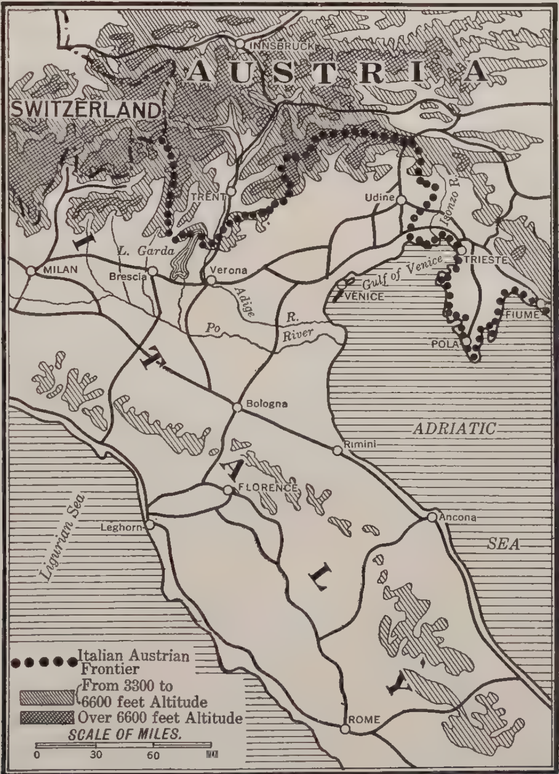


LOSS AND GAIN IN THE EAST

In the Eastern theatre of war Germany and Austria-Hungary occupied 81,000 square miles of Russian territory on August 30, 1915. In the area occupied there is a population of about 15,000,000 people. The Russians retain a foothold in eastern Galicia which embraces 3,500 miles of agricultural land.

Victor Emmanuel
King of Italy

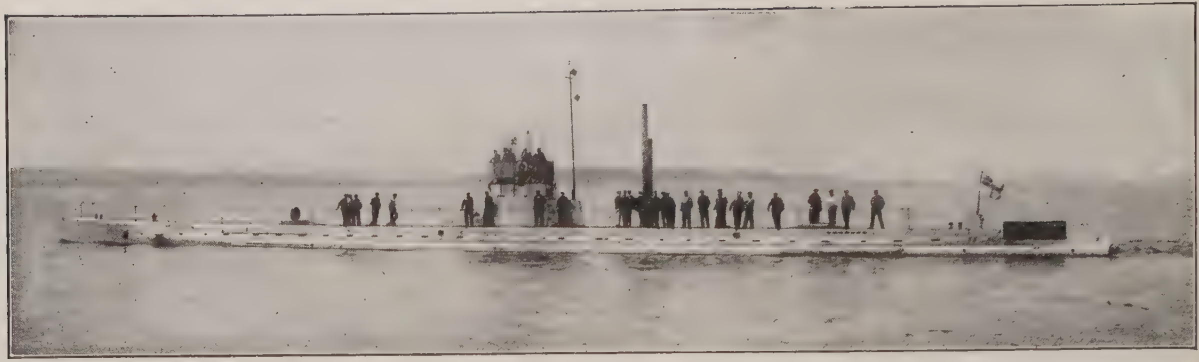
ITALY ENTERS THE WAR



Map of the Austro-Italian frontier

Italy entered the war in May, 1915. Throughout the summer her troops made but slow progress against the Austrians on account of the difficulties of the terrain. The whole barrier of the Julian Alps lies against the Italian advance. The heaviest fighting has been around Gorizia and Monfalcone, along the Isonzo River, northwest of Trieste.

General Luigi Cadorna
Commander-in-chief of the Italian army



The German submarine *U 11* launched in 1911. The famous *U 9* in which Commander Weddiggen destroyed the *Cressy*, *Hogue*, and *Aboukir*, was of this type

The sinking of the *Arabic* on August 19th in which 44 persons including several Americans were destroyed

The American steamer *Nebraskan* torpedoed by a German submarine on May 25th, in dry dock after the attack. The hole in her bow made by the torpedo is plainly seen.

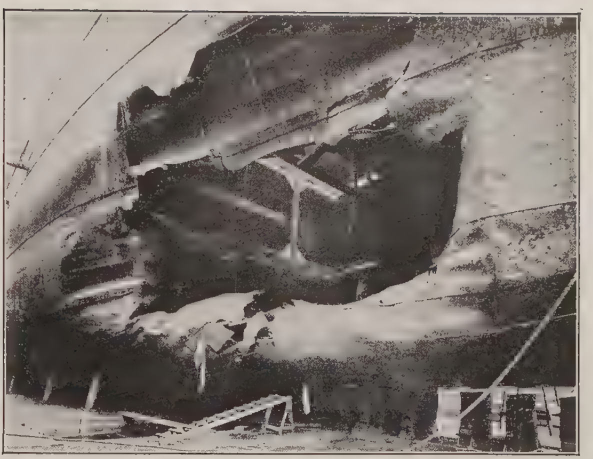
The sinking of the *Falaba;* explosion by the torpedo causing life boats to turn over

The White Star liner *Arabic*. This ship was one of the largest carrying munitions until she was sunk on August 19th

The steamer *Falaba*. This steamer was sunk by a German submarine on March 28th with loss of life

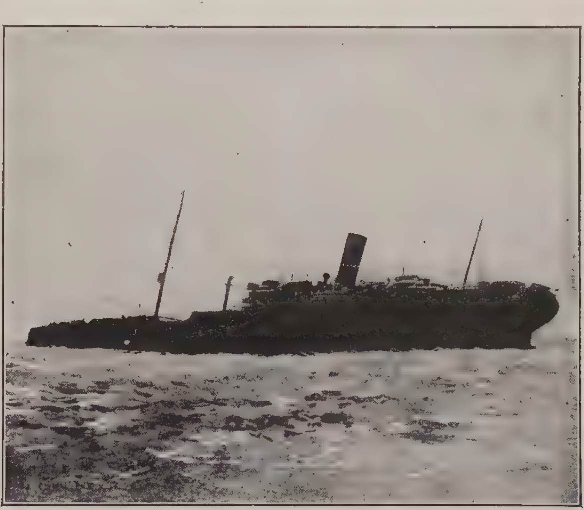
THE GERMAN SUBMARINE AND ITS DEADLY WORK

The Texas Oil Company's steamer *Gulflight* torpedoed by a German submarine April 30th



The *Gulflight* in dry dock after the attack. Note the havoc caused by the explosion

The ship *William P. Frye* sunk by the German auxiliary cruiser *Prinz Eitel Friedrich* off the western coast of South America. The *Frye* was laden with wheat for England.



The Allen liner *Hesperian* sinking after striking a mine September 4th. It was at first supposed that the *Hesperian* had been attacked by a submarine but this report later proved false.

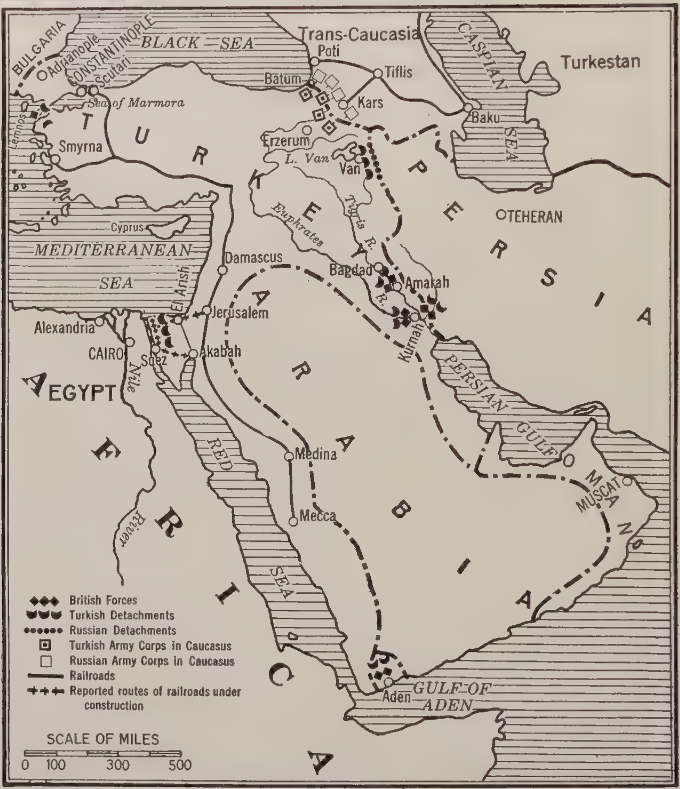
The American tank steamer *Cushing*. The *Cushing* was attacked by a German aeroplane. The attack was later disavowed

The Cunard liner *Lusitania* leaving New York harbor. The *Lusitania* was sunk by a German torpedo off Ireland on May 7th with the loss of 1,200 passengers including more than 100 Americans.

THE GERMAN SUBMARINE AND ITS DEADLY WORK

THE "TERRIBLE TURK" AND WHERE HE IS FIGHTING

Mohammed V,
Sultan of Turkey



Where Turkey's armies are operating

In the Dardanelles Turkey is fighting against the British and French expeditionary forces. These have their main eastern base at Alexandria, and an advance base on Lemnos Island. In the Caucasus, Turk and Russian face each other in much the same position that they have for the last three months.

On the Egyptian frontier, the Turks are merely keeping small parties of troops in observation.

Enver Pasha,
The Turkish Minister of War